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THE

MICROCOSM.

THE

MICROCOSM.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

VICISSITUDES IN GENTEEL LIFE.

" As thoſe who have intemperately revelled in the ſunſhine of
" proſperity taſte ſubſequent adverſity in all its bitterneſs, ſo the
" modeſt ſufferer enjoys the moſt exalted happineſs when the
" early ſtorms of life are ſucceeded by a bright horizon."
" It is from incidents in common Life that we muſt take both
" warning and example. The Great and Terrible are more cal-
" culated to create wonder than to convey inſtruction."

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

London:

PRINTED FOR J. MAWMAN, IN THE POULTRY.

1801.

By T. Gillet, Salisbury-ſquare.

249. s. 225.

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THE

MICROCOSM.

CHAP. XCI.

The return to London.

SOON after Mr. Herbert's return to Philadelphia, a paſſage was taken for himſelf and family in a commodious veſſel named the Levant. After a voyage of ſix weeks, they were ſafely landed upon Engliſh ground, and immediately proceeded to an elegant houſe, which the Biſhop of Chicheſter had previouſly provided for their reception, in Pall Mall.

The emotions Harriet experienced at finding herſelf in London after an abſence of three years, can beſt be imagined by

thoſe who are well verſed in the feelings o love and friendſhip. Only a ſhort day' journey from people whoſe affection ſh had prized far beyond the value which, in dependent of that affection, ſhe had eve ıet upon her own exiſtence, yet not darin to ſee them, nor to inform them of he being in the Kingdom ! ! It even ſeeme neceſſary to take every poſſible precautio to prevent their knowledge of her return the name of Mansfield was therefore con tinued, and as ſhe was acknowledged to b Mr. Cumberland's *adopted niece*, no on doubted of her being, in ſome degree really related to him.

Almoſt perfectly ſecluded, though in th midſt of a gay Metropolis, did our favorit liveſor a conſiderable period, with an achin heart. In her ſolitary hours, the images o Seymour and Lucy perpetually haunted he imagination, and ſhe read every newſpap with a trembling avidity, under the expec tation of meeting with ſomething relativ to Beverly ; for ſhe knew by her own age

whic

which was just now twenty-one, that Mr. Saymour was not yet master of Martin's Priory, he being but six months her senior. Her wishes to know if Mr. Spencer was still living, created a considerable part of her anxiety; she having for that venerable man, more than a filial reverence, for she considered him as the greatest and best of the human species—as something of an Angel in the garb of mortality.

It was long before Harriet met with any thing relative to the vicinity in which concentrated all her ideas; but at last she read the following paragraph in the general evening post.

"Yesterday was married at Beverly, Sir "Robert Ethlington of St. Osyth, to Miss "Symonds, author of a late celebrated "novel. The bride's nuptial father was "the venerable Mr. Spencer; a man so "revered by all who have any knowledge "of him, that his presence would be con"sidered as an honor to a royal enter"tainment."

No young lawyer called to the Bar—no young clergyman inducted to a conſolidated crown benefice, nor puerile lieutenant advanced to the rank of poſt captain, was ever more faſcinated by the appearance of his newly acquired conſequence in print than was Miſs Montague by the peruſal of the paragraph above given. Again and again ſhe read it, with earneſtneſs; then ſeemed to reſt her eye upon every ſingle word; then laid it down and pondered. Her generous heart rejoiced in the good fortune of Miſs Symonds, for whom ſhe had a ſincere regard, but ſhe rejoiced more to find that Mr. Spencer was ſtill alive, and well enough to be preſent at ſuch a ceremony. Yet of what avail was this to her! She, probably ſhould never ſee him again!!! This was ſuch a ſtab to the pleaſure ſhe had juſt imbibed, that it quite overpowered her, and ſhe burſt into a paſſion of tears, in which ſhe continued till her ſpirits were entirely exhauſted. In this ſituation ſhe was found by Mrs. Herbert, who exerted

all

all the soothing powers of friendship to calm the agitated breast of the lovely mourner, without knowing that any recent incident had disturbed her tranquillity.

Soon after this period, a letter arrived from Mr. Frank Herbert, announcing the death of Mr. Cumberland, with a duplicate of his will; which constituted Mr. Herbert his sole executor; gave all the business of the firm into his hands, and disposed of some legacies amongst his friends and dependants; one of which was to his new assistant, Mr. Frank, and another, evincing his generous regard for suffering merit, *to his adopted niece, Miss Harriet Mansfield*, of no less a sum that ten *thousand pounds*; for which she was to receive immediate security, and payment at the end of six months. The large residue of his fortune he gave to Mr. Herbert, by which means that gentleman was at once fixed in a state of affluence.

The pleasure Mrs. Herbert derived from the bequest of Mr. Cumberland to her dear

Miſs Montague, can only be conceived by ſpirits of the moſt exalted order. Far from looking upon it as a diminution of her huſband's benefit from that gentleman's will, it appeared to her as an added advantage. Her friend, would now be independent without any oppreſſion to either her generoſity or delicacy, which could not have been the caſe had Mr. Herbert's power to have rendered her ſo been ever ſo great. Mrs. Herbert indeed was fully convinced that her friend would not have received ſuch a ſum from him, becauſe ſhe would have looked upon it as encroaching on the rights of his children. Mrs. Herbert now alſo felt that her beloved companion could no longer entertain any ſcruple of remaining with her on account of being expenſive, and ſhe contemplated with delight their future happy hours. Mr. Herbert's ſentiments were perfectly congenial with thoſe of his wife. But generoſity, in this caſe fruſtrated it's own plans: for no ſooner *was Harriet* made acquainted with the gift

of

of Mr. Cumberland to herſelf than ſhe reſolutely declined acceptance: nor could the united entreaty of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, though tears accompanied the perſuaſions of the latter, prevail with her to recede from her determination.

That their circumſtances were rendered convenient, was to her, ſhe averred, matter of complete joy, and her gratitude to the good teſtator would never ceaſe: but would *ſhe*—introduced to his knowledge, only by their humane protection, accept of that, which but for their clemency had been their own! "No, indeed!" And ſhe hoped that they would not think ſo deſpicably of her as to believe any argument or circumſtance could induce her to alter her reſolve. It was in vain that they urged Mr. Cumberland's having an entire right to diſpoſe of every ſhilling of his property, and that it was to her *merits*—to the *affection* he had imbibed for her, *more* than to her circumſtances, that ſhe owed the remembrance:—ſtill ſhe inſiſted that had they not intro-

deed her to him, the whole, as Mr. Herbert was reſiduary legatee, would have been their own. Unable to ſilence their remonſtrances in any other way, ſhe aſſumed a look of firmneſs and declared, that if they perſiſted in enforcing her acceptance of Mr. Cumberland's very kind, but unreaſonable donation, ſhe would withdraw herſelf from their knowledge and endeavor to eſtabliſh herſelf in ſome profitable occupation, hoping that ſhe never ſhould deem herſelf above any reputable employ ſuitable to the humility of her circumſtances.

Mr. Herbert now ſuddenly relinquiſhed perſuaſion and told her ſhe ſhould be obeyed, upon condition that ſhe would promiſe to continue with them, and receive the annual ſtipend which ſhe had not refuſed from Mr. Cumberland during his life. With this propoſal, after a moment's heſitation, ſhe complied; and, her mind being deeply impreſſed with the almoſt unexampled kindneſs of her friends, retired to her own apartment, leaving Mr. and

Mrs.

Mrs. Herbert in high admiration of her noble and diſintereſted conduct. Mr. Herbert ſaid, that when he perceived how determined ſhe was in her refuſal, he immediately reſolved upon a plan of his own, which was to put out the money upon good ſecurity in her name, and to keep an exact account of every ſhilling for her future benefit. Mrs. Herbert rejoiced at this intended proceeding, and the ſubject ſubſided to the ſatisfaction of every party. But Harriet, ſoon afterwards, accidentally heard ſome few words paſs between the gentleman and lady that gave her ſuſpicion of the meaſures they had taken. As a farther conteſt, however, would have been painful to them all, ſhe declined noticing it at that period, knowing that ſhe could at any time counteract what they might have ſettled in her favor.

Miſs Montague now began ſeriouſly to reflect on the real ſtate of her finances. She remembered having been told that her mother had left in the hands of her grand-

mother eight hundred pounds, which ſhe believed had been transferred to Mr. Ruſſel's management, and ſhe was half determined to give authority to have it demanded. But then ſhe recollected that it was in the power of the people at the Lodge to make what charge they pleaſed for her board and education, little as the latter had been an object with them of attention or expence. She could not endure the idea of a conteſt. She could not alſo conſent to have it known that ſhe was in England. She was eaſy in her preſent circumſtances, and now under no apprehenſion of being inconveniently expenſive to her protectors; and ſhe could claim her fortune at any future neceſſitous period. Theſe were her ſoliloquizing reaſonings, and upon them ſhe founded her reſolutions.

And now there are ſome of our readers who will ſay Miſs Montague acted a very unwiſe and romantic part. "That the girl "was a *fool!* an *idiot!* to deſpiſe the poſ-"ſeſſion of ſuch a fortune! of a fortune

"which

" which would at once have ſet her above
" everybody! That ſuch idle ſentiments
" as honor, and gratitude, and generoſity,
" ought to give way to the more material
" conſideration of ſelf-intereſt, which is
" ſurely the intereſt moſt neceſſary to pur-
" ſue, through this ſtate of exiſtence!"

We are not, we confeſs, capable of arguing with ſuch ſubtle reaſoners as theſe. Without their *perceptions*, we are ignorant of the value of the goods which they moſt prize, and are even abſurd enough to ſuppoſe that there are many commodities of much higher regard. We will leave them therefore to condemn our Harriet, while we advert on other circumſtances.

CHAPTER XCII.

Roſe Valley.

IT was not till the day after the buſineſs of our laſt chapter was ſettled that Mrs. Herbert had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the brother whom ſhe had ſo much reaſon to love and reſpect. At the time of their landing, he was in Weſtmorland, where he was detained by buſineſs of conſequence, and whence returned through Warwickſhire to make ſome neceſſary arrangements upon the conſiderable eſtate of which he had lately taken poſſeſſion. Theſe arrangements were ſo ſingular that we will ſtop to take ſome little notice of them before we introduce the gentleman into Pall Mall.

Upon Frederic's firſt arrival at the manſion-houſe on the eſtate called Roſe Valley, left by the laſt owner in a decayed condition, he ſummoned a meeting of the tenants, and heard from

from them great complaints of oppreſſion; moſt of them ſaying they were ſo highly rented that it was with difficulty that they could make their payments. He liſtened attentively to the account of their grievances; promiſed to take the circumſtances into conſideration, and diſmiſſed them with expectations of his future kindneſs.

The next day this young landlord made inquiries amongſt the neighbourhood of thoſe people who were not intereſted in the buſineſs, and from their report he found that moſt of the complaints had a foundation in truth. He procured, therefore, two land-valuers to make an eſtimate of all the farms upon the eſtate, to be ready for him on his return from Weſtmorland. At this time he ſettled every thing to the entire ſatisfaction of himſelf, his tenants, and all his dependants, but in a manner highly diſpleaſing to his greater neighbours, who not being diſpoſed to imitate, thought themſelves injured by his example.

Frederic,

Frederic, in the firſt place, divided his farms into ſmaller lots, and ordered ſome of the houſes which latterly had been occupied by laborers, to be re-fitted for larger families, while for the laborers he directed that comfortable little cottages ſhould be erected. Finding ſome of the farms really over-rented, he reduced their rates, and diſpoſſeſſed, as ſoon as poſſible, thoſe tenants who had hired them by auction over the heads of their predeceſſors; recalling the late occupiers to their former habitations. As no part of the eſtate had, for many years, been under leaſe, it followed of conſequence, that the land in general, was in very bad condition, as it cannot be ſuppoſed that a tenant dependent on the caprice of human nature, can, with prudence, enrich that ground from which another may gather the benefit of what he has expended. Frederic, therefore, as well from policy as principle, gave ſuch leaſes on his farms as inveſted the farmer with a ſufficient intereſt in the ſoil,

which

which he tilled, to encourage him to improve it, and, by the ſame act; to conſult his landlord's benefit and his own.

Frederic's next endeavor was to ſecure to the tenant the tithes of his own farm, as he knew that when theſe were gathered in kind, it operated as a diſcouragement to improvement. The accompliſhment of this part of his plan, gave him but little trouble. The avarice of the rector, from which he had apprehended obſtruction, facilitating the attainment of his wiſhes. The divine who was pretty far advanced in years, with a mind ſtill wedded to this lower world, looked up to Frederic, the patron of the benefice, as to the future patron of his ſon who was intended for the church; and he conſoled himſelf for the ſacrifice which he now thought it prudent to make, by the conſideration of its eventually redounding to the intereſts of his family. Frederic, therefore, ſoon ſaw an agreement made between the parſon and his pariſhioners for a moderate compoſition during a limited

term

term of years, and thus completed his plans for the future benefit of both himself and his tenants. Leaving Rose Valley and followed by the blessings of his dependents, he now hastened to London, in consequence of the letter which he had received two days before by a circuitous channel, informing him of the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert.

The meeting between the brother and sister was such a one as our affectionately disposed friends will readily conceive: nor was that between the two gentlemen much less tender, as they had ever been united by the bonds of the most perfect congeniality. The day of meeting was spent by the trio in the most complete satisfaction; the alteration of their circumstances causing each to rejoice for the sake of the other two. Harriet as usual employed herself in a room called the nursery, where she constantly attended the children; instructing them in what their young minds were capable of imbibing; not, however, encumbering

ing their heads with a profuſion of ideas; a method too frequently purſued by thoſe who undertake the tuition of young people. Almeria, the eldeſt, was now turned of five years of age. Her abilities were ſtrong; her imagination lively; and ſhe liſtened to her lovely inſtructreſs with an attention ſeldom obſervable in one ſo young. Mrs. Herbert was conſtantly with Miſs Montague in the nurſery, except when obliged to attend her viſiters in the drawing room, where it was but ſeldom that ſhe could prevail with her friend to appear. Miſs Montague's mind was inſenſible to mere amuſement; and, ſhe dreaded an accidental engounter with any of her former acquaintance.

Frederic's lodgings were not far from Mr. Herbert's houſe, where he was frequently a viſiter, and which he entered without ceremony. For the firſt two or three days, he found his brother and ſiſter in the drawing-room, to which the children had been brought for their uncle to ſee:

but

but of Miſs Montague he had only heard, and that by the name of Mansfield. For ſo true had Mr. and Mrs. Herbert been to the confidence of their friend, that neither Frederic, nor the Biſhop of Chicheſter himſelf looked upon her in any other light than that of a relation to Mr. Cumberland, *by whom ſhe had been left ten thouſand pounds.* This laſt circumſtance, which Mrs. Herbert induſtriouſly propagated, gave Harriet more conſequence with the generality of their acquaintance than all the merits which ſhe ſo eminently poſſeſſed. Lord Chicheſter, indeed, and Lady Herbert, had ſeen, admired and loved her for the ſenſe and ſweetneſs which marked her firſt appearance: but the daughter whom Lady Herbert had by her former huſband, beheld her with different ſentiments; and no wonder, for never were two human beings more oppoſite to each other than Miſs Harriet Montague and Miſs Bridget Herbert. This lady, now ſomewhat upwards of thirty, had long been determined to be married to

ſomebody;

fortune; and having failed in ſeveral attempts ſhe formed a plan of going, *in a daſhing ſtyle*, to Weymouth, during the bathing ſeaſon. It was, in her own opinion, her *dernier reſort*. She went. She ſucceeded at firſt, but eventually failed. Her lover, a man of faſhion, who had run through a competent fortune, was attracted by the *eclat* of her appearance, though diſguſted by her manners. Being preſſed, however, for ready money, he made his offer; and the lady not thinking it politic to be cruel, it was immediately accepted. A ſhort period would probably have rendered the repentance of both parties vain: but Miſs Bridget thinking herſelf ſecure ceaſed to be properly cautious. Obſerved by her lover, without the diſguiſe, which ſhe uſually aſſumed, ſhe ſo far excited his abhorrence as to induce him to take an abrupt leave of Weymouth, of his bride elect, and to withdraw himſelf for ever from her enquiries.

We will not follow Miſs Herbert in her

vexation,

" in the form of a woman," replied Mrs. Herbert with a ſmile.

Anecdotes of Miſs Montague's ſenſe and goodneſs were now related, and Frederic, who ſeemed convinced that his ſiſter had brought home a treaſure that was ineſtimable, ſaid—" My friend Lord Andover, of " whom I talked to you yeſterday, deſies " the power of beauty; but were he to " ſee Miſs Manſfield, I think that he would " confeſs its influence and own that no " region under Heaven could produce a " lovelier woman."

" Is your friend a handſome man?"—aſked Mrs. Herbert.

" You ſhall ſoon judge," replied her brother, " for I had this morning a letter " from him to congratulate me on your " return; and likewiſe to inform me that " he intended to be in town as ſoon as " his buſineſs in the country will per- " mit."

" Where is he now?"—aſked Mr. Herbert.

" At

"At an eſtate near Cheſter."—replied Frederic.

Juſt then Miſs Montague returned; and ſhe appeared in the eyes of her friends ſtill more charming than when ſhe left the room; a circumſtance which our readers will probably attribute to the review which had been taken of her merits. But this was not altogether the caſe; for though ſuch a review could not but have an effect of that nature, with people who admire the *ſoul* of beauty; yet the charms of Miſs Montague had actually been heightened by an increaſe of animation, derived from a cauſe, which it will be neceſſary for us to explain. Extraordinary, then, as the aſſertion may appear, the effect in queſtion, was occaſioned by the malevolence of Miſs Bridget. This lady, whoſe diſcernment in ſuch caſes was particularly quick, had clearly perceived that Frederic beheld our Harriet with high admiration; and as he was a handſome, ſenſible, accompliſhed young man, with a good eſtate,

Miſs

Miſs Herbert could not ſuppoſe it poſſible, that he could be looked upon with indifference by any woman to whom he directed his attention. From this conſideration ſhe determined to ſuppreſs by all the means in her power the attachment at its very birth, and thus not only to gratify her love of miſchief, but to provide alſo for the ſecurity of her own intereſts. For ſhe now began to think that the gentleman would be a ſuitable huſband for herſelf. Some years back, ſhe had condeſcended to think of him: but his fortune was then ſmall, and ſhe fancied that ſhe had better proſpects. She had not ſince ſeen much of him; and his altered circumſtances gave him ſuch additional charms, that ſhe was now reſolved on monopolizing his affection. She began her manœuvres then by ſaying, with a ſmile, to Harriet, as ſhe attended her down ſtairs—"Do you not my dear Miſs Mansfield, think this Freddric the handſomeſt young fellow in exiſtence?"

Henry Seymour now darted into Harriet's

riet's idea, and ſhe heſitated. At length—
" Yes—Yes," ſtammered ſhe out, " he is
" very handſome," and ſighed. Miſs Herbert fixed her eyes upon Harriet's face, with a ferocity which marked her features, and ſaid—" So, ſo, young lady! you are
" caught I find; but let me caution you:
" The gentleman is ſoon to be married to
" a very deſerving and beautiful woman,
" who is one of the greateſt friends I have
" upon Earth. I am in the confidence of
" both."

" *I* caught!" replied Harriet with a bluſh of reſentment. " You are miſtaken ma-
" dam. But is he indeed going to be
" married? I am glad of it."

To the latter part of Miſs Montague's ſpeech, Miſs Herbert gave a ſmile of incredulity, and in anſwer to the former ſaid—
" Yes; *very ſoon.* But obſerve what I
" ſay, or you will ruin us all. His ſiſter
" does not yet know one ſyllable of the
" buſineſs; ſo except you wiſh to make
" her wretched, ſay nothing about it. He,

" himſelf, will tell her of it in due time,
" but not quite yet; for as the lady is not
" very rich, ſhe may perhaps form ſome
" unavailing objections to it. So mind
" now. You muſt promiſe me to be ſilent,
" till you have leave to ſpeak. I tell *you*
" of the affair that you may guard your
" heart."

" My heart is not in danger at this
" period, I will aſſure you," returned Harriet with a faint ſmile: " nevertheleſs I
" own your kind intention, and make the
" promiſe you require."

Miſs Biddy fluttered away and Harriet revolved in her mind what ſhe had heard. She had not ſeen enough of the lady to doubt the truth of her aſſertions; and indeed ſhe herſelf was ſo perfectly free from guile, that ſhe was not apt to ſuſpect it in another. The account which ſhe had heard ſhe believed, and ſhe was rather apprehenſive that her friend might be rendered uneaſy by the circumſtance. Thinking however the apprehenſion groundleſs, as

Miſs

Miſs Herbert ſeemed to intimate no other poſſible objection than that of the want of fortune, an objection which Harriet was convinced that his ſiſter would deem a trivial one, ſhe was much pleaſed with intelligence of a nature to ſupply her with no inconſiderable relief. Mrs. Herbert had more than once dropped ſomething about her brother's future wife, which *might* be conſtrued into a wiſh that ſhe were to be the perſon. This had given her ſome vexation as her heart told her that ſuch a wiſh could never be realized; and when ſhe ſaw Frederic, and found that he was exactly calculated to excite her moſt friendly regard, ſhe was ſtill more concerned, and induced by her apprehenſions to throw ſomething like reſerve into her manner and expreſſions. Miſs Biddy's communication had now removed this perplexity; ſhe found herſelf ſuddenly diſincumbered of a weight, and ſhe entered the room with more gaiety than had for a long time en-

lightened her countenance: Mr. and Mrs. Herbert were delighted with her livelineſs; Frederic ſeemed faſcinated, and the day was ſpent, without interruption, in the height of chearfulneſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XCIII.

Two Ladies whoſe Freedom of Manners injure the Reputation of their Friends.

FREDERIC viſited at Mr. Herbert's almoſt every day, and the cordiality between him and Miſs Montague was evident to all obſervers. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, who did indeed wiſh that an inſeparable union between them might take place, perceived the ſympathy with much ſatisfaction: but they agreed not to take the leaſt notice of it to either of the parties. To Miſs Biddy, it was a poiſoned arrow; and her brain was perpetually upon the rack to give a mortal ſtab to the growing prepoſſeſſion. This increaſed ſo rapidly, that Frederic's manner to Miſs Montague was nearly the ſame as that of a brother to a ſiſter: and Harriet did not make much difference between her treatment of him

and of Mr. Herbert. Almoſt every morning Frederic ſpent an hour or two in the nurſery with the ladies: ſometimes in reading to them while they ſat at work; and ſometimes in hearing Miſs Montague play on a fine-toned harpſichord, which ſhe accompanied with the moſt melodious voice in the world. Sometimes he watched the great facility with which ſhe uſed the pencil, in the production of the moſt beautiful landſcapes, and ſometimes obſerved with admiration, her method of inſtructing her infant pupils, who hung round her with the fondeſt attachment. Nothing yet however appeared on either ſide indicative of a more than fraternal affection; but Mrs. Herbert yielded to the hope that time would give increaſing intereſt to their mutual regard.

Frederic was now ſummoned into the country, where he ſtaid near a fortnight, during which period Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, and Miſs Montague, were induced by an account of ſome very extraordinary wild beaſts,

beaſts, lately brought over, to go to Exeter Change. Here they were accoſted by Mrs. Hubbard and Miſs Eldred; two ladies introduced to Mrs. Herbert by a gentleman who had formerly been very intimate with Mr. Herbert in Jamaica: the firſt was a widow with a handſome jointure; the other a young lady with an independent fortune; and both were deſcended from families of reſpectability.

The manners of theſe ladies were too much diveſted of that delicate timidity which will always be particularly pleaſing in the younger part of the female ſex, but which, as we are ſorry to be obliged to confeſs, is going rapidly out of faſhion—bold and much ſpeaking; loud laughter and effrontery, being now deemed the diſtinguiſhing characters of our women of the ton. Mrs. Hubbard excelled in theſe diſtinctions to ſuch a degree, that thoſe whom ſhe termed *countrified* people began to queſtion her reputation, together with that of her conſtant companion, Miſs El-

dred; but whether juſtly or not, we will not undertake to decide.

Mrs. Herbert received the ladies with the reſpect due to their introducer, (an elderly baronet, uncle to Mrs. Hubbard,) and gave them an invitation to her houſe. Miſs Eldred paid particular attention to Miſs Montague, who returned her civilities with the politeneſs inſeparable from her nature. Soon after this, the two ladies made their viſit in Pall Mall, where they behaved with perfect propriety; and Mrs. Herbert in a few days paid her debt of etiquette: but Harriet, who as much as poſſible kept her reſolution of not mixing with any ſociety out of the family, did not accompany her. The next morning Mrs. Hubbard's uncle called at the houſe and requeſted the favor of Mr. Herbert and the ladies to make a party to a new play, written by a lady with whom they were all acquainted, and who had been left a widow with five children, in diſtreſſed circumſtances. The play was ſo well received by the

managers,

managers, and had ſuch an abundance of merit, that there was but little fear of its not being approved by the audience. To make its ſucceſs however ſtill more certain, her friends had engaged a great number of genteel people to appear at its firſt repreſentation. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Herbert could refuſe a call of this nature; nor could Miſs Montague, averſe as ſhe was to appear in public, be obdurate to ſuch a ſolicitation.

According to the plan agreed upon, the ladies took an early cup of tea in Pall Mall, and Mr. Herbert was leading Mrs. Hubbard to the coach, when his foot ſlipped, and he fell from the flight of ſteps at the door, into the ſtreet. The alarm this incident occaſioned was conſiderable. Mr. Herbert was inſtantly aſſiſted to riſe, but his ancle was ſo violently ſtrained that it was with difficulty he was conducted into the houſe. Finding his inability to eſcort the ladies to the Theatre, he propoſed the expedient of ſending to a gentlemen, with

whom he was intimate, to ſupply his place. But Mrs. Hubbard ſaid that ſuch a meaſure would be quite unneceſſary, as her uncle, though prevented by unexpected buſineſs from coming to Pall Mall, would aſſuredly wait for them at his own houſe, where they had promiſed to call. Mrs. Herbert now made excuſes for breaking her engagement, for nothing could prevail with her to deſert her huſband in his painful ſituation: and it was with difficulty that Miſs Montague was perſuaded to leave her friends: nothing but the particular requeſt of Mrs. Herbert could induce her to accompany the ladies to an entertainment for which ſhe had not at that time the leaſt inclination.

As it was the wiſh of the friends of the author to collect as many favorers as poſſible, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert gave their tickets to their viſiters to diſpoſe of to whom they judged proper. Calling at a milliner's, they aſked if Miſs Craven and Miſs Kerſey were at home, and, being anſwered in the affirmative, they requeſted of

the

the miſtreſs that the young ladies might be permitted to follow them to the theatre. With many ſmiles and curteſies, the kind matron acceded to the propoſal, and the miſſes were directed to the ready taken ſeats. Mrs. Hubbard then ordered the coach to the houſe of her uncle, who, ſhe was informed by a ſervant, was obliged to go into the City, and apprehended that he ſhould not be able to diſengage himſelf ſoon enough to fulfil his appointment. Harriet was now alarmed, as ſhe did not like the idea of going to the play without any gentlemen, and earneſtly propoſed the relinquiſhment of the deſign: but her companions, laughing at her cowardice, deſired the coachman to drive on quick.

Our ladies, after many difficulties, arrived at their ſeats, and preſently after were accoſted by the two young milliners, who had dreſſed themſelves as ſmartly as poſſible. Harriet ſhone in the moſt ſimple garb imaginable; and though at her own requeſt, ſhe was ſeated on the ſecond bench;

ſhe ſoon attracted attention from the oppoſite ſide of the houſe. Miſs Bridget Herbert was amongſt the number of thoſe who obſerved her, and was heartily provoked by the encomiums which were laviſhed on her beauty. Noticing the color which adorned the cheeks of the beautiful Harriet and which no art could ſucceed in imitating, Miſs Biddy ſaid to a gentleman who ſat near her—"Did you ever ſee ſuch "a horrid red as that girl has painted her-"ſelf with?"

"Is that paint madam?" aſked her companion. "If it be, I could almoſt deter-"mine never to marry except the lady "will promiſe to wear ſuch upon her face, "for never before did I ſee any thing ſo "lovely. Do you know who ſhe is?"

"No indeed! but one may judge by "her company that her heart is not ſur-"rounded with ice."

"Say you ſo madam! I thank you" [bowing and riſing from his ſeat]. "I will "explore the region in which ſhe reigns.

" Perhaps ſhe can thaw the froſt in my " breaſt; and indeed I already begin to " be ſenſible of ſome warmth."

With the above ſpeech the gentleman (who was young, handſome, and apparently of conſequence) left the box, and almoſt inſtantly appeared by the ſide of Miſs Montague, to the great chagrin of Miſs Biddy, who had been highly pleaſed with the prior converſation of the gallant; and her hatred to the fair Harriet was augmented by this new inſtance of her attractive power.

As ſoon as Miſs Montague ſaw at her elbow the gentleman whom, an inſtant before, ſhe had beheld in converſation with Miſs Herbert, ſhe concluded that he had been ſent to her by that lady with ſome meſſage, and was thus induced to receive him with a ſmiling and attentive countenance. Encouraged by this appearance, he inſtantly ſeated himſelf near her and began a familiar converſation: but on finding that her firſt ſuppoſition of his having been ſent by Miſs Herbert was an erroneous

one,

one, ſhe ſoon looked ſerious and replied with ſome reſerve. This, the gentleman, who was a gay man of the town, conſidered as an artifice to engage him ſtill farther, and judging by the levity of her companions that his freedom would not offend, introduced himſelf to the whole party, who all of them, Harriet excepted, were pleaſed with his company.

Juſt as the after-piece began, another gentleman entered the box and going up to the firſt ſaid—"Curſe me Bob, if I ſuffer "you to enjoy ſuch bliſs uninterrupted. "The fineſt girl in the houſe, poz!"

"Too fine a one for you," replied the other; "ſo prithee keep your due diſ-"tance."

With an inundation of horrid oaths, the gentleman who laſt entered, aſſerted his claim to partake of the ſmiles of the ladies, and ſeizing the reſiſting hand of Miſs Montague while he gazed in her face, ſwore ſhe was a Divinity. The other, who began to ſuſpect he had miſtaken the character

of

of the lovely girl, aſſumed a ſerious aſpect and told the intruder that the lady was under his protection, and was not to be inſulted with impunity. This produced a violent altercation, which ſo much alarmed Miſs Montague, that ſhe earneſtly entreated Mrs. Hubbard and Miſs Eldred to leave the houſe before the piece was finiſhed, as, having no gentleman with them, ſhe dreaded the confuſion which would enſue at the end of the entertainment. After a little ridicule upon her apprehenſions, they complied with her wiſhes, and the ladies, attended by the milliners and the two gentlemen, who would not be refuſed the honor of ſeeing them to their carriage, left the box. All this was obſerved by Miſs Herbert and a Mrs. Pickery (a lady of her own caſt, whom ſhe had drawn to her ſide) with a cenſorious delight of which ſuch kind of ladies only are ſuſceptible. The next morning Miſs Herbert aroſe to execute a plan, the projection of which had prevented her from enjoying any ſleep on the night of her

return

return from the theatre, for the deſtruction of the riſing fame of our Harriet:—an exploit by which Miſs Herbert hoped not only to gratify her malevolence, but alſo to brighten her reputation, now tarniſhed by more than one doubtful piece of conduct.

And now, aſſuring our anxious readers that Miſs Montague reached, in ſafety, the hoſpitable manſion of Mr. Herbert, whom ſhe found, as the phraſe is, in a fair way of doing well, though ſtill unable to walk without aſſiſtance, we will allow ourſelves an opportunity of taking that repoſe which ſome ill-natured, and envious critic will perhaps ſay that the peruſal of our writings often procures for our loyal ſubjects. But aſk thyſelf O man! whoever thou art, if thou haſt ability to write a better book than this which we now offer for thy amuſement. Aſk thyſelf ſeriouſly, and do not let the queſtion paſs lightly from thee: If thy conſciouſneſs then anſwer thee truly in the affirmative, uſe properly thy ſuperior wiſdom: judge with tenderneſs, and be charitable

charitable to thoſe who will reverence thy ſuperiority and who cannot be the objects of thy envy. But if to the above queſtion thy heart whiſpereth thee—No—be modeſt; be candid, and leave criticiſm to the wiſer, or to the more pedantic and malicious; for it doth not properly appertain to thy department.

CHAP.

CHAP. XCIV.

The Confederacy formed.

AS ſoon as Miſs Biddy was dreſſed, ſhe ordered a chair and proceeded to the houſe of Mrs. Vickery, who was entitled to the ineſtimable privilege of adding to her name the epithet of honorable; an advantage ſo great, that none but thoſe who poſſeſs it can juſtly eſtimate its value. During the period of breakfaſting, theſe two very virtuous ladies ſettled the preliminaries of the ſcheme for deſtroying the reputation of Miſs Montague; for Mrs. Vickery, who entered immediately into the views of *her friend*, declared that no woman of character ought to be ſeen in her company. Accordingly they made ſeparate viſits through the day, and repeated the ſtory which had been concerted between them—that Mrs. Herbert had brought over from Jamaica a

young

young woman of looſe principles; that in company with Mrs. Hubbard and Miſs Eldred, people whom they ſhould think it a crime to be ſeen with; two apprentices of a famous milliner, and *ſeveral* young gentlemen of *notorious* character, this girl had ſupped at a celebrated houſe of entertainment under the piazzas: that Mr. and Mrs. Herbert would not be convinced of the young woman's frailty, though they began to be diſpleaſed with her conduct, as they had from the ſpeciouſneſs of her manner (being themſelves very good kind of people) and from her uſefulneſs in the family, imbibed a ſtrong partiality for her: that however they did not think it right to introduce her into company; and that it was ſuppoſed that they would take the firſt opportunity of ſettling her in ſome other ſituation, for having brought her into England, they deemed it incumbent upon them to make ſome proviſion for her. The fabricated tale was finiſhed with an intimation that Mr. and Mrs. Herbert were careful to

prevent

only, at an humble diſtance, to admire. Look at the contraſt, and behold a man arrived at the ſummit of fame! See him endeavoring to draw after him thoſe who have been attracted by his brilliancy: encouraging them with ſmiles to proceed in his own adventurous tract! Does it not add affection to admiration! And do we not look with increaſed reverence upon the ſtill more highly exalted hero!

This laſt portrait does not bear any reſemblance to Miſs Herbert. *She* was not jealous of an *inferior*. "To what then "tends the expoſition?"—will a critic aſk. Why my good ſir, ſuppoſing you to be one of thoſe elevated geniuſes to whom, in the depth of our humility, we raiſe a quivering eye, we hope that the picture above given of a great man, made ſtill more great, by lenity and candor to a timid follower, will have ſome effect upon—will *ſoften* the *dignity* of *your* conſciouſneſs, and will diſpoſe you to paſs a favorable judgment, or at leaſt a kind ſentence, upon theſe our labors.

What

What advantage would a Fenelon! a Johnſon! a Fielding! a Moore! or even you great ſir! derive from a condemnation of our puny efforts! your works are all ſecure beyond the crook of envy, and it would be in vain, were we to attempt to reach your ſummit. But as to that plump licenciate, with a pompous powdered wig, who now liſtens for your opinion, that upon it he may form his own—let him forbear either to blame or to praiſe what he cannot underſtand.

" *I* never read ſuch trifling things!"
" Give me books of greater *conſequence!*"
" Telemachus; Raſſelas, and ſuch child-
" iſh ſtories are only fit for boys and girls!
" Indeed even when I was a lad, I did not
" delight in ſuch puerile entertainment.
" *My* paſſion for reading concentered in
" homilies, and ſuch kind of ſolid compo-
" ſitions!"

Gentlemen of the above caſt are ſo impenetrable that it is ſcarcely poſſible to make any impreſſion, either on the firm-

neſs

neſs of their heads, or on the equally ſtone-like lumps which, with ſtoical ſteadineſs, move to and fro in their breaſts. Even the pleaſure which the ſight of beauty creates, and which affects the *minds* of others, never ſinks beyond their *viſion*. At a good dinner, indeed—at ſtreams of vinous juice—at a hoard of precious metal, their ocular orbs, like thoſe of the ſolemn grimalkin watching in the dark for her prey, are ſuddenly enlarged, and admit a kind of voluptuous delight to the moving vehicles above mentioned. But we aſk pardon of our readers for having ſo long digreſſed on characters ſo truly inſignificant.

The ſcheme of Miſs Biddy and Mrs. Vickery was accelerated in it's execution beyond their moſt ſanguine expectations: for the ſtory was circulated and exaggerated with uncommon avidity by thoſe to whom it was at firſt communicated: Miſs Fawcett; Miſs Hannah Drawling; Mr. Jeſſamy Burlington; Mrs. Greenby and Mrs. Snowden, being the judiciouſly choſen

emiſſaries

emiſſaries of our two ladies, for the propagation of their concerted malevolence.

Miſs Biddy in a day or two thought proper to make a viſit in Pall Mall, where to her unexpected gratification ſhe found Frederic, who was juſt returned from the country: and to her ſtill greater pleaſure, received information that he was accompanied to town by his friend Lord Andover, mentioned by Frederic in our 87th chapter as a defier of beauty. This young nobleman, who ſhe had once met at Mrs. Snowden's, ſhe was impatient to ſee again, as he appeared to her to be one of the moſt handſome and every way accompliſhed man in the kingdom. Had ſhe indeed thought otherwiſe, ſhe would have been ſingular in her opinion; ſo certain it was that for perfections of both perſon and mind he ſtood unequalled amongſt the nobility. When he was firſt preſented at St. James's, his Majeſty aſked where it was poſſible that he could till that period have been buried—ſo much was he ſtricken by the elegance of

prevent their ideas and intentions reſpecting her, from being known even to their neareſt friends.

To ſuch of our readers as have been taught to judge charitably of all mankind, and whoſe conſequently blameleſs principles induce them to diſbelieve the accounts which they have heard of the turpitude of individuals *in the Great World*, the characters of Miſs Herbert and Mrs. Vickery will appear to be unnatural. The ſimple and the uninitiated will think that there cannot be found people who will wilfully and premeditatedly ſit down to contrive the ruin of an innocent and amiable young woman, againſt whom they have no cauſe of complaint but that of her being young and beautiful. But my dear friends! your philanthropy, however much it may merit approbation, betrays you, as I am ſorry to obſerve, into wrong concluſions. There *are* in this world, and in this kingdom, the characters which we have drawn. There *are people* who hate ſuch of their fellow-

creatures

creatures as are celebrated for thoſe qualities or talents in which they themſelves excel. Beauties deteſt beauties. Rich men, thoſe who are richer. An Earl looks with envy at a Duke: and men of ſenſe are pleaſed at finding a weakneſs in a brother of ſuperior reputation. Nay, even merit grudges merit its renown: the man who deſerves the higheſt applauſe for benevolence, contracts his ſmile when he hears another celebrated for univerſal philanthropy: and the wit when he hears of a riſing genius, attempts to cruſh him in the morning of his excellence! What a ſordid avidity for fame! What an impoveriſhing avarice! "*No brother near the throne*"—has always been conſidered as Turkiſh policy, and we wiſh that we could ſay with truth that it is confined to the expanſe of Ottoman barbarity: but alas! the principle pervades even thoſe enlightened regions, and nothing is deemed a more unpardonable preſumption than to endeavor to imitate and approach what we are allowed only a

tain in their family, eſpecially in the character of an inſtructreſs to their children, any perſon whoſe reputation was in the leaſt degree impeachable. This he intimated to Mrs. Vickery, and for a time ſilenced her loquacity. Determined however to aſſert the rights of her cauſe by a reinforcement of her allies, ſhe finiſhed her viſit, or as an ingenius writer has properly termed theſe ſhort complimentary interviews—her *vis*, and, without calling a council, proceeded to Mrs. Snowden's, where fortunately for her purpoſe, ſhe met Mr. Jeſſamy Burlington and Miſs Faucett. From the incredulity of Lord Andover, the cauſe was now become her own. He had doubted her aſſertions, and ſhe was determined to enforce his belief. With this view ſhe urged the gentleman and ladies juſt mentioned to be ſedulous in contriving to meet Lord Andover, as it was, ſhe ſaid, of the utmoſt conſequence that he ſhould immediately be made acquainted with the true circumſtances reſpecting the young woman

lately

lately brought over, by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, from Jamaica. The allies promiſed their aid, and performed their promiſe. Lord Andover was ſoon aſſailed at different times by different parties; and was at laſt ſo aſſured, with a variety of circumſtantial aggravations, of the imputed frailty of the guiltleſs Harriet, that he began to waver in his faith. Thinking it therefore proper not to conceal the circumſtances from Frederic, he made the communication with all poſſible tenderneſs to the character of the young lady. But from his friend he received ſuch ſatisfactory replies as convinced him of the falſity of the report, and determined him to aſſiſt Frederic in his declared reſolution of fathoming the utmoſt depth of the calumny.

"I wiſh," ſaid the young lord, "your "ſiſter would give me an opportunity of "ſeeing this lady of whom you ſpeak ſo "highly. What is the reaſon of her being "thus ſecluded?"

"It is far from my ſiſter's wiſhes," re-

plied Frederic, " that ſhe ſhould confine " herſelf. She ſteadily refuſes to be in- " troduced into company, and notwith- " ſtanding the livelineſs of her temper ſor- " row frequently ſteals upon her counte- " nance, and ſeems to diſcover the pain of " ſome diſappointment, which time has not " been able to remove; but both my bro- " ther and ſiſter are ſo fond of her and ſo " delicate in what reſpects her, that I am " unwilling to pain them by aſking any " queſtions upon the intereſting ſubject."

" Poor Miſs Mansfield! I am in love " with her from deſcription," returned Lord Andover.

" Were you to ſee her, you would be " in love with her from ſomething more " than deſcription," ſaid Frederic with a ſmile.

" Then it is well ſhe ſecludes herſelf," ſaid his lordſhip.

" Why ſo?" aſked his friend.

" Becauſe," returned the other " it " would"——at which inſtant the door

was

was opened by a ſervant who announced the arrival of company; conſequently interrupted the converſation.

After this, the two friends ſet about a ſerious inveſtigation of the buſineſs in queſtion, and they ſoon traced its origin to Miſs Herbert; for her four coadjutors, when cloſely examined and interrogated, were obliged to give up her name, or to ſuffer the obloquy of the ſlander to reſt upon themſelves. Satisfied with the effect of their reſearch and nearly convinced of Miſs Biddy's being the ſole author of the libel, Lord Andover and Frederic now reſolved to confront her with her own falſehood in ſuch a manner as completely to revenge the cauſe of the injured ſubject of her atrocious deſigns. For this purpoſe Lord Andover ſent a card with his compliments to Miſs Herbert and a requeſt for permiſſion to wait upon her at any time when ſhe ſhould be diſengaged.

Delighted with the circumſtance, ſhe appointed the following morning for the

reception of the young nobleman; employing the intermediate time in preparing herſelf for his viſit, wondering at the unexpected favor, and premeditating the converſation.

When Lord Andover had ſecured the lady's being at home, he engaged ſeveral of his informers to accompany him on his viſit. Proceeding to Miſs Herbert's at the hour appointed, they were uſhered into her drawing room, where ſhe ſtood aghaſt at ſeeing ſuch a levy alight from their carriages. His lordſhip preceded the proceſſion, and after the firſt ceremonial bows and curteſies were over, and the company was ſeated, he immediately entered upon the ſubject of his viſit, by telling her that he was come to requeſt her aſſiſtance in vindicating the innocence of a much injured young lady, who from all that he could gather of her character, merited the eſteem of the univerſe. He then mentioned the name of Miſs Mansfield, and proceeded by ſaying, that he was ſo greatly concerned at having

ſuffered

ſuffered himſelf to believe, and to report to a friend of the lady's, the leaſt circumſtance to her diſadvantage, that he thought it incumbent upon him to make all poſſible reparation, by tracing and cruſhing the foundation of the groundleſs calumny: that he, therefore, upon receiving from every individual of the preſent company an acknowledged recollection of having had the intelligence from her, waited upon her, to unite with them, in entreating her giving up her author; that the malevolent fabrication might be traced and confounded in its origin.

At this addreſs from a man whoſe manners were polite, and pleaſing Miſs Biddy ſat for a moment fixed and motionleſs as a ſtatue. But her face was in the moſt violent agitation; and every feature expreſſed a different paſſion, while perfect ſilence pervaded the apartment, and Lord Andover ſat with his eyes faſtened on her, in expectation of her reply.

The countenance of Miſs Biddy as we

have formerly ſaid betrayed ſomething too much of a ſtrong and fierce character. Her complexion was dark and her cheeks were fluſhed with a high red. She had, however, been reckoned a handſome brunette, and would have had conſiderable pretenſions to ſuch a diſtinction had not ſo much of her mind appeared in her face. At this trying juncture ſhe looked like one of the furies; while ſhame giving place to rage, with that native inſolence which ſhe conſidered as ſpirit and dignity, and with fire flaſhing from her eyes, ſhe exclaimed, "How dare you lord Andover treat me in "this diſreſpectful manner!"

"Diſreſpectful madam!" repeated his lordſhip. "I came to requeſt your aſſiſt-"ance; and I ſhould not doubt of your "readineſs to give it, when your compli-"ance would offer you an opportunity of "throwing from yourſelf a weight of ob-"loquy which I ſhould be ſorry to ſee reſt-"ing upon the name of Herbert."

"My lord this uſage is not to be *borne*.

"*Obloquy!*

" *Obloquy!—throw from myſelf!*—What " do you *mean!* How *dare* you intimate— " How dare you even *ſuſpect!*" exclaimed the enraged Lady, burſting into a ſtorm of tears, while *her friends* ſat ſtill, not knowing how to act. Lord Andover was pained by the ſcene, and laudable as was his motive for taking upon himſelf the management of the buſineſs, he half repented of the part which he had undertaken. Recollecting, however, that it was highly requiſite to vindicate innocence ſo unjuſtly accuſed; and that it was more proper for him to appear in the affair than for his friend, who was ſo nearly connected with the family, he became reconciled to his office. Riſing from his ſeat, therefore, and approaching Miſs Herbert, he ſaid in a low voice, " It " is exceedingly diſagreeable to me, ma- " dam, to be brought forward by the de- " mand of honour in this buſineſs. My " taſk is now ended. Or have you, Miſs " Herbert any thing to ſay before I take " my leave?"

"I have *this* to ſay ſir," replied ſhe in a rage, "that you have behaved very unlike "a gentleman: that you are an officious "intermeddler: that the character of ſuch "an inſignificant girl is beneath the notice "of a man who preſumes to mix with no-"bility, and that I will not be baſe enough "(looking at the reſt of the company "with indignation) to give up *anybody* to "ſuch inſolent interrogation."

Accuſed by the turn of her eye, Mr. Burlington advanced to the indignant Miſs Biddy, and with a bow that would have rivalled the *congé* of a firſt rate maſter of the dancing ſcience, ſaid—"I hope my dear "lady, you do not include *me* in your diſ-"pleaſure. When *I* firſt conſented to diſ-"fuſe.—"

"*Conſented!* ſir! *Diffuſed!* What can "your inſolence be leading to! Would "you inſinuate that I—Monſtrous! Into-"lerable! Do you know who I am ſir! "Too high to be pulled down by any of "you, or to keep your company!" With

theſe

theſe words ſhe left the room; and ſhutting herſelf up in her chamber, ſhe was for a conſiderable time nearly choaked with the violence of contending paſſions. Her pride —her plans—her revenge, all brought to the ground, while the impotence of her fury could injure only *herſelf.*

As to the company whom ſhe had ſo abruptly quitted—her departure left them all in the moſt awkward ſituation imaginable. Gazing upon each other, they knew not who ſhould ſpeak firſt, or what to ſay. Lord Andover alone was collected, and he was ſo irritated by the riſing conviction of there being a ſettled plan to defame the young lady whoſe cauſe he had undertaken, that his reſentment kept him for ſome time ſilent. At length, addreſſing the company in general, "I am concerned, he ſaid, at "having cauſe to ſuſpect that there has "been a formed ſcheme to deſtroy a blame-"leſs character. What the motive could "be, I know not: but Mr. Burlington's "addreſs to Miſs Herbert puts it beyond "diſpute

" diſpute that ſomething of this kind has " been projected. However, I have the " ſatisfaction of being ſatisfied, that the " merit of the lady in queſtion is too high " to be reached by the malicious attempts " of thoſe, who could enter into ſuch a " confederacy."

The conſpirators were abaſhed, and again ſtared upon each other; while a lady who had really been innocently drawn in to repeat the ſtory, if ſuch a repetition and innocence are not contradictory terms, eaſily exculpated herſelf from the general accuſation. On this Lord Andover offered his hand to lead her to one of the carriages, and then retiring with a low bow, and without ſpeaking a ſyllable, from the reſt of the company, he left them in a ſituation the moſt awkward imaginable. They knew not whether to go or to ſtay; to be ſilent or to ſpeak. But at length, they broke into mutual reproaches, and departing in conſcious diſgrace, were for a conſiderable period aſhamed to be ſeen in public. As to

Miſs

Miſs Biddy—her ſenſations were too acute to be ſupported, and for ſome time ſhe was in an abſolute frenzy. Diſappointed! Expoſed! Diſgraced! What a ſtroke to a woman of her imaginary conſequence!! But a day before ſhe thought herſelf authoriſed to ſet faſhions, and to preſcribe laws for the regulation of female conduct! Now ſhe muſt hide herſelf from ſociety:—for after this detection, nothing could be more ſhocking to her imagination than the idea of appearing in public, induced as ſhe was by her fancied importance to believe that the affair would be a ſubject of univerſal converſation, even amongſt the higheſt degrees of nobility. In this belief, indeed, ſhe was not altogether wrong: the ſtory really did circulate in the higher ranks, and it was decorated with all thoſe additions which progreſſive tales never fail to acquire. Sometimes this mortified ci-devant toaſt determined to fly into the country; and ſometimes, even to quit the kingdom; but vexation worked an effect which prevented

the

the profecution of any of theſe plans of conſcious degradation. A violent fever enſued; and after a confinement to her bed for ſeveral days, ſhe appeared ſo emaciated, and with ſuch a yellow complexion, that it was apprehended that ſhe would never regain her former ſtate of health. By ſlow degrees, however, ſhe recovered, and though greatly mortified, was not amended by her affliction; for ſhe ſtill continued to perſecute youth, beauty, and innocence.

CHAP.

CHAP. XCVI.

Miſs Montague and the Marquis of Hillington.

ABOUT the period at which we finiſhed our laſt chapter, an incident occurred, which occaſioned our Harriet to confine herſelf more cloſely than ever. Standing one morning at a front window, ſhe ſaw a carriage ſtop at the door, and ſoon afterwards, a gentleman iſſue forth and enter the houſe. In this gentleman Miſs Montague immediately recogniſed Mr. Percival, and her alarm was extreme. Concluding herſelf to be the ſubject of his purſuit, ſhe haſtened with trembling ſteps to the apartment of Mrs. Herbert, and there ſinking into a chair, ſhe burſt into tears, and was for ſome minutes unable to anſwer the enquiries of her anxious and alarmed friend. When Mrs. Herbert underſtood that Mr. Percival was in the houſe,

her

her concern was nearly as great as Harriet's; and the two ladies ſat in almoſt breathleſs expectation of ſome information from below ſtairs. In about half an hour Mr. Herbert entered the room with his uſual gaiety and unconcern: but perceiving that his lady looked at him with eyes of enquiry and ſolicitude, he haſtily aſked what was the matter.

"The matter, Mr. Herbert! Why Mr. "Percival—"

"Mr. Percival! Yes. What of him? "Bleſs me!" continued he, "ſurely not "Mr. Percival of Beverly!"

"Certainly;" replied Mrs. Herbert, "and we are very impatient to know what "brought him hither."

"The gentleman who has been below "ſtairs, and who told me that his name "was Percival, was recommended to me "by Sir William Redgrave. His buſineſs "was to requeſt my ſettling a little affair "relative to the bankruptcy of Whitmore, "with whom he had conſiderable con-

"cerns,

" cerns, and who is gone over to Jamaica." —This was Mr. Herbert's elucidation of an incident which had occaſioned ſuch alarm to Miſs Montague and to her friend.

Thus it frequently happens to the children of mortality. Circumſtances that terrify us and threaten deſtruction to our peace often prove of trivial, and not unfrequently of beneficial conſequence; while proſpects from which we promiſe ourſelves pleaſure and felicity often diſappoint our expectations—and terminate in gloom.

When Harriet was relieved from her apprehenſions ſhe was ſoon reſtored to tranquillity: but the knowledge of Mr. Percival's being in town determined her to keep herſelf a cloſe priſoner. Previous to this occurrence, ſhe had ſometimes indulged herſelf in a ride, with Mrs. Herbert and the children, to Hampſtead, where, in a fine morning, they uſed to walk an hour or two upon the heath. In the laſt of theſe rambles they were accoſted by a gentleman who, as it afterward appeared, had been

obſerving

obſerving them from a window near which they had often turned. His manner and addreſs was polite and pleaſing. A dark cloud appearing, he foretold a ſhower, and invited them to take ſhelter in the houſe from whence he had iſſued; but making light of his prediction, they walked on till the event verified his judgment and determined them to accept of his offer. When they entered the houſe they croſſed a ſaloon and were uſhered into an elegant apartment; where the ſtranger, by introducing them to his aunt, Lady Albertina Montroſe, immediately informed them that their new acquaintance was the Marquis of Hillington. The lady, who was pretty far advanced in years, lived entirely at Hampſtead for the benefit of her health. In this retirement ſhe was frequently viſited by her nephew, of whom ſhe was very fond, and as ſhe was extremely deſirous to ſee him married, it was not without pleaſure that ſhe obſerved his attention to a lady whom ſhe had ſeveral times ſeen upon the heath

in

in the ſame company, with attendants that denoted her to be a perſon of faſhion, and whoſe beauty was ſufficient to captivate every beholder.

The ſhower was now violent, and as lady Albertina was deſirous to detain her company, ſhe ordered a collation, and entered into a lively converſation. This lady was very fond of muſic, and though ſhe was not a performer, had purchaſed a grand forte piano, "for the amuſement," as ſhe ſaid, "of thoſe who condeſcended to viſit "an old woman in retirement." Lady Albertina was one of thoſe happy people who, whether married or ſingle are both "uſeful and ornamental" to their generation, and whom, though they live ſpinſters to an advanced age, we ſeldom hear branded with the title of Old Maid.

Lady Albertina aſked Mrs. Herbert if ſhe played on any inſtrument. Mrs. Herbert replied in the negative, but added that Miſs Mansfield was a performer.

Harriet did not thank her friend for this intelligence,

intelligence, which ſubjected her to a requeſt not to be refuſed, that ſhe would oblige the company by touching the inſtrument. She ſat down to it therefore and played in a manner which ſurpaſſed expectation, and made conqueſt complete. The Marquis was fond of harmony, and he gave up his heart without reſerve to that aſſemblage of charms which Miſs Montague unofficiouſly diſplayed.

When the rain ceaſed, the carriage was ordered to the door, and our friends took their leave of lady Albertina and her captivated nephew; the former entreating that they would repeat a viſit which had afforded her ſuch peculiar pleaſure.

After their departure the good lady aſked the Marquis if he did not think Miſs Mansfield rather a pretty woman.

"*Rather a pretty woman* madam!" exclaimed he. "You muſt ſurely jeſt. Had "you aſked if I did not think her the moſt "beautiful creature in the Univerſe, I "ſhould have ſuppoſed that you were ſeri-

"ous,

"ous, and have given you an anſwer in "the affirmative; for ſurely nothing before "did I ever behold ſo lovely."

"So, ſo, nephew!" returned lady Albertina with a ſmile of complacency, "you "are caught at laſt! Well I muſt own I "never ſaw a more charming creature; "and I think her mind is equal to her "appearance."

"I am *ſure* it is," replied he with warmth. "She cannot deceive."

Lady Albertina permitted the converſation to drop. The Marquis continued ſilent for ſome minutes, and at length, abruptly wiſhing his aunt a good morning, returned to town. His firſt inquiries were, reſpecting Mr. Herbert, whom he ſoon underſtood to be a ſon of the biſhop of Chicheſter's. To the biſhop, then, of whom he had ſome knowledge, he applied, and received ſuch an account of the lady who had charmed him, that he determined to addreſs Mr. Herbert on the ſubject. Fortunately for his purpoſe that gentleman

arrived

CHAP. XCVII.

A Love-letter, and the Reply.

PLEASED with his embaſſy, Mr. Herbert haſtened to Pall Mall to communicate the tidings to his lady, who, as he well knew, would receive ſincere ſatisfaction from the intelligence. For, though it was amongſt her firſt wiſhes that Harriet ſhould be her ſiſter, yet ſuch was the known diſintereſtedneſs of her affection, that he was convinced ſhe would rejoice at her friend's higher proſpects and be delighted with this offer from a man, who, like the Marquis, united with rank and wealth the poſſeſſion of many great and amiable qualities.

Mr. Herbert was not miſtaken: his lady was greatly gratified by the propoſal, but ſhe was more doubtful than he had been of its acceptance. On the firſt intimatio

of ſuch a doubt Mr. Herbert expreſſed ſome ſurpriſe, as the probability of Harriet's refuſal of this young nobleman had not occurred to his imagination. He knew of her attachment to Mr. Seymour; but as he likewiſe knew, or believed that he knew, of that gentleman's marriage with Miſs Spencer, he indulged the hope that his fair friend would yield to the various ſuggeſtions of reaſon on this occaſion, and would accept of a ſituation which would at once fix her above the reach of her treacherous relations. But his hope was fallacious: Harriet did not heſitate one moment. With a due ſenſe of her obligation to the Marquis for his partiality, ſhe declined the propoſal; requeſting Mr. Herbert to ſoften the abruptneſs of her refuſal, by preſenting to him at the ſame time the proper acknowledgments of her gratitude.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Herbert ſtrenuouſly urged her acceptance of her noble lover's generous propoſals (for he had offered her a *carte blanche*), but their inſtances were

in vain. The arguments indeed with which ſhe oppoſed them were ſo juſt and powerful, that they ſilenced, if they could not ſatisfy, her friends.

"What equitable motive," ſhe aſked, "can induce me to accept the hand of "the Marquis? Not the conſideration of "his title; for mere ſound cannot relieve "a ſighing heart. Not his fortune; for "in what want am I of that, while you "afford me your kind protection? Not "even his merit; for the conſideration of "his deſerving more affection than I could "give him, would render me wretched."

"And why my dear Harriet," aſked Mr. Herbert, "cannot ſo ſoft a mind as "your's afford him ſome portion of that "affection which you ſeem ſo well con-"vinced that he merits?"

"Ah! Mr. Herbert!"

"And ah! Miſs Montague! Ought "you not to endeavor to releaſe yourſelf "from thoſe fetters which ſo injuriouſly "confine even your wiſhes."

"Perhaps

" Perhaps I ought ſir. But till that en-
" deavor proves effectual, would it be juſt
" to deceive the Marquis by accepting
" that for which he would expect ſuch an
" affection as on this occaſion it is right
" that I ſhould acknowledge *I never can*
" *afford him.*"

Much more was offered by Miſs Montague in defence of her determination; and what ſhe ſaid evinced ſo much candor, and ſo much truth as well as elevation of ſentiment, united with ſuch a fund of affecting recollection of former ſcenes, that her friends were compelled to acquieſce in the rectitude of her deciſion: and Mr. Herbert, though not without reluctance, undertook to convey the unwelcome intelligence to the Marquis. Softened as the refuſal was by the expreſſions which accompanied it of Harriet's eſteem and gratitude, it affected the lover with the moſt poignant ſenſations. He requeſted Mr. Herbert to procure him an interview with his fair enſlaver; or (upon that gentleman's

intimating that, fixed as Miſs Montague appeared to be, an interview could be productive only of pain to both parties) at leaſt to deliver into her hands a letter. To this laſt propoſal Mr. Herbert agreed, and the Marquis ſitting down wrote as follows.

" It has ever been a favorite argument " with me that happineſs is not confined " to circumſtances, but that every man " carries about with him the means of at- " taining it. But alas! the notion was " vague and fallacious! I give it up. I " diſclaim it. Felicity is no longer mine! " Felicity, I am now convinced, dies with- " out hope. Yeſterday I thought myſelf " the happieſt of ſublunary beings, for, " pardon me madam, I did not ſuffer my- " ſelf to doubt your favor which I was ſo " determined to merit, as I was informed " you were totally diſengaged. I ſuffer " for my preſumption, for to-day I am the " moſt wretched of the human race. I " never was an *enemy* to matrimony, but " *till* Hampſtead Heath opened a proſpect

" to

" to it, it never appeared *inviting* to my " wiſhes.

" Mr. Herbert confirms your not being " under any engagement, and yet he tells " me that you acknowledge to be fettered " in affection, though he intimates your " having no view of a union with the " happy—the envied man of your heart. " What, after ſuch an information can I " ſay! Why this—your honor, your rec- " titude, is my ſecurity. Give me what " you *can* give me of your affection at pre- " ſent, and I will depend upon the reward, " of the truth and ardency of mine, in a " *future firſt* place in your heart.

" And now madam I muſt ſolicit an " interview: I muſt ſolicit what I cannot " be denied. I therefore will reſt upon " your authoriſing Mr. Herbert to fix the " hour in which I may throw myſelf at " your feet, and re-affirm how ſincerely " and devotedly I am your's,

" With high admiration

" and fervent affection,

" HILLINGTON."

The peruſal of this letter gave our Harriet real diſtreſs. It was a conſiderable time before ſhe was ſufficiently collected to attempt any reply. Unlike the generality of her ſex, ſhe found no pleaſure in her power of tormenting a man of merit. She did not wiſh to ſport with the happineſs of a fellow-creature: ſhe did not wiſh to raiſe her own conſequence on the ruins of another's felicity.

The following was her candid anſwer to the Marquis:

"SIR,

"The generoſity of your ſentiments demands the utmoſt explicitneſs. The "letter I have juſt now received from you, "does honour to its ſignature. Could I "accept your propoſal, my happineſs might "probably be ſecure through the remaining term of my exiſtence; but that acceptance would at once render me, not "only undeſerving of your attention, but "a proper object of your contempt, be-

"cauſe

" cauſe it is incompatible with common
" honeſty. Perhaps I ought to bluſh at
" the acknowledgment which your truly
" generous method of proceeding urges me
" to make; yet your candor ſhall not meet
" with duplicity. *My heart is not my own*;
" nor do I think I ſhall ever again have
" the power of directing its biaſs. I
" tremble to confeſs this truth, even to
" myſelf, as I would, if poſſible, hide it
" from my own belief: but that examina-
" tion of myſelf, which juſtice to you de-
" manded, has placed it more clearly be-
" fore me than ever.

" And now, my lord, I muſt requeſt
" you to forget that you have ever ſeen
" me. Preſs not the interview, which
" could not anſwer any good end, and
" which would inevitably occaſion me ſuch
" pain as I ſhrink from in idea.

" May you be ſoon, and long happy
" with a woman who will have a due ſenſe
" of your merit, and power to make a

" more ſuitable return to the delicacy of " your affection than,

" Sir, your obliged

" Humble Servant,

" H. M."

After Miſs Montague had finiſhed the above, and given it to Mr. Herbert for the Marquis, ſhe began ſtill more ſeriouſly to conſider the tendency of the continued attachment which ſhe had profeſſed. Attachment to whom! To a married man—to the huſband of her once, nay her ſtill deareſt friend! " O! Heaven."—ſhe exclaimed, with a ſigh which ſeemed to rend her heart, " what—what do I mean!!" After this paſſionate ſoliloquy ſhe threw herſelf upon a ſofa, where reſting her elbow on its arm, and hiding her face with her hand, ſhe ſat upwards of an hour reflecting upon the ſtate of her ſentiments. For the firſt time in her life, ſhe conſidered her continued affection for Henry

Seymour

Seymour as reprehenſible; as almoſt criminal, and ſhe ſtarted with horror at the idea. "And was it then neceſſary that "ſhe ſhould endeavour to abſolutely for-"get him!" "That was impoſſible." "But it certainly was a duty to remember "him with indifference," "Equally as "impoſſible as the firſt." "Yet what "could be the end of cheriſhing her for-"mer ſentiments!" "Could ſhe wiſh "to retain *his* affection!" She bluſhed at the inſincerity of her negative to the ſilent queſtion; and the neceſſity of expelling him from her heart (for ſhe was now convinced that he held there an improper place) appeared too ſtrong to be evaded. This was one of the ſevereſt moments ſhe had ever experienced. To tear Seymour from her boſom, was to deprive herſelf of every thing but bare exiſtence. The melancholy pleaſure with which ſhe uſed to ruminate on paſt events, without a ſuſpicion of its criminality, muſt be given up; and then what was there in *life of ſufficient* conſequence to form an

object for her thought. Too certainly, in her opinion, nothing, for though ſhe had a fervent affection for Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, and really loved their amiable children, yet they were happy in each other, and would be ſo whether ſhe was or was not in being. In this dark hour no gleam of comfort appeared!—no opening in the cloud with which ſhe was enveloped. All was impenetrable gloom; for though ſhe did not forget there was a World to come; yet even the proſpect of futurity ſeemed ſhut againſt her view, nor could ſhe pierce through the obſcurity with all her efforts, which, perhaps, were at this time but feeble, as (to uſe a language peculiar to our own domains) ſhe was, at this period, enwebbed by terrene affection.

Our readers will not ſuppoſe that we mean to commend this diſpoſition of Miſs Montague. No; it was doubtleſs reprehenſible; but it was ſurely venial. Not for worlds would ſhe, in the ſlighteſt degree, have injured the now ſuppoſed ſole *poſſeſſor of* her ſtill too dear Henry's heart;

not

not on any conſideration have diminiſhed the fervency of his affection for her happy friend: yet ſhe could not with perfect truth ſay that ſhe wiſhed to be totally forgotten by him: ſhe could not ſo looſen the tie, which from infancy had bound her, as to prevent involuntary, and perhaps too much indulged retroſpection from impeding the ſoaring of her wiſhes to the abode and company of angels. But, in time, the breathings of her ſoul were heard: her yet imperfect prayers attended to, and her mind opened to the rays of conſolation. The Kind Parent of all created beings ſees the ſtruggles of His weak children, and pities that impotence of Spirit, which their errors or their crimes have occaſioned. He ſees —pities and aſſiſts; raiſes them from the duſt; points out their path, and accelerates their flight to Heaven. Oh! how unimitative of his beneficence are the fellow-creatures of the fallen!! Though liable, and even prone to the ſame guilty follies, they preſs, and cruſh to deſtruction the unfortunate

tunate brother, who has ſlided into the ſnares from which they have been defended or delivered; and they impede his riſe with as much induſtry as if their own welfare would be injured by his reſtoration.

Inſatiate avarice! Is there not Mercy ſufficient for us all! Muſt one loſe, becauſe another receives! No; "He who giveth "liberally and upbraideth not," ſits at the fountain of inexhauſtible Kindneſs. Look up then all ye timid minds—yet trembling offenders! Raiſe the quivering eye of new-born hope—of infant confidence in Him who will not behold with unkindneſs your aſpiring wiſhes.

The mind that is ſincere, though faint, SHALL BE STRENGTHENED.

CHAP.

CHAP. XCVIII.

The ſecond Apology for Chriſtianity; or the Gentlemen unmaſked.

MISS MONTAGUE has been cheared by the all-powerful influence of divine conſolation.

We would not advert to any other circumſtance without reminding our anxious friends of this particular, as it is impoſſible that they can be indifferent to the diſtreſſes of ſuch a woman. We therefore repeat, that though the cauſe of her grief remained, its violence ſeemed to give way to a hope of ſhe knew not what. Againſt her reaſon—againſt probability, a perſuaſion prevailed of ſomething like future felicity. "Yet from whence can it ariſe!" exclaimed the afflicted fair in a whiſper to herſelf, "when every ſource of felicity is totally "locked up." Then ſtarting at her own

"infidelity

infidelity—" But how ungrateful am I! " Have I not been delivered from a de- " ſtruction ſeemingly inevitable! *I have.* " Then how criminal is doubt!" At this ſhe aroſe and retired to a cloſet dedicated to her uſe, where her conſolation increaſed and her mind grew tranquil. She truſted and ſubmitted.

We have before aſked whether the beauty; the good ſenſe; the great qualifications; the ſoftneſs; the amiableneſs of Miſs Harriet Montague will excuſe her to the beaux and belles—to the dignified and undignified characters of the preſent century, for being pious? We fear it will not; and that the confeſſion of her ſentiments will ſink her into contempt with moſt of the laicty, and with even ſome of the clergy of the age. But we cannot help it, as we muſt relate the truth. Beſides it ought to be conſidered that no character is perfect. This little flaw, therefore, this really old-faſhioned diſpoſition will be excuſed, and particularly when it is recollected that ſhe

was,

was, notwithſtanding, extremely lively; that odd as it may appear to many people, her piety far from abating ſeemed poſitively to increaſe the gladneſs and conſequent gaiety of her heart. Whenever the ſenſe of the unpropitious circumſtances of her life was a little diminiſhed, ſhe was the ſpirit of every party in which ſhe joined; the wit with the ſweetneſs; the wiſdom with the modeſty that adorned her mind rendering her the delight and admiration of every one who was ſo happy as to be introduced into her company. Were her friends afflicted?—She ſoothed their ſorrows. Were they diffident?—She gave them conſequence. Were they gay? She entered into their amuſements. But *yet*, the moſt genuine Piety influenced all her thoughts, and actions. AND—*dire diſgrace*—SHE WAS A CHRISTIAN!!!

While Miſs Montague was employed as above related, Mr. Herbert was reading to his lady the letter for the Marquis of Hillington, which ſhe had given to him with a

requeſt

requeſt that her friends would paſs their judgment on it before it was conveyed to his lordſhip. At this juncture Frederic opened the door of the apartment: but, ſeeing them in earneſt converſation, he expreſſed his fear of interrupting them, and was about to retire, when Mrs. Herbert, filled with renewed admiration of her Harriet called him back, and looked at Mr. Herbert, for leave to ſhew him Miſs Montague's reply to the Marquis.

"Is it quite right?" aſked he ſmiling.

"How can it be wrong?" returned ſhe.

"If there be a doubt" ſaid Frederic, "whatever be your intention give it up."

"Your ſiſter muſt be indulged I ſee," ſaid Mr. Herbert, pleaſantly; "and I do "not Frederic queſtion your diſcretion."

As the Marquis of Hillington had not made any ſecret of his attachment and propoſal to Miſs Montague, Frederic was acquainted with all the circumſtances leading to the letter which Mr. Herbert *now* put into his hands. Having read *it with rap*turous applauſe, he ſaid that

it was exactly consistent with the idea he had formed of the lady upon his first knowledge of her. "But," added he, "I am "extremely concerned to find my suspi- "cions of her not being happy, thus "strongly confirmed. Is the name of the "man honored by her favorable opinion a "secret?"

"At present, yes," answered his sister. "On that head delicacy commands us to "be silent."

"I have done," said Frederic; "yet "anxiously wish to know if there is any "probability of her being happy in her "wishes."

"None! None," replied the lady shaking her head.

"I am sorry for it," said Frederic. "Charming woman! How is it possible "a man can be insensible to such exalted "merit!"

"I wish my dear brother that *you* were "the object of her partiality?" said Mrs. "Herbert.

"Why

"Why ſo?" aſked he.

"Becauſe," ſhe replied, "I ſhould be "happy in having ſuch a ſiſter."

"Why more ſo than in having ſuch a "friend?" he aſked.—At this inſtant Mr. Herbert returned from his ſtudy, where he had been ſealing Miſs Montague's letter for the Marquis; and immediately after, a rap at the door and the announcement of company prevented the reply which Mrs. Herbert was going to make to her brother's queſtion.

For ſeveral days after this, nothing ſufficiently material to be here related occurred to any of our friends. Mr. Herbert delivered the letter to the Marquis, who peruſed the contents with great concern. Being convinced, however, that there was no probability of any change in the ſentiments of Miſs Montague, he at length acquieſced in her deciſion, and dropped any further proſecution of his ſuit. But he continued his acquaintance with the family of Mr. Herbert, and he was much pleaſed

at

at having been introduced to people of ſuch real reſpectability. At the Biſhop of Chicheſter's he ſeveral times met Frederic and Lord Andover, whoſe friendſhip he was greatly deſirous to obtain and eaſily ſucceeded in his wiſhes. They ſoon viſited upon a familiar footing, and to them he confeſſed the pain, which he had felt at Harriet's refuſal of his propoſals; frequently ſaying that though he thought her the moſt beautiful creature in the univerſe, it was her mind that had ſo completed her conqueſt of his affections. The curioſity of Lord Andover to ſee this celebrated lady was now more ſtrongly excited, and he required Frederic to find ſome means of introducing him into her preſence. But this, at the preſent inſtant, it was more than ever difficult to effect, as, ſince the Marquis' viſits at Mr. Herbert's, her wiſh to avoid an interview with him, and her apprehenſion of Mr. Percival's ſecond appearance, determined her to confine herſelf almoſt ſolely to the nurſery, unleſs when the

earneſt

earneſt entreaties of Mrs. Herbert, who feared that her ſedentary life would be prejudicial to her health, prevailed with her to make an excurſion with the children to ſome one of the ſurrounding villages, under pretence of its being neceſſary for them ſometimes to breathe a purer air than that of Pall Mall.

Frederic and Lord Andover were one morning at Mr. Herbert's, when Harriet, thinking it too early an hour for the appearance of company, was going down into the room where morning viſiters were uſually received, and had juſt reached the door, when ſhe heard the ſound of ſeveral voices. Without ſtopping to liſten, ſhe haſtened back to her own apartment, where, being in a contemplative humour, ſhe ſat down as ſhe too often did, to ruminate on paſt events.

"Where," ſighed ſhe to herſelf, "is "now my deareſt Lucy! Occupied, per-"haps in the duties of a mother! And "where is the happy object of her affec-"tionate

" tionate attention, *my* once loved Sey-
" mour! *Once* loved!"—repeated ſhe and ſighed more deeply.—Then riſing from her ſeat, ſhe exclaimed—" Well! it is over; " and probably I ſhall never ſee either of " them again."

How little of probability do mortals know! How often do they think events at hand which never happen! and how frequently does the next hour preſent incidents which they had deſpaired of ever ſeeing produced! Strange that after years of experience, we ſhould ſtill truſt our own judgment—ſtill doubt the gracious ſuperintendence of Providence.

It was far from the belief of Miſs Montague at the criſis above mentioned, ſhe was only a few yards from her Henry—that ſhe was then walking over the room in which he was ſitting—that if ſhe had entered at the door which ſhe was on the point of opening, ſhe would have found him in converſation with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert!

Has

Has the penetration of our readers already pierced the veil, and ſeen their favorite Henry Seymour in Lord Andover? Or has the ſobriety of their imagination been ſatisfied with knowing only what we have thought proper to reveal, without breaking into our ſacred receſſes and making their own diſcoveries?

"O dear!" cries Miſs Kitty, "I have "ſeen that long ago. I have read too "many novels to be ſo eaſily blinded."

As we doubt not but there are many Miſs Kittys in the kingdom, we muſt ſuppoſe that Mr. Clifford has been as viſible in Mrs. Herbert's brother Frederic, as Mr. Seymour in Lord Andover. We will proceed, therefore, to the relation of facts; reverting to a few circumſtances relative to our friends at Beverley.

When we laſt took our leave of that beautiful village, the Cambridge ſtudents were juſt arrived—the Percivals at the Lodge; Henry Seymour, Mr. Clifford, Mr. Barker at the Aviary: the Percivals

anticipating

anticipating their grand entry into the envied habitation, but apprehenſive of Stephen's declining health; the other party enjoying with due moderation, the preſent, without repining at the approaching period, which they could not however contemplate with perfect indifference, when the good Mr. Spencer muſt reſign to the lawful heir, the lordſhip of the vicinity. Nor did they on its actual arrival utter one improper or harſh ſentiment, though their feelings were put to a ſevere trial, as the inſolent exultation of the Lodge-family had long been unbounded and even indecent.

In the early part of this work the reader was informed of Henry Seymour's being deſcended from a noble family, but as at that time there was no probability of his inheriting the anceſtorial dignity, we did not think the incident of ſufficient importance to merit a particular illuſtration: but as he is now become the point in which theſe family honors centre, we will give

ſome account of the progreſſive cauſes which led to his titulary aggrandizement.

When our Henry firſt made his appearance on the ſtage where he acts ſo material a part, the elder branch of the family, Viſcount Liſmore, lived upon a large eſtate at Baltimore in our ſiſter Kingdom, at which time he had three ſons and five daughters. To this nobleman on the contingency of his dying without children, Mr. Seymour was indubitable heir: on that of his leaving only daughters, the greateſt part of the eſtate, with the title, was ſtill to be Mr. Seymour's: but the Viſcount long enjoyed the proſpect of his deſcendants riding in carriages with coronets, and ſhining in the liſt of the houſe of peers! In proceſs of time however, he found himſelf without a ſon; his eldeſt loſing his life in a duel fought about a celebrated courteſan; the ſecond dying of a conſumption, and the youngeſt being drowned in his paſſage from Liverpool to Dublin. That this muſt be deemed a misfortune to the family, cannot be

be denied: yet to the daughters, on a pecuniary account, it was an advantage: as the great fortune of their mother, the heireſs of three rich uncles, which had been ſettled upon the eldeſt ſon, was now to be divided equally between the young ladies. By the ſame events theſe ladies became alſo entitled to the unentailed eſtates; of which, had any one of their brothers lived, they would not have had even a ſhare, it being the father's ruling principle to increaſe, to the utmoſt of his power, the honors of his houſe: and thus, the daughters, from the proſpect of ſmall fortunes, became the richeſt co-heireſſes in the country.

For ſome peculiar ſervice rendered by Lord Liſmore to the favorite miniſter, whoſe influence with the king was unbounded, he was created an Engliſh peer by the title of Earl of Andover. Juſt after this acceſſion of honor, happened the death of his eldeſt ſon, which affected him immoderately. On the loſs of his other two boys, he fell into a deep melancholy and died about half a

year before the period at which we recognised our old favorite in the new nobleman, whom we left in Mr. Herbert's visiting parlour.

Matters between Miss Spencer and Mr. Clifford were adjusted soon after that gentleman's return from Cambridge: but he was not then possessed of an estate sufficient to enter into conjugal life, and the death of his relation, before-mentioned, was so near the time of Mr. Stephen's arrival at age, that Lucy determined not to change her situation till after the venerable possessor of the Aviary was settled in his new habitation.

It may be asked why Clifford kept his engagement a secret, as it was evident he did, from a sister to whom he was so much attached.

At first he concealed it from a point of affection; for he well knew that both she and Mr. Herbert would strenuously insist upon contributing to his establishment in domestic life, though by doing it they might inconveniently

inconveniently ſtraiten their own circumſtances; and afterwards on their arrival in England, it was his wiſh that they ſhould ſee his Lucy (as the Spencers intended to paſs a few weeks in town in the ſpring) through a perfectly indifferent medium, being convinced that ſhe was exactly calculated to charm both Mr. and Mrs. Herbert. When he ſaw, what he could not avoid ſeeing, that they pleaſed themſelves with an idea of calling the lovely Harriet their ſiſter, he was ſtill more ſedulous to conceal his engagement with Miſs Spencer, leſt viewing her as an obſtacle to their wiſhes, they might be prevented from conceiving for her that partiality, which otherwiſe, he was convinced that ſhe could not fail to obtain from them even in the firſt interview.

Soon after the death of his uncle, Mr. Seymour (whom, henceforward, we ſhall generally diſtinguiſh by the appellation of Lord Andover), being obliged to attend ſome buſineſs in London, relative to his

new affairs, took commodious lodgings near to Mr. Spencer's town-houſe, which was in Groſvenor Square. Walking rather late one night from a part of the City, he perceived, in a narrow and unfrequented alley, ſeveral men apparently engaged in a ſtruggle, but could not hear any noiſe. On ſtopping to liſten, he found that one of them had a handkerchief tied over his mouth, and that the others were evidently endeavoring to do him ſome injury. Fired at this ſight, and heedleſs of conſequences, he darted amongſt them, and aſſiſted the ſtruggling gentleman ſo ſucceſsfully, that he freed his mouth from the handkerchief, and began to expoſtulate with the others upon ſo outrageous an attack.

"Villain!" ſays one of them, who appeared to be a gentleman, "you merit "more than we can inflict, and though "accident has now reſcued you from our "meditated vengeance, you ſhall not long "live to ſport with the miſeries which you "*have occaſioned.*"

Upon

Upon this Lord Andover interfered, and aſked if there was no method of ſettling the animoſity which appeared to ſubſiſt between the parties, without ſuch violence as he had juſt then witneſſed.

" You are a gentleman ſir," ſaid he who had ſpoken before, " and your interpoſi-
" tion has been worthy of one. Yet it is
" a pity that you ſhould have exerted your
" bravery in defence of this monſter, who
" but for your appearance had ſoon finiſhed
" his accurſed exiſtence."

Saying this they haſtened to a chariot which was waiting at the corner of the alley, and one of them mounting the box drove off the other two with expedition.

Lord Andover was now left with the perſon whom he had delivered from the hands of the aſſailants. His face, from a cut which in the conteſt had been given him acroſs the right eye, was almoſt covered with blood, and he ſeemed ſcarcely able to ſupport himſelf: his lordſhip therefore

deſired to know to what place of ſafety he ſhould conduct him.

"To the London Tavern, if you pleaſe," in an almoſt fainting voice, replied the ſtranger, who leaning on the arm of his deliverer, walked ſilently along, till arriving at the door of the hotel, the wounded man turned round and ſaid—"Sir I thank you. "I owe you much; more I fear than I can "ever pay." He was then retiring, when his lordſhip ſtopped him, ſaying, "I do "not aſk who it is whom I have been ſo "fortunate as to aſſiſt, leſt I ſhould appear "to be actuated by improper curioſity, "but if I can be of any farther ſervice in "averting the effects of a meditated injury, "that card will tell you where your com-"mands will reach me."—Upon which, delivering him to the care of a waiter, he proceeded to his lodgings, ſomewhat ſurpriſed at the ſingularity of the adventure.

It may perhaps appear ſtrange to the reader that three men ſhould deſiſt from an evidently outrageous purpoſe upon the intervention

intervention of Lord Andover; but it muſt be conſidered that theſe violators of the laws were not plunderers to whom all individuals were alike; that their fury was directed ſolely againſt the one then in their hands, and that finding it impracticable to execute their purpoſe, without the hazard of its being made a public affair, they avowedly poſtponed their intention and diſappeared.

The fact was that the wounded gentleman had ſeduced, and baſely deſerted a ſiſter of the other three, who were merchants of the firſt reſpectability in the City. He had then been hovering about the houſe, ſo diſguiſed that his perſon could hardly be known, waiting the appearance of a confidant who was to conduct him to the lady's apartment; when the brothers, getting information of his purpoſe, ruſhed out upon him. Being however at a little diſtance from them, he ran and would have eſcaped by turning into the before-mentioned alley, had not his foot ſlipped and

occaſioned his falling. The two eldeſt now ſeized him, while the third followed, as had been concerted, with the chariot, and was aſſiſting the others when Lord Andover appeared. Their deſign was to inſiſt upon his immediately marrying the lady, or to carry him to a place of ſecrecy and terminate his exiſtence.

Soon after this adventure our young nobleman was obliged to go over to Ireland, from whence he returned juſt before we introduced him into theſe pages by his title. Clifford and he were now almoſt inſeparable. Sometimes they reſided in town, and ſometimes at Spencer Aviary, where they always found a moſt affectionate reception, and which indeed Lord Andover ſtill conſidered as his home; his minority, under his father's will, yet wanting ſome months of completion.

Very little was the intercourſe which now ſubſiſted between the Spencers and the Percivals: however they kept up the form of relationſhip by ceremonious viſits; but not

not even Mr. Spencer's piety and philanthropy could prevent his ſhowing ſome reſentment at the proceedings of the other family. It was indeed his piety and philanthropy that were offended, as their conduct could not but be diſpleaſing both to GOD and mankind.

Part of a converſation which paſſed between Lucy Spencer and Clifford, at the laſt viſit of that gentleman to the Aviary, ſhall cloſe the chapter. A morning's ramble through ſome of the enchanting ſcenes with which the place abounded, led to the ſubjects.

Clifford. What can be more delightful than that view acroſs the terrace, through yonder beautiful glade, which ſeems to lead to groves at an immeaſurable diſtance!

Lucy. It ſurely is the loveliеſt ſpot in nature! Would my dear great grandfather could go to Heaven from this ſituation! The idea of his being obliged to leave it, and for ſuch people too! is ſometimes too

painful to me to endure with decent patience.

Clifford. It is a ſubject that I can ſcarce bear to think upon; for ſurely if there be a human being in the Univerſe who merits the love and reverence of every creature, it is that admirable man! None but thoſe intereſted in the extremeſt degree, can contemplate the change with complacency.

Lucy. Certainly not; and I am really ſo angry with Mr. R. Percival, that violent as are the invectives of my uncle Ruſſel, I take a malicious pleaſure in hearing them; eſpecially as I know that he ſo dearly loves my grandfather Spencer.

Clifford. Your aunt Martha, let me tell you, provokes me as much as anybody. What can ſhe mean by giving ſuch an undue preference to the family of the Percivals, over her own.

Lucy. It is illnatured to ſay ſo, but I know of no other reaſon than becauſe they are more like herſelf.

Clifford. Never ſiſters were more *unlike* than

than ſhe is to your mother and Miſs Abington!

Lucy. There cannot, I think be a *greater* diſſimilitude than between Mr. R. Percival and my aunt George Abington, who has oftener been ſuppoſed to be my father's ſiſter than his couſin.

Clifford. I do not wonder at it, for they bear even a perſonal reſemblance to each other. Apropos—my ſiſter has had her picture taken by Gainſborough, and when I ſaw it I was amazed at the likeneſs between that and my own.

Lucy. I am quite impatient, Mr. Clifford, to ſee Mrs. Herbert.

Clifford. Not more ſo my dear Lucy than I am that *ſhe* ſhould ſee *you.* How I anticipate the pleaſure of introducing her and my brother to this family of worthies! And my ſiſter's friend, Miſs Mansfield too —With her I know you will be particularly pleaſed.

Lucy. Ah Clifford! I ſicken at the idea of ſuch a friend as you deſcribe her to be.

Your

Your picture of her revives my beloved Harriet Montague in ſtriking colors. Such a figure; ſuch a face, and ſuch accompliſhments were her's! Deareſt—firſt friend of my heart! *Oh my Harriet!*

Clifford. Do not be angry my Lucy when I ſay that I wiſh I could, in ſome meaſure, obliterate her image both from your and Andover's remembrance.

Lucy. Had you ever ſeen her, you would have known that wiſh muſt be in vain.

Clifford. I will not however deſpair of Miſs Mansfield's fixing at leaſt the *attention* of Lord Andover, and then I ſhall hope that ſhe may, in time, ſteal upon his affection, as her mind is exactly calculated to charm him. I cannot endure that he ſhould thus waſte his days in fruitleſs regret.

Lucy. Well, I declare, ſincerely grieved as I am for him, I can hardly wiſh he ſhould ever form another attachment. Unjuſt as it doubtleſs would be, I really think I ſhould diſlike his next choice, however meritorious

the

the lady might be. But has he never ſeen Miſs Mansfield?

Clifford. Never: for ſhe is ſo retired and his curioſity, in that point, is ſo orderly, that I have not yet been able to effect a meeting between them. Perhaps in time *thy* ſiſter and *my* *ſiſter's* ſiſter may wiſh to promote an union between two ſuch accompliſhed people.

Lucy bluſhing] I will not affect to miſunderſtand you, but *that* time—

Clifford interrupting] Is not, I truſt, far diſtant: and though I feel a horror at the idea of Stephen Percival's taking poſſeſſion of this earthly paradiſe during the life of Mr. Spencer, yet as there is no probability againſt the event, I cannot help wiſhing for its arrival. If my Lucy is diſpleaſed at this confeſſion, ſhe muſt remove the cauſe of the wiſh by conſenting to fix my happineſs before that period.

The converſation now took a tender turn; but as the particulars are not any way eſſential to our ſtory, and as we are in haſte

to

to return to London, we will only ſay that Mr. Clifford preſſed Lucy to conſent to be his before the removal of Mr. Spencer from the Aviary: but ſhe ſo ingenuouſly confeſſed that her ſole motive for refuſing was an unwillingneſs to darken the early days of their union by forming it juſt before ſuch an approaching cloud, that he could not but acquieſce in her feelings, and be ſilent.

CHAP.

CHAP. XCIX.

A Converſation; and a Prelude to an extraordinary Event.

THE converſation at Mr. Herbert's, between that gentleman, his lady, Mr. Clifford and Lord Andover, was particularly lively, at the time of our laſt leaving that party. Love, courtſhip, marriage and beauty were the themes. Mrs. Herbert ſaid that ſhe was very anxious to ſee her brother fixed in conjugal life, and wiſhed that he would permit her to direct his choice. Lord Andover, who was in the ſecret of his friend's concealing his attachment from his ſiſter, ſaid that he thought Frederic might ſafely be truſted in that particular, as he would anſwer for his pleaſing everybody in his ſelection of a wife, and offered to deſcribe the kind of women who

who he was ſure would be preſented to her as a ſiſter.

" If beauty, good ſenſe, ſweetneſs and " every thing amiable in woman can fix " his approbation, he cannot I think be " long wavering," ſaid Mrs. Herbert; " but " I am afraid he is inſenſible to female al- " lurements."

" No fear of that madam," returned the young earl. " Depend upon it you will " ſoon ſee him in fetters. I will bet a " hundred guineas he will be a Benedict " in leſs than another twelvemonth. But " you were mentioning an aſſemblage of " charms juſt now. Did you mean our " Britiſh females in general, or ſome par- " ticular fair more eſpecially gifted ?"

" I mean a friend of mine, who is ſupe- " rior to any thing I ever ſaw in woman," replied the lady.

" Miſs Mansfield, I preſume," ſaid Lord Andover.

Mrs. Herbert bowed.

" But

" But why madam," aſked his lordſhip, " do you keep her ſo cloſe? Are you afraid " that ſhe would be too deſtructive if ſhe " ſhould be generally known?"

" I think, indeed, her conqueſts would " be numerous," ſaid Mrs. Herbert.

" You may ſafely, however, permit me " to ſee her, for I have an idea that I " ſhould not be in danger," replied Lord Andover.

" Are you invulnerable ſir?" aſked Mr. Herbert.

" I have not always been ſo," anſwered the earl, with a ſtifled ſigh; " but I think " my danger is over."

The name of the Marquis of Hillington was now introduced; for his ſuit to Harriet and its conſequence, were known by his own confeſſion, to all his friends. Miſs Mansfield's reply to his letter had been repeated by that nobleman to Lord Andover, when Clifford was of the party; and Frederic in his preſent remarks on it obſerved, that the lady's circumſtances exactly cor-

reſponded

reſponded with his friend Andover's, and that the etiquette of a firſt prepoſſeſſion could not be inſiſted upon by either.

"Etiquette! Clifford!" repeated his lordſhip. "How can you ſpeak ſo lightly "on ſuch a ſubject.

"Pardon me, my dear Andover," returned his friend. "I do not *think* lightly "upon it; but as we have advanced thus "far, I cannot forbear to expreſs my ardent wiſhes that your heart were free to "make another choice."

"Do not, Frederic expect that wiſh "will ever be accompliſhed," ſaid his lordſhip. "But upon my word, madam," turning to Mrs. Herbert, "I feel greatly "intereſted for your lovely friend, and "much wiſh to ſee her. Cannot I be favored with an interview?"

"Miſs Mansfield, I doubt will not conſent to be made a ſhow of," replied Mrs. Herbert, "She has no deſire to excite "admiration."

"But when ſhe knows I am a diſap-

"pointed

"pointed man—that I never wiſh to find "anything in woman but a friend, perhaps "ſhe will not object to my requeſt," ſaid the gentleman.

"She is ſo determined a recluſe ſir," ſaid Mrs. Herbert, "that I deſpair of prevailing with her to be officious in gaining "even a friend. If ever you ſee her, it "muſt be by accident."

"Lord Andover ſeems ſo convinced in "being now invulnerable," joined in Mr. Herbert, "that I could wiſh Frederic and "he would overtake you in your next "ramble with the children."

"Well ſuggeſted," ſaid Clifford. "When "will you go ſiſter?"

"I cannot preciſely ſay," anſwered ſhe. "Miſs Mansfield has at this time ſo bad a "cold, that I am apprehenſive, that the "air would increaſe her diſorder. But I "have no objection to Mr. Herbert's "propoſal."

After the departure of the gentlemen, Mrs. Herbert repeated to Harriet as much

of the converſation as ſhe could without paining her ſenſibility reſpecting her attachment; and ſpoke in high terms of Lord Andover. It was evident, as Mrs. Herbert remarked, that he was far from being happy, though the livelineſs of his temper muſt always render him a moſt agreeable companion. She thought him, ſhe ſaid, the moſt elegant figure ſhe had ever beheld, and indeed the moſt accompliſhed man.

Matters went on thus a conſiderable time. For ſeveral days, Miſs Montague's cold continued to be troubleſome, and when it was in ſome degree removed, a ſeries of bad weather prevented the ladies from enjoying their accuſtomed airings. The Marquis of Hillington perſevered in his viſits to Mr. Herbert's, where he often formed a party with Clifford and Lord Andover. Theſe viſits, joined with Harriet's preſent dejection of ſpirits, rendered it difficult for Mrs. Herbert to perſuade her friend to ſpend any time out of the apart-

ments

ments appropriated to the children, whoſe innocent prattle, fondneſs, and rapid improvement in all that ſhe endeavored to teach them, intereſted Harriet more than the converſation of any other company. Her Seymour and ſhe were often within a few minutes of meeting, and ſtill oftener within a few yards diſtance of each other. So cautious was ſhe of being ſeen by either the Marquis, or by Mr. Percival, whom ſhe thought buſineſs might again lead to Mr. Herbert's, that upon a rap at the door, if by chance ſhe was below ſtairs, ſhe would inſtantly retire through a paſſage which led to a back ſtaircaſe: and ſhe has ſeveral times left the room juſt as Lord Andover entered it. This ſome of the Mrs. Quaintlys of the age will pronounce to be an evident indication of the oppoſition of Providence to the union of our accompliſhed lovers.

An accident now happened to Lord Andover which for more than a fortnight prevented his appearance in Pall Mall. Going one morning to ride with Clifford to Barnet,

Barnet, his horſe took fright juſt as he was going to mount him, and ſuddenly turning round, ſtruck his maſter's leg with one of his hind feet and wounded it very deeply from the calf to the ankle. Clifford immediately alighted and aſſiſted his friend into the houſe, ſent for a ſurgeon, who, without making the worſt of the caſe, told him that he ought to be very well ſatisfied if he found himſelf able to walk at the end of a fortnight. During the young gentleman's confinement, Mr. Clifford was his almoſt conſtant attendant, dividing his time between his lodgings and Pall Mall, where, being unaccompanied, he again enjoyed the privilege of Mrs. Herbert's brother, and without ceremony, went immediately to the apartments of the nurſery. Here he had free converſations with Miſs Montague, who ſo continually improved upon him that his affection for her was nothing ſhort of that which he entertained for his ſiſter; Miſs Spencer alone, holding a ſuperior place in his heart. When he was with

Lord

Lord Andover, his diſcourſe turned frequently upon her excellencies, and in time he ſo far ſucceeded in heightening the curioſity of his friend to ſee this female wonder, as he termed her, that they agreed, as ſoon as his lordſhip ſhould be able to walk, to meet the ladies in one of their excurſions. But now fortune promiſed to facilitate a meeting between this inimitable pair, in a ſtill more advantageous manner than that projected by the gentlemen.

Several children in Mr. Herbert's neighbourhood were, at this time, afflicted with the meaſles, which ſo much alarmed both him and his lady, that they determined to remove their family to Windſor, and accordingly took lodgings in that place. However, their removal did not anſwer the purpoſed deſign. They hoped by haſtening from London, to ſecure their little ones from the contagious diſorder, but they carried the infection with them, and in leſs than two days the meaſles were apparent. Owing to the freſhneſs of the air, their re-

covery was ſpeedy, and they might v
ſafety have returned, but as the ſituation
pleaſant and healthy, Mr. and Mrs. H
bert determined to ſtay there a week
fortnight longer. Twice during their
ſidence at Windſor, Mr. Clifford had b
their viſiter, and it was fixed that he
Lord Andover, now recovered from
hurt, ſhould ſpend a day or two with th
before their return to town.

And now my dear female friends are
prepared for this great event? Do you
ticipate the meeting between two of
moſt faithful hearts on the habitable gl
—hearts, which though they deſpairec
ever meeting, beat but for each oth
Do you in idea behold their aſtoniſhm
which for a time rendered them ſpeech
and amazed their ſurrounding friends?
you contemplate the joy which after a p
ful eclaircelſement took poſſeſſion of t
ſouls, and rendered them the moſt ble
humankind?

Alas! the proſpect is illuſive—the
chimeri

chimerical! for on the day before that fixed upon for the Windſor excurſion, Lord Andover received a letter which ſevered him hundreds of miles from his lovely and beloved Harriet; which ſent him at once from this happy Iſland, to brave the inclemency of Neptune's Empire!!

CHAP. C.

A laſt Farewell to Miſs Harriet Montague — to the Conſequence of whoſe Death we muſt now attend.

AS the letter which is ſoon to reach the hands of our favorite young nobleman, is of too much conſequence to be inſerted at the latter end of a chapter, we ſhall make it the beginning of a new one, and we now ſummon the attention of our friends to its contents.

" To Lord Andover.

Pelham Street, No. 36.

" Sir,

" The aſſiſtance you one night afforded " to a wounded man, whom you afterwards conducted to the London tavern, " is too recent a circumſtance to have " *eſcaped* your memory, though perhaps " the

" the length of time which has elapſed
" ſince the event, has given you to believe
" that you ſhould never hear any thing
" more of the perſon for whom you exer-
" ciſed your humanity, nor indeed would
" you, but for a coincidence of circum-
" ſtances which irreſiſtibly impels me to ad-
" dreſs you.

" I am now confined to my chamber,
" and am told by my phyſicians and ſur-
" geons, that there is not much probability
" of my ever leaving it. How this intel-
" ligence affects me, I will not ſay. My
" heart is naturally ſanguine, and I en-
" courage its flattery when it tells me theſe
" doctors are miſtaken. It ill becomes a
" ſoldier to yield to either quackery or
" prieſt-craft.

" After you had ſaved me from the ruf-
" fians which had pre-determined my ex-
" tirpation from this land of exiſtence, I
" again braved my fate, by going diſ-
" guiſed as before (which diſguiſe alone
" prevented your recognition of a man

" whom it is not likely you ever can for-
" get) within their precincts, at a time
" when I was treacherouſly informed that
" they were abſent from the metropolis.
" The conſequence was, that I was wound-
" ed in ſeveral parts of my body, though I
" had taken a friend with me to prevent
" danger. A mortal ſtab, as theſe impo-
" tent medical wretches, though of the firſt
" fame in the kingdom, inform me, was
" given me in the thigh; ſo high up, that
" the amputation they want to perſuade
" me to ſubmit to, would not, I well know
" be of avail to ſave my life, could I be
" ſuch a daſtard as to accept it upon ſuch
" terms. What! live without a leg!
" Live to be pointed at for a cripple! No;
" I would ſooner die, and go—I know
" not where.

" But this is not to my purpoſe.

" My name—the name of MILLEMONT!
" —muſt, I well know, be hateful to your
" ſenſes. On that account, I ſhall only
" ſign the initials, that you may read with-

" out

" out diſcompoſure what precedes its in-
" troduction.

" I told you I was your debtor. A debtor
" indeed! for I have robbed you of more
" than the world can balance—of a wo-
" man whoſe worth is beyond eſtimate!

" You ſuppoſed—Oh how fallaciouſly!
" —that her flight with me was a voluntary
" one. Inſtead of that, ſhe was torn, vio-
" lently torn from every thing her ſoul
" held valuable. The ſtrongeſt compul-
" ſion was uſed to carry her from Beverly
" —from England. At firſt, I ſuppoſed
" Mrs. Mitchel to be the only abettor of
" my deſign, but at the inſtant of my tak-
" ing her away, I was convinced of what
" was afterwards corroborated by more
" ſubſtantial evidence, that the family in
" general of the Percivals aſſiſted my
" wiſhes. Several of them were abſolutely
" active in the buſineſs, and decoyed her to
" take the evening walk which put her into
" the power of myſelf and ſervants. The
" letters you received from her during her

" confinement by old Mrs. Percival's edi-
" in her chamber, as anſwers to you
" which never reached her hands, were
" obtained by force or ſtratagem. Th
" Mrs. Mitchel boaſted of to me to enhan
" the value of her aſſiſtance. Her danci
" with me at Mr. Wharton's ball, by po- ſi-
" tive command of the before-mention ed
" old vile woman, was the preclude to her
" ſubſequent diſtreſs—diſtreſs which I now
" think upon with hatred, malice, and re-
" venge to the greatly more atrocious au-
" thors than myſelf. For what did *I* do,
" but what was conſiſtent with a character
" which I never attempted to diſguiſe!
" Whereas *they* violated every law that
" ought to bind human nature, and I feel
" no heſitation in ſaying, that the Percivals
" are the moſt helliſh conſpirators which
" ever diſgraced ſociety. Farther proof of
" this, you ſhall have when I ſee you, for I
" am in haſte to get to the more material
" part of my relation.

" Knowing the lady as you know her,

" it

" it muſt be needleſs for me to ſay how
" much I doated upon her, and how great-
" ly I wiſhed for ſome part of that affection
" which was ſo immoveably yours! To
" break, if poſſible, her attachment to you,
" I bribed the proprietor of a newſpaper to
" inſert your marriage with Miſs Spencer;
" this I muſt obſerve drove her almoſt to
" madneſs, as the paragraph intimated
" your belief of her guilt, in a voluntary
" flight, and this opinion, I dare ſay,
" wherever ſhe may be, ſhe retains.

" You ſee, Lord Andover, my perfect
" candour, I wiſh you to have every thing
" before you. I wiſh to give every poſſi-
" ble incitement to diſcover the lovely
" woman; both becauſe the injury ſhe has
" ſuſtained lies nearer to my heart than
" any affair in which I ever was concern-
" ed, and becauſe of the vengeance which
" with pleaſure I contemplate will, in con-
" ſequence, be levelled at the wretches at
" Beverly Lodge.

" After a ſhort continuance in London,

" I carried the captive beauty, the
" force of medicine in a deep ſlee
" board a veſſel which immediately
" for the Weſt Indies ; and we were
" conveyed to my eſtate near Ja
" During our reſidence in that pl
" made uſe of every effort to indu
" charming mourner to comply wit
" propoſals of love and marriage, b
" rejected them all with firmneſs up
" ſame motive that ſhe would have r
" the greateſt emperor under Heaven
" inviolable affection for you, thou
" that time ſhe ſuppoſed you to be
" her for ever. I will ſay I never
" beheld ſuch an invincible attachm
" Soft meaſures being unavailing,
" ceeded to harſh ones ; but neither t
" nor promiſes procured me any a
" tage, and after an abode at Citron
" (the name of my eſtate in the b
" mentioned iſland) ſhe eluded the v
" fulneſs of myſelf and her attendant
" *with a perſon as ſpotleſs as her mina*
" ap

" appeared at once; ſince which period, I " have never been able, with the moſt " diligent inquiries of myſelf and connex- " ions, to diſcover the leaſt traces of her " exiſtence: yet that ſhe ſtill lives, I am " firmly perſuaded, as the death of ſo fine " a creature could not have happened " without ſome public intimation of it, and " this it was not poſſible that I ſhould have " miſſed, as I examined every thing the " preſs produced in the vicinity, till I left " the Iſland.

" After you had rendered me the ſervice, " with the mention of which I began this " letter, I determined upon giving you the " above intelligence, but from time to time " I poſtponed my deſign. Since that pe- " riod, I have, as I before-mentioned been " ſeverely wounded, and during my con- " finement, have been nurſed by an honeſt " ſailor, who ſaved me from going over- " board on my return to England, for " which reaſon I feel myſelf attached to " him, and happy in his attendance. This

" fellow was married, before his laſt voya
" to the Weſt, to young woman at Ch
" ſea; and from him, or by his means,
" have indubitable proofs—proofs whi
" the laws of England muſt admit, a
" which conſequently muſt confirm h
" right—that the loveliеſt woman in t
" creation, whoſe affection is yours, a
" whom you have ſo long known by t
" name of Harriet Montague, is no otl
" than the eldeſt daughter of Mr. and M
" Spencer of the Shrubbery, and THE
" CONTESTIBLE HEIRESS OF SPENC
" AVIARY, WITH ALL ITS DOMAINS.
" It gives me moſt ſincere ſatisfaction
" be the author of this diſcovery, as
" I truſt that it will be deemed so
" RETRIBUTION. The moment the c
" cumſtance came to my knowledge,
" objections to enter upon the ſubject
" niſhed in an inſtant, and I immediat
" ſet about writing, becauſe I can mu
" more eaſily do that, than talk, thoug
" can only do the *firſt* at intervals; t

" talki

"talking, if for only five minutes at a "time, brings on the hated fainting fits "which have troubled me for the laſt ten "days.

"The name of your HARRIET, is LE-"TITIA. She was, while at nurſe with "the mother of my ſailor's wife, exchang-"ed for the dead child of Mrs. Montague, "who was daughter to old Mrs. Percival. "The reſt you ſhall be told verbally, for I "find myſelf growing weaker.

"I need not require your preſence as "ſoon as poſſible, nor your forbearance of "reproaches: for well I know your na-"ture.

"Bring with you a friend or two as wit-"neſſes, and a magiſtrate to adminiſter an "oath.

"I am Sir, more than I can expreſs,

"Your ardent well-wiſher,

"G. R. M."

No tongue, no pen, nor ſcarcely any imagination, can portray the effect which the

the above letter had upon Lord Andover. He read it, and laid it down. He needed not to read it any more, for every line, every word was written upon his heart in indelible characters. The diſtreſs of our heroine and her tenderneſs for him, alternately impreſſed his ſoul. His uncertainty of her reſidence, of even her *exiſtence*, tortured his mind more than any mortal invention could poſſibly have tortured his body. For ſome length of time he ſcarce gave one thought to the circumſtance of her being Mr. Spencer's daughter; but when he turned to that idea, his mind, which was quick, ſtrong, and capacious, ſaw at once into the train of incidents that had marked her life. He had heard of the death of the little Letitia, and had, *with this Letitia herſelf*, and her ſiſter Lucy, often lamented it. He had heard it mentioned by the Percivals in ſarcaſtic terms, and as a proof that the eſtate was deſtined for their family. The obvious hatred of the pretended grandmother—the diſregard

of

of the ſuppoſed uncle and aunt, with the conſequent conduct of the couſins, now appeared to be perfectly accounted for. Several recollections convinced him that Stephen was acquainted with the atrocious proceedings of his parents; and induced him alſo to ſuppoſe that Mrs. Mitchel, Robert, and Barbara had been let into the ſecret; but in this he was miſtaken. Stephen alone, whoſe more immediate intereſt, as it was juſtly believed, would keep him faithful, had been admitted into the ſanctuary; and not even in him would they have confided had it not been for the purpoſe of obliging him to ſign ſome writings, neceſſary to ſecure to his mother during her life her darling object of the Aviary, and a certain part of the ſurrounding eſtate. Theſe writings, as it was agreed, were to be reſigned on the morning after Stephen's coming of age, and previous to his intended entry into the great manſion: but with this engagement, at times, he was almoſt determined not to comply, as he truly conjectured

jectured that his mother would not dare, under any circumſtances of provocation, to diſcover the villainy which had been tranſacted reſpecting the legal heireſs.

Fired with indignation—ſtimulated by the love of juſtice, actuated by the moſt ſincere and ardent affection which ever glowed in the breaſt of man, and which compaſſion for the unmerited ſufferings of the object of his almoſt adoration, and the dread of never more beholding her, had now increaſed to a degree nearly beyond endurance, Lord Andover ſat fixed in his chair. At length ſtarting from a reverie, in which he had almoſt unconſciouſly formed his plans, he darted into action; being determined to purſue, with unceaſing activity, every method human reaſon could ſuggeſt of recovering his beloved Letitia Spencer, *now no more Harriet Montague.*

CHAP. CI.

The Letter communicated.

LORD Andover, haſtily ſummoning a ſervant, ordered a coach, into which he inſtantly entered and deſired the driver to convey him as faſt as poſſible to Mr. Clifford's lodgings: here he was informed that his friend was gone with the biſhop of Chicheſter to the houſe of the lord chancellor, to whom, as the reader has been told, the prelate was related. This was a circumſtance favorable to the plan which his lordſhip had formed, and he followed the gentlemen to the great lawyer's, where he was no ſtranger.

Scarce had the uſual ſalutations paſſed before the impatient Henry advanced to his friend and ſaid, "Read that letter to "theſe gentlemen while I retire, and ſum- "mon me as ſoon as you have ended." In

ſaying

[illegible] which, he bowed; left the apartment, and went into the saloon, which he traversed in the hasty steps.

Mr. Clifford was alarmed by the appearance of Lord Anlover's unusual discomposure, for so expressive was his countenance, that it almost portrayed the agitation of his mind, which no words could have done. When he was departed, Clifford went to the door, but so great was even his [illegible] that he could proceed but [illegible] His friend—his Lucy—[illegible]—the lovely sufferer—divided [illegible] At length he explained [illegible] to the gentlemen [illegible] Seymour, as he was [illegible] intimates.

[illegible] men they could neither [illegible] for some moments [illegible] each other's hand, [illegible] deep sigh, and [illegible] their eyes.

[illegible] returned to the [illegible] the chancellor and

ıd the biſhop buſy in arranging the pro-
:r method of procedure; and the firſt part
their plan was to call upon a neighbour-
'g magiſtrate and with him to go directly
). the lodgings of Captain Millemont.
'his was accordingly purſued, and upon
heir arrival, they were uſhered into the
'partment of the ſick man, whom Lord
Andover inſtantly approached, and taking
him by the hand, ſaid in a low but fervent
voice, "GOD forgive you ſir, as I do;
" and bleſs you."

By ſome of our readers, Lord Andover's
cnity may be deemed extreme; but it muſt
ɔe remembered, that as he did not know
'o much of Millemont's baſeneſs to Letitia
ıs we have unfolded: his chief anger reſted
ɔn the Percivals. To Millemont he owed
the preſent great diſcovery, for which,
whatever might be the motive of its being
made, all thoſe whom he moſt loved in the
world, were highly indebted. Beſides, the
circumſtance of his being a ſick—nay pro-
bably a dying man—would have rendered

a contrary

a contrary conduct unchriſtian and inhuman.

Millemont was deeply affected by the warmth of the noble Henry's expreſſion. Seizing his hand he claſped it between his own, and while tears ſtarted into his eyes he ſaid, in a faint but ardent tone, "An-" dover, this is too much. I do not de-" ſerve it from you!"

The reſt of the company now advancing, the buſineſs of the viſit was immediately opened: when Millemont, too weak to talk much, referred to his letter, and inſiſted upon being permitted to take an oath to his belief of every ſyllable of its communication, leſt his death ſhould happen before any adjuſtment could take place. His oath then, to ſatisfy him, was taken, though it was not deemed material, and then the ſailor being introduced, his depoſition alſo upon oath was noted down to the following effect.

That about three years back, he married Hannah, the daughter of a woman called Mary

Mary Watkins, who, he had been told by his wife, had once lived at Hilton, near the Village of Beverly; that after his marriage he learned from ſeveral converſations, that there was ſome myſtery relating to a nurſe-child who was formerly under the care of his mother-in-law, about which ſhe frequently ſeemed to be very uneaſy, and that in the courſe of time, his inquiries by degrees and in pieces procured the following information:—That the lady of Mr. Edward Spencer, at Beverly Shrubbery, had a daughter, named Letitia, who was ſent to her houſe to be nurſed for ſome illneſs, which required a change of air; that the child mended very faſt and was at length quite recovered, when ſome ladies from a place called the Lodge, went and *tampered* with the nurſe, and by fine words and money prevailed on her to give the child ſomething to make it ill, and then to ſend to the parents to tell them that it had relapſed; that on this being done, the child was one night taken away and a dead one

of about the ſame age, carried down in a coach drawn by *ſix ſmoking horſes* from London and put in the place of her nurſling: that afterwards the man who was then her huſband, and whoſe real name (as the ſailor's wife had told him) was Taylor, went for Mr. and Mrs. Spencer under the pretence of bringing them, if poſſible, to ſee their child before it died; that the living child was carried to Hampſtead, but afterwards removed to Chelſea, to nurſe Ellenſon, who it had been ſince reported at Beverly was dead, but who was, by means of Mr. Percival's perſuaſion and a large gift of money, married to Sam Watkins, alias Taylor, who had neceſſarily been made acquainted with the exchange of the children.

Webſter, which was the name of the ſailor, then ſaid that he underſtood that the family at the Lodge were for a great while very kind and liberal to Watkins and his wife, but that of late, upon ſome application *from* theſe for money, the Percivals

had

had changed their conduct and treated their poor inſtruments with great ſeverity, threatening to expoſe their former behaviour, which, as it was now affirmed, could hurt nobody but themſelves, as ſhe [Mary Watkins] was the only perſon *who had betrayed her truſt*, and as the huſband could not be an evidence on behalf of his wife, nor ſhe on behalf of her huſband: that the young woman whom they had known by the name of Harriet Montague was dead and buried, and that therefore nothing now ſtood in the way of the next heir, who had *always* the moſt *juſt*, if not the moſt *legal* title to the eſtate. This language, according to Webſter, had ſo effectually frightened the perſons to whom it was addreſſed, that they did not dare to execute any purpoſes of revenge, however well inclined they might be to entertain them.

Captain Millemont here interrupted the proceeding by explaining the reaſon of this alteration in the conduct of the Percivals; they were now, he ſaid, in their own opi-

nions.

nions, quite ſecure of ſucceſs in all their meditated meaſures, as he had himſelf, to elude any farther inquiry, informed Mrs. Lumley of the death of Miſs Montague, ſoon after his marriage with her in Jamaica. This tale he knew to have been tranſmitted to Mrs. Mitchel and hence aroſe the triumph of the Percivals.

Without any comments on Millemont's falſe aſſertions, we will proceed with the narrative of Webſter. He ſaid that his mother-in-law was *mortally* grieved when ſhe heard of the young lady's death, and was fearful of ſome foul play on the occaſion: that ſhe wiſhed moſt earneſtly to have ſeen her before ſhe died; and that though it was long ſince ſhe had been admitted to her preſence, ſhe ſhould have known the child whom ſhe had nurſed amongſt ten thouſand. All this, Webſter ſaid had been told to him by his wife, who on the evening before, had given him a box of letters, ſent at different times either to her

her mother or father-in-law from ſome of Mr. Percival's family.

Theſe letters were now produced, and though they appeared to have been written with caution, they corroborated in the ſtrongeſt manner, the ſailor's depoſition. With the key now given, every thing in them ſtood at once diſcloſed. In an early one of old Mrs. Percival's to the woman, the reaſons for her deſign of taking the child to Beverly Lodge, were given at large. She ſaid in the firſt place that the expenſe would be leſs, and the apprehenſion of diſcovery leſs likewiſe; as the very bravery of the determination would of itſelf be ſufficient to prevent ſuſpicion, for how unlikely that the child ſhould be maintained and educated in a ſituation immediately expoſed to the eyes of its own parents. In the next place the old lady affirmed that ſhe never could be eaſy if the child were to be at all removed from her own particular obſervation; and thirdly ſhe obſerved that ſhe was more apprehenſive of Peggy Moſely, her

daughter's old ſervant, than of anyb
elſe; as this woman would not believe
her miſtreſs's daughter was living,
might poſſibly viſit Chelſea for the pur
of examining the child, and might t
notwithſtanding the oppoſition of the nu
make a diſcovery of the exchange. Th
were Mrs. Percival's oſtenſible reaſons
removing the poor little orphan, as it
generally called, from Chelſea to Beve
and they had all of them their due in
ence in the forming of a reſolution, wh
appeared to be leſs hazardous on reflec
than it did to the firſt view. But
ſtrongeſt inducement with this ſubtle d
for the removal of the infant from M
Watkins, as ſhe was called, remained ſti
be told. That woman, whoſe ſtifled c
ſcience was not abſolutely dead, had vo
never to part with her little charge, un
it were to the immediate hands of M
Percival herſelf; and this lady was ſo
prehenſive that the ſingular beauty
ſweetneſs of the child would gain upon

nurſe, and in time lead her to diſcloſe the circumſtances of her birth, that ſhe juſtly thought that any removal would be preferable, with reſpect to the ſafety of her plan, to the continuance of the infant at Chelſea. Truſting therefore to the change, effected by the intervention of years in the girl's appearance, which indeed was ſuch that a recognition of her was ſcarcely poſſible, Mrs. Percival formed the ſingular deſign of carrying her at once to the Lodge. And the event juſtified her conduct: for the ſecret which would probably have been developed much ſooner in any other ſituation, was not at laſt betrayed in conſequence of the child's reſidence at Beverly.

Another letter appeared in this collection, which informed Mrs. Watkins of the ſucceſs of their meaſures, and aſſured her of the child's welfare; adding, what all the letters ſuggeſted, and what indeed was the firſt plea uſed to induce the woman's concurrence with their deſigns, that juſtice would now take place, as it was a miſtake

only of the lawyer who made Mr. Ch
ton's will, which gave Letitia a title be
Stephen; it having been the teſtator's int
that the firſt *ſon*, and not a *daughter*, ſhc
inherit the eſtate.

One letter was written upon the yo
lady's apparent elopement with Cap
Millemont; one, upon her ſuppoſed n
riage with him, and a very triumphant c
of which Webſter had before given ſ
account, upon the intelligence of her de
This laſt, lately written, ſhewed that t
now braved the opinion of the whole wo
as they declared in it that it was no
much conſequence to themſelves whe
the tranſaction was, or was not, any lon
a ſecret, ſince nothing could bring
dead to life, or affect Stephen's poſſeſ
of what was now his lawful, as well as
juſt inheritance; but that the diſcloſur
the fraud would be the certain ruin of M
Watkins and her huſband.

This letter was one of the moſt ar
that ever was penned: it was begun by

el

elder, and finiſhed by the younger Mrs. Percival. Its object was to free their family from that kind of ſubjection which they had been held in by the poor people of Chelſea; and for this purpoſe the writers employed arguments calculated to enforce the ſilence of their accomplices by connecting it with an idea of their own ſafety.

The promiſes which they had given of large rewards to the man and his wife upon Stephen's entrance into Spencer Aviary, were in this letter treated lightly; and in their room threatnings were ſubſtituted: a tone, in ſhort, of ſeverity prevailed generally through the compoſition. This had enraged, at the ſame time that it had inſpired the Watkins's with terror; and their great diſtreſs and agitation on this occaſion, gave Webſter more light into the affair than he had ever had before: for as he was not a conſtant reſident in their houſe, though his wife was, they did not confide in him with that perfect unreſerve

which, as a conſtant inmate, he might probably have obtained.

The ſentiments which a haſty peruſal of theſe letters, and ſeveral others on the ſame ſubjects, excited in the minds of the auditors, may eaſily be ſuppoſed. Every noble paſſion was rouſed; every virtue in arms, to redreſs the grievances of the injured and to puniſh the guilty.

After the general reſentment had ſo far ſubſided as to admit of a diſcuſſion reſpecting the proper method of proceeding, the great Lord Chancellor of the time, whoſe fervency in the cauſe of juſtice has been celebrated by an abler pen, propoſed an immediate viſit to Chelſea. This was unanimouſly agreed to, and the Chancellor, the Biſhop, the Magiſtrate and Mr. Clifford, went in one coach, while in another followed Lord Andover, the Sailor and the Juſtice's clerk, a very ſhrewd young man, and a remarkable ſwift writer of ſhort-hand.

When the carriages ſtopt at Watkins' door, the people within were in the greateſt conſternation,

conſternation, expecting the officers of juſtice to carry them to Newgate; and upon Webſter's appearance, the nurſe cried out, "A laws! James! what han ye doon? "Han ye betrayed us!"

"By meſs, only for your own good, "mother," returned James; "ſo donna "be afeared. No harm ſhall come to you, "an you will but tell truth."

The formidable party now entered the houſe of Sam Watkins, who, with his wife was ſoon prevailed upon, by hope and by fear, to give a ſuccinct account of the whole black tranſaction upon oath, which was taken down by the clerk, in due form. This account exactly tallied with that before given by Webſter, with the addition of ſeveral particulars which ſet the affair in ſo clear a light, that to hear, and to be convinced, were the ſame thing. Mr. Percival, his wife and mother, were equally involved in the diabolical buſineſs; though the plan was firſt ſuggeſted by the dowager

upon receiving a letter from her dying daughter. If the reader will give himſelf the trouble to re-peruſe the ſhort dialogue that paſſed between her and her ſon, in the 18th chapter of our firſt volume, they will ſee the inſtant in which the idea had its origin. The objection which the gentleman expreſſed to his mother's attendance upon his ſiſter, was ſoon removed, when, upon Miſs Martha Abington's retiring for the night, the old lady made known the project, which in leſs than the ſpace of a minute was formed and completely arranged in her Machiavelian brain; he heſitated however and ſpoke his doubts—doubts calculated to urge the deed, while ſuch a ſmile as Milton gave to his hero, evinced his approbation.—His precious partner!—his true help-mate—quick as electric fire caught the idea, and it was with reluctance ſhe retired to her pillow, after having ſat till almoſt day-light, arranging the intended proceedings.

" — Nor

"— Nor aught of reſt ſhe knew: her buſy thought
Refuſed the aid of ſleep, her mind to calm;
And doubts, and hopes, and fears prevailed by turns
To agonize her ſoul."

Early in the morning the dowager ſet out for the avowed purpoſe of giving her bleſſing to the departing Mrs. Montague. Her ſon attended her, and his lady went with them as far as Hilton to aſſiſt in diſpoſing nurſe Ellenſon, with the pliancy of whoſe principles they were acquainted, to favor their plan. By means of the golden arguments generally uſed upon ſuch occaſions, they ſoon ſucceeded: Samuel Taylor, alias Watkins, who had been employed by Mr. Percival in buſineſs relative to his Lincolnſhire eſtate, was convened, and by the managing gentleman formally ſworn to act with ſecrecy, and in concert with the nurſe in all ſhe ſhould direct. The buſineſs being thus ſettled, the old lady purſued her journey to London, where ſhe ſoon had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing her daughter die, and in a ſhort time after, the little orphan alſo.

On this, being preceded by two ſpecial meſſengers, one to the Lodge, the other to Hilton, ſhe inſtantly ſet off with the corpſe of her grandchild for the houſe of Mrs. Ellenſon, where ſhe arrived about eleven at night, and exchanging the dead for the living infant, returned with all poſſible expedition. The buſineſs was afterwards conducted as has been related in the ſixteenth chapter of the firſt volume of this our hiſtory.

In proceſs of time, Mr. Percival judged it expedient that Taylor ſhould marry Mrs. Ellenſon, as the ſecret would thereby reſt in one family. For this purpoſe he gave them an additional ſum of money; fixed them in an unfrequented part of Chelſea, and recommended it to them to take the name of Watkins.

After this full diſcloſure of the iniquitous tranſaction, the huſband produced ſome papers which he ſaid that he had always conſidered as of conſequence. When they were opened, their importance was acknowledged by

by the gentlemen preſent, for they alone would have eſtabliſhed the point in queſtion before any judicature in the three kingdoms. They were indeed the contents of a pocket book which old Mrs. Percival had dropped as ſhe was ſtepping into the carriage with the living infant juſt exchanged for the dead body of the real Harriet Montague. The book was picked up by Taylor the moment the old Lady was driven off; and though many inquiries were very ſoon made about it, he never would acknowledge his finding of it, as a certain little piece of paper of ten pounds value, the uſe of which he perfectly underſtood, was diſcovered by him in one of its pockets. The loſs of this book occaſioned the good gentlewoman many anxious hours, as there were ſeveral letters in it from her ſon and daughter-in-law, which ſhe had received during her attendance upon her dying child. But ſhe endeavoured to perſuade herſelf that ſhe had dropped it on getting into the carriage in London, and that it had

either been trodden to pieces; or on account of the bill, had been burnt with the other papers by the finder. One of the letters, written by Mrs. R. Percival, and ſigned with her name at full length, was expreſſive of every vice attributable to human nature. It was in reply to the intelligence of Mrs. Montague's deceaſe, and the probably approaching end of the poor orphan. The writer hinted that it would be uncharitable to endeavor to prolong the life of a little wretch who was born in a ſtate of beggary, and that *to let it take its chance*, was care of it ſufficient. The reſt of the packet was little leſs opprobious to its authors, and ſtrongly corroborated the verbal accounts which we have given.

The nurſe was now aſked whether ſhe ſhould know her young charge if ſhe were to ſee her again.

She ſaid, yes, amidſt ten thouſand, though it was a conſiderable time ſince ſhe had had that happineſs, as old Mrs. Percival, from whom the young lady was never ſuffered

to

to be abſent, had not been much in London for ſome years, till the winter before laſt, when ſhe had told her all about Miſs's running away with a ſoldier, and had much grieved her with the tidings. The nurſe added that Mr. Stephen was at that time with his grandmother, and was certainly acquainted with the exchange of the children, as he took great pains to convince her that he had always been the *rightful* heir to the eſtate.

The Chancellor now propoſed the removal of Watkins's family to private lodgings in London, and after receiving aſſurances of ſafety and protection, they complied with the propoſal; reſuming their real name of Taylor ſtill farther to elude any ſearch which might hereafter be made for them by the Percivals. The gentlemen now returned to Captain Millemont; acquainted him with what had been done, and requeſted him to copy a letter dictated by the Chancellor to Mr. Percival, retracting the former intimations which had been

given

given reſpecting the lovely Letitia; and atteſting, with the ſacred word of a dying man, a full belief of her exiſtence; unſullied purity, and perfect innocence.

With this Millemont inſtantly complied, and the letter was conſigned to the hands of Lord Andover, to be ſent, when occaſion ſhould require, to the people at the Lodge.

The next ſtep was to order Taylor to write a letter to Mr. Percival, which the clerk of the juſtice, accompanied by Webſter, was to deliver to that gentleman, and take from him his anſwer. The letter was as follows:

"SIR AND LADIES,

"I am, at this time, in much want of "the ſum of fourteen pounds, and as Mr. "Stephen Percival is about to be put into "poſſeſſion of the great Aviary eſtate by "means of my wife's helping you to change "the lawful heireſs, Miſs Letitia Spencer, "for the dead body of Miſs Harriet Mon-

"tague,

" tague, and thereby cheating, as it were,
" the family of their lawful right, I hope
" you will be ſo kind as not to refuſe me
" as now, when I am in ſore want of the
" money, and which I hereby do ſay ſhall
" be the laſt I ſhall aſk you for, as ſeeing
" that Miſs Letitia is now, as you ſent us
" word, dead in good earneſt, and as Mr.
" Stephen will ſoon be poſſeſſed of all the
" place, after which to be ſure I cannot
" require any more, becauſe the matter
" will be all over. My wife's ſon in law,
" who married our Hannah, will take this
" to you, but you need not ſay any thing
" to him about the matter, as we dont
" want to tell every body every thing, as
" ſeeing how that mighn't be quite ſo well,
" becauſe we might get ourſelves into a
" meſs, as we are poor people, ſo be pleaſed
" to write me word if Miſs Letitia be dead
" indeed, and if afterwards I may not as
" well be Sam Taylor again, as I don't
" like to go by another name no longer.

" I am

" I am however for the preſent, ſir and " ladies,

" Your dutiful Servant,

" SAM. WATKINS."

This letter was copied and duly witneſſed, after which the clerk and Webſter went expreſs to the Lodge, leaving their horſes about a mile ſhort of their journey's end, to prevent a ſuſpicion of the importance of their errand. When the letter was put into the hands of Mr. Percival, he coloured; frowned, and appeared confuſed; he then went with it to his mother's apartment where he found her, and his wife in earneſt converſation on the expected great change in their family affairs. On communicating what he had received, the ladies were conſiderably diſcompoſed, but agreed that the requeſt muſt be complied with, and even exceeded, by ſome unaſked preſents to the wife. No fear, however, was to be viſible; on the contrary, the reply was to be haughty,

haughty, and the people taught to know that the Percivals did not now ſtand in need of their aſſiſtance: the gentleman therefore wrote the following:

"SAMUEL,

"The contents of your letter, at this "juncture are rather extraordinary; ne- "verthelefs, on the account of paſt ſervices "I grant your requeſt; the more readily "as I can bring your own hand-writing to "witneſs your declaring this ſhall be the "laſt time of your troubling me on the ſame "account. I therefore encloſe you a bill "for twenty pounds, deſiring you to pre- "ſent your wife with the ſurplus, as a joint "gift from the two Mrs. Percivals.

"The young woman about whom you "ſo very particularly inquire, is moſt aſ- "ſuredly dead and buried: and therefore "it is, that we inform you we ſhall not "any more want the aſſiſtance of either "nurſe or yourſelf.

"With

" With reſpect to your name—why will " not that which you at preſent bear ſerve " you as well as the other? You have not " my conſent to change it: ſo take care " what you do in that matter. Let me ſee " that you are willing to oblige me now as " well as formerly, and you ſhall, on occa- " ſion, find that I am

" Still your friend,

" RICHARD PERCIVAL."

This letter, atteſted by the clerk and Webſter, to have been received immediately from the hand of the gentleman, whoſe ſignature it bears, was depoſited in the hands of the Chancellor, to be produced with the other important papers, in caſe the delinquents ſhould have ſufficient *hardieſſe* to ſtand a trial. This however it could ſcarcely be ſuppoſed that they would do, after having been previouſly confronted by the various uncontrovertible proofs which were now collected.

As

As ſoon as theſe neceſſary ſteps had been taken, Lord Andover and Clifford again viſited Captain Millemont and received from him farther particulars reſpecting his ſeizure of Letitia. Having ſecured a paſſage in a ſhip which was ſoon to ſail from the Lizard Point for Jamaica, they then prepared to ſet off poſt for Spencer Aviary, the Earl having with difficulty been prevailed upon to delay the journey till the return of the meſſengers from the Lodge, leſt the report of any emotion in the family of the Spencers might alarm the conſcious Percivals. Juſt after the laſt departure of the two friends from Beverly to London, Millemont's fabricated tale of the lovely Letitia's marriage and death, had been induſtriouſly ſpread through the neighbourhood by Mrs. Mitchel; and had been deeply deplored by her friends at the Aviary and in the village. Lucy was inconſolable, as ſhe had always cheriſhed a hope that the ſame of her favorite would one day be cleared, and that ſhe herſelf would be reſtored to her affection.

When

When the account reached Mr. Ruſſel, he profeſſed his diſbelief of both circumſtances; deemed the whole to be ſome vile artifice, in which he ſuſpected the Percivals to be concerned, that they might inherit the pittance of which Mrs. Montague had died poſſeſſed.

Mr. Barker ſaid that he had but an indifferent opinion of the principles of the family at the Lodge, yet he did not think that it was the trifling fortune to which ſhe had a right, but the deſire of preventing an union between the young lady and Lord Andover, which had biaſſed their conduct.

"Then you *do* think," ſaid Mr. Ruſſel, "that they were acceſſary to the misfor-
"tunes into which Miſs Montague was
"plunged?"

"My thoughts on the ſubject are ſo be-
"wildered," replied Mr. Barker, "that I
"ſcarce know what anſwer to return.
"Something was wrong amongſt them,

"but

" but I know not upon whom to reſt my " ſuſpicion."

Much more converſation paſſed upon the occaſion, and Mr. Ruſſel declared that as this laſt account had entirely invalidated that which he received from the gentleman at Jamaica to whom he had formerly applied, he would have the whole buſineſs inveſtigated, and every particular elucidated, before he would releaſe one ſhilling of the property over which he had any authority. But old Mrs. Percival was too politic to call him to any account: on the contrary ſhe declared that the money ſhould reſt in Mr. Ruſſel's hands till they were more perfectly acquainted with the circumſtances of her grand-daughter's deſtiny.

With the abovementioned report, neither Lord Andover nor Clifford had been made acquainted by the Spencers, as it was judged proper to defer the communication till the arrival which was ſoon expected, of the young

young men at the Aviary; and as it was not to be queſtioned but that Lord Andover would be deeply affected by the intelligence: his fixed good opinion of *Miſs Montague* ſeeming to keep his hopes alive in defiance of evidence and reaſon.

CHAP.

CHAP. CII.

The Diſcovery made known to the Spencers.

OUR couſin Fielding left us particular orders never to attempt a full deſcription of ſuch ſcenes as can only be portrayed by the imagination of a reader of quick and tender ſenſibility. We will therefore give only a ſketch of the effect which the communication of the preceding developement produced on the inhabitants of the Aviary.

The young Earl and his equally anxious friend arrived at the laſt ſtage of their journey about three o'clock in the morning: when thinking that it would be improper to reach Mr. Spencer's before the family were riſen from their beds, the gentlemen agreed to take that reſt of which they both ſtood greatly in need; the agitation of their ſpirits ſince the firſt peruſal of Millemont's letter

letter of intelligence, having prevented them from enjoying an uninterrupted and refreſhing ſleep from the period of that memorable event.

When our two friends reached the park of Mr. Spencer, they ſaw ſeveral parties ſtrolling about in different places; one of which they deſcried to be the three ſiſters; Lucy, Matilda, and Caroline. The young men now alighted, and walking after the ladies overtook them juſt as they had reached one of the little temples with which the place abounded. The uſual ſurpriſe at an unexpected meeting having ſubſided, and the uſual queſtions and anſwers being finiſhed, Clifford obſerved that his Lucy looked melancholy, and ſmiling, ſaid that he ſuſpected the *welcome* of himſelf and Lord Andover, at Spencer Aviary.

"Indeed your ſuſpicion is unjuſt," replied ſhe, with a bluſh; "but I muſt ac-
"knowledge my ſpirits are rather low."

"From any particular cauſe?"—with anxiety interrogated Clifford.

"Why

Vhy—n—no"—ſhe anſwered with a
: of inſincerity and ſighed.
Vhy that ſigh then, my dear Lucy?"
ng her hand, aſked he with concern.
y burſt into tears.
: gentlemen were alarmed, and ob-
; that ſome pearly drops had moiſten-
e cheeks of the gentle Matilda,
:ly entreated to know the cauſe of the
nt emotion.
)line was the only one who could
'. Her feelings were acute, and ſhe
:tremely concerned, but her ſpirits
ſtrong. Speaking therefore with
ieſs, ſhe ſaid, "As, ſoon or late, the
ſe of my ſiſter's ſorrow muſt be told,
annot anſwer any good end to defer
communication. The once deareſt
id of her heart—her beloved Miſs
ntague—"
Miſs Montague! What of Miſs Mon-
:e! What of her!"—echoed from the
gentlemen.
ler troubles are ended!" ſaid Lucy
:. IV. I with

the Aviary, whoſe exiſtence would avert the impending and dreaded alteration in the ſituation of all thoſe who were moſt dear to her, her tranſport reached the utmoſt height of human bearing. No doubt was permitted to exiſt amongſt this happy party of the life of their Letitia, or of the certainty of her being found in conſequence of the inquiry which would be immediately inſtituted on the intereſting occaſion. They reaſonably conjectured that while from the ſearch of Millemont ſhe would only hide herſelf more deeply, to that made in the name of the Spencers ſhe would ſoon doubtleſs ſurrender herſelf with gladneſs.

Thus they reaſoned, and thus they believed; being too happy to ſee the gloomy ſide of the proſpect.

The joy of Matilda ſhowed itſelf in tears; that of Caroline in action: for while Lucy was almoſt fainting in the arms of her Frederic, Caroline obſerving Mr. Ruſſel, Mr. Barker, and Mr. George Abington at a diſtance, ſprang from her ſeat; ran to them,

them, and conducted them to the temple with—" Come along, come along, my " dear friends! come along!" With ſurpriſe they followed her ſteps, and with ſurpriſe beheld the ſcene before them.

As ſoon as the gentlemen laſt arrived were ſeated, Lord Andover took from his pocket-book the letter of Captain Millemont, and putting it into the hands of Mr. Barker, requeſted him to read it aloud.

It is unneceſſary to ſay that the gentlemen were all greatly affected by the communication. As to Mr. Ruſſel—his paſſion was almoſt uncontroulable; he ſeemed in a perfect frenzy; ſwore he would go himſelf to the Weſt Indies in purſuit of the lovely exile, and appeared as if he wanted to ſet off that inſtant.

It was now agreed that Mr. Barker ſhould go to the venerable Mr. Spencer and acquaint him, by himſelf, with the buſineſs of the moment, leſt the agitation of his grand-children, united with the intereſt of the diſcovery, ſhould be too much for him to ſupport. Taking therefore the let-

ter with him. Mr. Barker went to the ſtudy of the good man, and after ſome preparatory converſation acquainted him with the diſcloſure which had been made. But however guardedly the ſubject was introduced, or how fortified ſoever by religious philoſophy Mr. Spencer might be, the intelligence nearly overcame his ſpirits. The happineſs which would probably reſult from this event to one branch of his deſcendants, with the puniſhment and ſhame, which awaited the atrocious guilt of the other, ſo divided and convulſed his mind that the conflict was ſevere and almoſt too ſtrong for him. In the end, however, the gladneſs was predominant; for as he knew that his grand-daughter Eleanor had before been guilty of acts of turpitude, he hoped that the diſappointment, and the diſgrace ſhe muſt now neceſſarily incur (unſupported by the adulation with which a ſet of people aptly called time-ſervers, had of late poiſoned her mind and ſtifled the voice of her conſcience) would bring her to a due

ſenſe

ſenſe of her guilt and lead her to that ſincere repentance, which will waſh to perfect whiteneſs, ſins of the darkeſt dye. After the tribute of ſome ſighs for the approaching and merited fate of the Percivals, and a fervent prayer that upon the ruins of their temporal, their eternal happineſs might be fixed, he yielded to the ſunſhine which ſeemed to be diffuſing around his habitation, and at this criſis a ſervant appeared with a requeſt from Lord Andover, for permiſſion to attend him. The requeſt was inſtantly granted, and Mr. Spencer gave to "the dear ſon of his wiſhes" a fervent benediction. After this, he expreſſed a wiſh to be left by himſelf; deſiring that ſome excuſe might be made for his non-appearance at dinner, and that he might be ſent to after every one had been made acquainted with the important intelligence, as he thought that he had hardly ſufficient ſtrength to be preſent at the more general diſcovery.

Mr. Ruſſel was now returned from Mr.

Abington's, where he had communicated the particulars of Millemont's letter; and had deſired his brother, ſiſter, and Miſs Abington (Miſs Martha being as uſual on a viſit to the Lodge) to repair to the Aviary, that their preſence might ſuſtain at the trying moment the ſpirits of his niece Sophia. Mr. George Abington had likewiſe purſued the ſame conduct with his lady, ſo that only the father and mother of our heroine were ignorant of her being their daughter.

Mrs. G. Abington felt the ſorrow of a ſiſter for the deplorable errors of Mrs. R. Percival; but with the ſame ideas which had ſuggeſted conſolation to her grandfather, ſhe, likewiſe, gave way to joy.

As ſoon as dinner was ended and the ſervants withdrawn an almoſt univerſal ſilence enſued. One looked upon another as if he would ſay "who is to begin?" Mr. Edward Spencer perceiving the unuſual ſtrangeneſs of the company, aſked what was the matter; upon which Mr. G. Abington replied,

"Nothing

" Nothing my dear brother but what will, " I truſt, crown our general felicity." At this the ever lively Caroline aroſe from her ſeat, and going to Mrs. Spencer claſped her arms round her neck and ſaid " Oh! my " dear, dear mother! how happy ſhall we " all be."

Mrs. Spencer was ſurpriſed at this action of her daughter's, and earneſtly enquired the cauſe of her exclamation.

" Prepare yourſelf my dear child," ſaid Mr. Abington " for a ſurpriſe—a ſurpriſe " which will I hope, as George ſays, pre- " cede more felicity than, happy as you " have been, you have ever yet experienc- " ed. And now without farther preface, " will you brother undertake to read the " letter?"

" Yes," ſaid Mr. Ruſſell, " if my ne- " phew will change ſeats with me;" and thus placed Mrs. Spencer between her huſband and mother.

Mr. Ruſſel now began to read what

Millemont had written to Lord Andover, and proceeded, though not uninterrupted by expreſſions of joy at the probability of the ſuppoſed Miſs Montague's exiſtence, and the certainty of her perfect innocence and great merit, till he arrived at the part which mentioned the Captain's leaving the iſland of Jamaica. Stopping there, he ſaid, "Now Sophia arm yourſelf with forti-" tude."

"Why what is coming?" aſked ſhe.

"What can all this lead to?" exclaimed her huſband.

"Shall I proceed?"

"Yes; for we are all wonder and im-" patience."

Mr. Ruſſel continued, and when he came to the following paragrah, read ſlow and with energy.

—"*And from him I have indubitable* " *proofs—proofs which the laws of England* " *muſt admit and which conſequently muſt* " *confirm her right—that the loveliest woman*

" *in*

" *in the creation, whoſe affection is yours, and* " *whom you have ſo long known by the name* " *Harriet Montague, is no other than*"—

Mr. Ruſſel again ſtopped, and ſaid " I " am afraid to go on, for, Sophy, you al- " ready look pale."

" For heaven's ſake! proceed," ſaid ſhe, " and ſtop no more."

He then continued—" *is no other than* " *the eldeſt daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Spen-* " *cer of the Shrubbery and the inconteſtible* " *heireſs of Spencer Aviary, and all its do-* " *mains.*"

" IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!"—they both exclaimed in the ſame inſtant, almoſt breathleſs with emotion.

" *It is a fact my dear children*;" ſaid Mr. Ruſſel; while every eye round the table was filled with tears; " *The babe* " *whom you buried as your own, was the* " REAL *Harriet Montague*; *whoſe little* " *dead body was exchanged in the night by* " *the Percivals for that of your ſtill living* " *beautiful Letitia.*"

Upon this, Mrs. Spencer, whoſe countenance at the moment not even Hogarth could have portrayed, gave a faint ſcream and throwing her arms around her huſband, ſank, as if lifeleſs, upon his breaſt; while he, though ſcarcely able to ſupport her, preſſed her to his heart, with ſpeechleſs energy.

For ſeveral moments not a ſyllable was uttered in the room, but the language of hearts, which ſpoke in ſighs and ſobbings, was diſtinctly heard from every boſom.

At length Mrs. Spencer opened her eyes, and attempted to look at the ſurrounding friends, when ſeeing them all affected, ſhe again faintly ſcreamed; again claſped her huſband in her arms, and was then relieved by a ſudden burſt of tears.

"For Heaven's ſake! my deareſt love!" "and for my ſake," ſaid Mr. E. Spencer, "endeavor—endeavor—" but he could not finiſh the ſentence; and not having the relief of tears which gave eaſe to the lady, was ſo oppreſſed that his breaſt heaved with

with a ſigh which ſeemed to rend his heart. Perceiving how much they were affected, Mr. G. Abington and Lord Andover aroſe and leading them to a ſofa, inſiſted on their drinking a large glaſs of Madeira, from which they were immediately ſenſible of benefit. Their friends now ſurrounded them, and mutual congratulations were given and received; but they did not venture upon any particular converſation. At length Mrs. Spencer expreſſed an earneſt deſire to ſee her *dear* grandfather, as ſhe emphatically termed him, for the excellent man was ſo ſincerely beloved and revered by all his family, that no happineſs ſeemed to them to be complete if he did not partake of it: but being told that he had been too much affected by the firſt communication to be preſent when the diſcloſure was made to her and his grandſon, and that he had deſired to be left by himſelf, ſhe ſaid that it was eaſy to imagine how his time had been employed; and my beſt readers will conjecture with this

this amiable woman, that he had been engaged, during the important interval in queſtion, in addreſſes to the Throne of Heaven.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer now declared themſelves ſufficiently collected to hear whatever more it was neceſſary that they ſhould be told, reſpecting the intereſting ſubject. On this Mr. Clifford and Lord Andover went through all the foregoing important particulars; the repetition of which, however, agitated them even more than they expected.

After this, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, and Mrs. G. Abington, went to the apartment of their grandfather, who received them with a tranquil countenance; his mind having been reſtored to its uſual equanimity. But his expreſſions and congratulations evinced the fervency of his joy: and his obſervations on the great and eventful diſcovery; his pointing to the obvious finger of a conſtant ſuperintending Providence,

dence, ſo expanded the hearts of his hearers that nothing but *ſilence* could *expreſs* their ſenſations.

" But oh! my ſiſter! my faulty ſiſter!" —at length Mrs. G. Abington exclaimed, " What *can* be done with my ſiſter!"

" Let us hope my dear Matilda," ſaid Mr. Spencer, " that this very event may " terminate in her final good, and contri- " tribute to her eternal intereſt. The Uni- " verſal Father cares for *all* His children. " He ſtudies the beſt happineſs of *every one*. " Not a ſingle creature is excluded from " the great ſcheme of His Providence. Be " not then *over* grieved at the infamy and " puniſhment which muſt neceſſarily over- " take her. You are ſiſter by nature, but " not by ſentiment. In your earlieſt years, " your characters were diſtinguiſhably dif- " ferent."

Much more converſation paſſed upon the great buſineſs of the day, but, as three fourths of our readers are heartily tired with the pious and the tender, we will re-

lieve

lieve them by adjourning to the tea-table, over which future proceedings were ſettled by univerſal agreement, this was the ſcheme.

Mr. Edward Spencer, Mr. Ruſſel, Mr. Barker and Lord Andover were to ſet out in a day or two for London, accompanied by Mr. G. Abington and Mr. Clifford, and the latter was to proceed to Windſor to requeſt for Lord Andover from Mr. Herbert, a letter of introduction to his brother in Jamaica. They were afterwards to proceed without any further delay to Falmouth, as the ſhip was to leave the coaſt of Cornwall in the latter end of the enſuing week. During the abſence of the four firſt mentioned gentlemen, Mr. Clifford and Mr. G. Abington aſſiſted by Mr. Herbert, who, it was not to be doubted, would readily undertake the taſk, were to go from one ſeaport to another to make inquiry of all the Weſt-India merchants, and of others, who during the period of the laſt two or three years had been to that quarter of the globe;

globe; and likewiſe to give inſtructions to thoſe who were going thither, with the promiſe of five thouſand pounds to any one who ſhould diſcover the lovely object of their ſearch. All this was to be conducted with the greateſt privacy of which the caſe admitted, that the Percivals might not be too ſoon apprized of the event.

Clifford preſſed to accompany his friend, but was ſo earneſtly entreated by him to continue in England to explore the coaſts, that he conſented to ſtay behind.

And now ſome of our querulous readers may perchance pronounce that it is very unlikely for theſe gentlemen to go to ſuch a diſtance to ſeek a perſon who was near at hand; as it was ſtrange that they ſhould not by ſome means or other know that ſhe was in the kingdom.

Without aſking by *what* means—without paying any attention to ſuch cavillers—How often in caſes of equal importance do we look widely round for events hidden

hidden from our eyes by only the tardineſs of a few hours! How often deſpair of receiving bleſſings which are ready prepared for us, and which, perhaps, we ourſelves are the means of keeping at a farther diſtance by an immoderate anxiety to poſſeſs them!

"I never ſhall be in ſuch a happy ſitua-"tion," ſays the deſpairing Phelon, who is next day fixed in one much ſuperior, by an event of which twenty-four hours before he had no idea.

Our departed friends, acting, perhaps, as our guardian angels, ſmile upon each other, with heavenly benevolence, when they ſee the patience and reſignation of a ſuffering fellow-creature ſucceeded by gratitude for an unexpected turn of circumſtances; and are, doubtleſs, pleaſed to be the immediate miniſters of his happineſs.

Turn, therefore, you who are oppreſſed with grief, an eye of hope; of truſt; of reſt, on Him who marks all the circumſtances

ſtances of your life; who does not permit one event to befall you that may not conduce to your future good: nor with-hold what you term a bleſſing, which would not be finally injurious.

CHAP.

CHAP. CIII.

The Gentlemen ſail for the Weſt Indies.

THE party of friends at Spencer Aviary did not ſeparate till a late hour. Every diſagreeable idea was baniſhed; every hope encouraged: they ſuffered themſelves to look forward to the period when Letitia Spencer, as Counteſs of Andover, was to preſide in that happy manſion. Not with preſumption, did they preſs into futurity; not with ideas of triumphing over even the Percivals, but with the humble hope; the truſt; the confidence, which we have juſt now recommended to the afflicted; and they retired to reſt with the pureſt tranquillity.

Particulars reſpecting the intended voyage being ſoon arranged, we will ſeparate the four gentlemen from their friends, and without giving our readers the pain of witneſſing a ſolemn adieu, we will convey them

them to London. Here they received information from the owners of the veſſel, in which their paſſage had been ſecured, that ſhe would be ready for ſailing ſeveral days ſooner than it was expected, and that they had been under much concern at not knowing where to ſend to the gentlemen who where to ſail in her to Jamaica. This put them all in motion: carriages were immediately ordered, and Clifford accompanied them to the Land's-end; leaving Mr. G. Abington to tranſact buſineſs in London.

The critics may ſuppoſe that the premature ſailing of the veſſel from England, was a circumſtance too trifling to be mentioned: but let us remind theſe ſublime genii that ſmall cauſes are often productive of greater effects; that circumſtances, ſometimes, too minute for obſervation, frequently ſwell into events the moſt important of a man's life.

"Pay a due attention to trifles," ſays a certain Chriſtian philoſopher, "and ſet a "ſtrict guard over them; for at a ſmall "breach

" breach in the walls of a city, a whole " army pours in its numerous body. Great " matters demand not ſuch a conſtant " watch, as they will ſecure an attention " to themſelves by their own preſſing im- " portunity."

We need not be told that the above obſervation is not directly in point with our ſubject, as it is a truth of which we ourſelves are perfectly convinced. But as there was ſomething in our ſtory that brought the good counſel to our recollection, we choſe to inſert it, and preſume to ſuppoſe that ſome one or other may be benefited by its appearance.

The premature ſailing of the ſhip was the immediate cauſe of our gentlemen's leaving the Engliſh coaſt, for had it not gone till the time firſt fixed, Lord Andover, or at leaſt Mr. Clifford, would have viſited Windſor previous to their journey to the Land's-end, and then the occaſion of their intended voyage would of courſe have been mentioned; and conſequently have been

prevented

prevented by the diſcovery of its object. But as preſent circumſtances rendered the execution of that deſign inconvenient, Clifford ſent an expreſs to inquire of Mr. Herbert if he had anything to tranſmit to Jamaica, and to deſire a letter of introduction to his brother for Lord Andover. Clifford did not requeſt letters for the other gentlemen, as they were ſtrangers to Mr. Herbert, and as that for the Earl would anſwer the full purpoſe of the party. Mr. Clifford added that his friends waited the meſſenger's return for ſetting off; that he himſelf ſhould accompany them down into Cornwall, and upon his return, viſit Windſor, to conſult with Mr. Herbert on the occaſion of this voyage of the gentlemen, the ſtory being too bulky and indeed too complex to be made the ſubject of a letter.

How frequently do we ſay—" had it not " been for ſuch an accident, ſuch an event " had not happened!" And—had ſuch a " perſon gone ſooner on ſuch an errand, " ſuch

" ſuch and ſuch conſequences would have " enſued!"

But let us lift our minds a little higher than the preſent ſcene. We have before affirmed ourſelves to be anti-fataliſts; or in other words that we believe the children of men are endued with ſuch a portion of free-will, as enables them to accept the good, and to refuſe the evil which is placed before them; or to chuſe the evil and refuſe the good. We think, however, that there *is* a path prepared for us to walk in, which will aſſuredly lead us, if we turn not away from it, to happineſs; and that even if we do deviate from this right road and ſtray into the paths of vice, we may be again brought, though perhaps by a circuitous track, into that walk which unerring Wiſdom and unceaſing Mercy have provided for our footſteps. There are ſome events which, when their accelerating or preventing cauſes are known, we think might eaſily have been avoided or produced;

duced; but, which as circumſtances happened at the time, could not poſſibly have been either haſtened or retarded.

Thus it may be ſaid, "Had Lord Andover or Mr. Clifford ſeen Mr. Herbert and communicated the buſineſs of the moment—or had the latter mentioned the names of the gentlemen who were to have accompanied his friend, an eclairciſſement muſt have taken place." But let it be conſidered that a journey to Windſor would at ſuch a preſſing moment have been extremely inconvenient, and according to all which was before them to determine their judgment, perfectly unneceſſary: for as Mr. Herbert was in a conſtant habit of correſpondence with his brother, it was not likely, engaged in buſineſs of conſequence as the gentlemen expected to be during their ſtay in Jamaica, that they could render him any material ſervice; nor was it eſſential that they ſhould even take a letter from him, as the Biſhop had written to his ſon Francis a circumſtantial ac-

mals, we will waft ourſelves and our friend to the weſtern coaſt of the kingdom, and with that flight finiſh the one hundred and third chapter, of theſe our more than Herculean labors.

CHAP.

CHAP. CVI.

Mr. Clifford proceeds to Windſor.

AFTER a ſtay at Falmouth of a day and a half, Mr. Clifford took leave his four friends, whom he left under ſail Jamaica; and after lingering on the re till the topmaſt of their veſſel vaniſh- from his view, heaved a ſigh of friend-, and returning to the inn, ordered a iſe for Truro. Impatient to exert his ers for the happineſs of many who were r to him, Clifford ſtopped not till he hed Baſingſtoke, at which place he in- ged a few hours of ſleep, intending im- liately after this neceſſary refreſhment, haſten to Windſor. But his deſign was ome meaſure prevented by the circum- ce of all the carriages of the place being aged in conſequence of the wedding of ch heireſs in the neighbourhood. He

was obliged therefore to wait ſo long for the return of one of the chaiſes, that he did not arrive at Mr. Herbert's till that gentleman, his lady, and our heroine were ſitting at their evening tea. The weather was fine, and their apartment, which was on the ſecond floor, and overlooked ſome beautiful gardens, extremely pleaſant. Mrs. Herbert and Letitia ſat on a ſofa near a window; Mr. Herbert on the other ſide of the tea-table. The lovelineſs of the ſcene had been the ſubject of their converſation, and Letitia with a tear upon her cheek, ſaid the oppoſite view brought to her mind one in which ſhe had always taken peculiar pleaſure at Spencer Aviary.

"I wiſh," ſaid Mrs. Herbert, "that "every ſcene at Beverly could be oblite-"rated from your remembrance. Will "you never, my dear Harriet, look for-"ward without a previous retroſpect?"

"Never can I forget the friends of my "earlier days," returned our heroine. "Never ceaſe to regret the neceſſity of a

"ſeparation

" ſeparation from thoſe who were—who " *are* dearer to me than anything elſe in " exiſtence. Accuſe me not, my kind " protectors of ingratitude when, I confeſs " that no ſubſequent affection can eradi- " cate that which took root in my infancy, " and increaſed with my increaſing years."

Mr. and Mr. Herbert uſed every effort to raiſe the depreſſed ſpirits of their lovely friend, and ſo well ſucceeded that they were converſing with tolerable cheerfulneſs when a ſervant announced Mr. Clifford, whoſe appearance gave pleaſure to each individual of the party.

After the uſual enquiries; uſual replies, and the general obſervations to which pleaſant weather and rural proſpects commonly give riſe—Mrs. Herbert began—" And ſo " Frederic your friend Lord Andover is " going to Jamaica!"

Clifford. He is. I ſaw the veſſel under ſail before I left the ſhore.

Mr. Herbert. What occaſions his voyage?

Clifford. A buſineſs in which you muſt aſſiſt. Love.

Mrs. Herbert. And that is a buſineſs in which I am ſure Mr. Herbert will be diligent; as I doubt not but the end of his deſign is matrimony.

Clifford. Certainly; and I pray to Heaven it may be ſucceſsful.

Mr. Herbert. You ſpeak feelingly brother. I preſume the incidents of this ſtory are affecting.

Clifford. More ſo than I can poſſibly expreſs. On the event of his purſuit depends the felicity of many of the beſt beings in this ſcene of exiſtence.

Mrs. Herbert. You intereſt us, Frederic. For goodneſs ſake begin your ſtory. Remember you promiſed us ſome information.

Clifford. And you ſhall have it: but I muſt premiſe that at preſent it muſt be kept a moſt profound ſecret.

Letitia riſing. Mrs. Herbert I will go with

with my little friends on their promiſed evening walk. By the time I ſhall come back—

Mrs. Herbert. My dear Harriet! have you no curioſity about love ſtories? For my part I am all impatience.

Letitia bluſhing. When important ſecrets—

Clifford. My dear Miſs Mansfield! I hope you include yourſelf in the number of thoſe who are to be truſted. And give me leave to ſay that did you know Lord Andover, you could not be ſo indifferent to his fate.

Letitia. Indeed Mr. Clifford, I am not indifferent to the happineſs of others, and if my ſtaying is not improper, I, likewiſe, will confeſs ſome degree of impatience to hear a ſtory which ſeems to be extraordinary.

Clifford bowing.] Some years back Lord Andover formed a tender attachment to a young lady who, by the accounts of all that ever knew her, was one of the moſt beautiful, moſt accompliſhed, and beſt of human

beings. Their affection was mutual; and indeed they were deſerving of each other: for it muſt be acknowledged that Lord Andover has not many equals.

Mrs. Herbert. Really I think ſo. For elegance of perſon, and manners, he ſtands unrivalled amongſt all our young noblemen.

Clifford. His mind ſurpaſſes his manners, and the beauty of his Miſs Spencer is ſaid to be greatly exceeded by her intellectual endowments.

Letitia with a ſigh.] Spencer! ſir. Is the lady's name Spencer?

Clifford. It is madam: Letitia Spencer. She is the eldeſt daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer of the Shrubbery at Beverly.

Letitia. Letitia! Letitia Spencer! Lucy, ſure you mean!

Clifford. And do you then, Miſs Mansfield, know Miſs Lucy Spencer?

Letitia. I have heard ſir—I have heard —But pray go on!

Clifford. Letitia is ſiſter to Miſs Lucy; but

but they are ſtill more united by affection than by nature. The attachment of Lord Andover, then Mr. Seymour, for this moſt lovely—

Letitia. Seymour! Lord Andover! Mr. Seymour! Letitia—Lucy Spencer! Heavens! What—what—But I aſk pardon. Pray! pray! pray proceed!

Clifford. Allow me, my dear madam, to expreſs my aſtoniſhment at your exclamations and evident diſcompoſure. What can this portend? May I Miſs Mansfield—

Mrs. Herbert, in a tremulous voice.] Go on! go on, brother! You kill one with anxiety. Why do you aſk ſo many queſtions!

Mr. Herbert. Humour your ſiſter Frederic and proceed. She is in a fit of impatience.

Clifford. And I of ſurpriſe. But I obey.—The attachment of Lord Andover for this Miſs Spencer, who is heireſs to a moſt magnificent eſtate called Spencer Aviary, commenced at a very early age, and will, I

doubt not, continue throughout his exiſtence. But I muſt go ſtill farther back. When Letitia was about three years old, or I believe not quite ſo much, ſhe was ſent into the country for freſh air, in conſequence of her ſlow recovery from the hooping-cough. A family named Percival, who were next heirs to the Aviary eſtate, corrupted the nurſe who had the care of the child, and by her means exchanged it for a dead one, who, to the inexpreſſible concern of the Spencers, was buried as their own, while the living Letitia was conveyed away, and, by a deep ſtroke of policy, carried down ſome few years after into the ſame country, and educated under the name of the dead child, which was Harriet Montague.

The conſternation that now prevailed in this little party was, we are inclined to believe, greater than the greateſt orator or ableſt writer could deſcribe. The auditors were, for ſeveral moments, literally ſtruck dumb, and Clifford, who ſaw their amaze-

ment,

ment, was ſo ſurpriſed by the aſtoniſhed countenances of his friends, that he was under the ſame ſilent influence. Mr. Herbert, at length impreſſed the air with his voice, by repeating in a tone between queſtion and exclamation *Harriet Montague? ! !* —at the ſame inſtant that his lady, as if recovering from a ſtupor, ſaid, "Good "Heavens! is it poſſible!"—receiving into her arms, at the ſame moment, the fainting Letitia, who, overcome by the violence of various emotions, ſank ſenſeleſs upon the boſom of her friend.

Clifford was now the perſon moſt amazed. Indeed he was ſo bewildered by riſing ideas, that he ſtood motionleſs, till Mr. Herbert, ſaid—"My dear brother, *that*— "THAT *is Miſs Montague.*"

"That *Miſs Montague!*"—repeated Clifford ſtarting backward with ſurpriſe; "it is "impoſſible! Miſs Mansfield HARRIET "MONTAGUE! It ſurely cannot be!— "Is ſhe not the niece of Mr. Cumber- "land?!"

"His

" His *adopted* niece, was all I ever told " you," replied Mr. Herbert; who ſeeing Letitia continue lifeleſs, ſeated himſelf by her and ſupported her till the ſtrength of her emotions brought her back to conſciouſneſs, and ſhe broke into a torrent of tears.

It was ſcarcely poſſible for a greater variety of contending paſſions to tear the breaſt of a human being, than what now tortured that of the lovely Letitia Spencer. Her title to the Aviary, never gleamed upon her imagination. Love and friendſhip divided her whole ſoul. LUCY—her *friend!* —her SISTER!—Lucy, as Clifford's language evinced, NOT MARRIED!! conſequently SEYMOUR FREE—and *Seymour* FAITHFUL!!! Theſe were ſuch cauſes of joy—of tranſport, as ſubdued her ſtrength. But *Seymour was gone to Jamaica!* Yes; *but he was gone in purſuit of her!* Yet, *ſtill he was gone!* And what a length of time it muſt be before he *could* return!

Thus bleſt as ſhe was, even Letitia half repined

repined that ſhe was not bleſt ſtill more. Too frequently is this the caſe in life: but the piety and confidence of our heroine did not remain long unexerciſed. She lifted up her heart, and truſted in Him in whom ſhe had *often* truſted, and never in vain. After a ſhort period, ſhe requeſted a few minutes abſence, and retiring to her own apartment, ſoon found ſome degree of compoſure. And now her father, her mother, her venerable great-grandfather, with all her other relations and Beverly friends, had their turns in her affectionate remembrance, and added fervency to the thanks which ſhe offered at the Throne of Mercy; and ſo irradiated, by her employment, was her countenance, that when ſhe returned, ſhe appeared ſomething more than human.

During her abſence Mr. Clifford was informed of the circumſtances of her eſcape from Citron Grove, as well as with all ſubſequent events, and as ſoon as ſhe entered he ardently congratulated her; himſelf, and their mutual friends on the happy diſcovery,

covery, in terms expreſſive of the higheſt admiration and eſteem. Nothing could be more animated—more intereſting than the enſuing converſation; every individual ſeeming to be the perſon principally benefited. Clifford ſaid that he wondered at his own ſtupidity in ever ſuppoſing there *could* be *two* ſuch women in the world as Miſs *Mansfield* and Miſs *Montague*; that he ought to have known his ſiſter's friend to have been Seymour's Harriet, from her anſwering ſo exactly the deſcription which he had received of both her perſon; mind, and manners.

The circumſtances of the diſcovery were now adverted to, and Mr. Clifford, in whoſe hands one copy of the proceedings was placed, gave a tranſcript of Millemont's letter to Mr. Herbert, and then retired, from motives of delicacy, during the reading of it. The contents of the letter were very affecting to Miſs Spencer; and no parts more ſo than thoſe which evinced her tenderneſs for Lord Andover. During the time

time that Mr. Herbert was reading, ſhe hid her face in the boſom of her friend, while tears and bluſhes covered her lovely cheeks. We will leave the reader to imagine the ſenſations which ſhe experienced on the full diſcovery of the baſeneſs of the Percivals; on the explanation of the fabricated account of Lucy's marriage with Seymour, and on all the other material parts of Millemont's confeſſion.

When Clifford returned and ſome farther elucidation had taken place reſpecting what had been done by the Chancellor, Biſhop, &c. on the buſineſs in point, he expreſſed his deſign of ſetting off for Beverly immediately; but as the evening was pretty far advanced, and he had, of late, been much fatigued, he was prevailed upon to ſleep at Windſor, and to ſet off early in the morning. At the ſame time alſo Mr. Herbert determined upon returning to London, for the purpoſe of receiving the Spencers, who doubtleſs, upon the firſt intelligence of Letitia's being in England, would

would haſten to ſee her, as it would not be proper for her, at that criſis, to appear in the country.

Several agreeable ſcenes were now anticipated by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, Letitia and Mr. Clifford: the only idea which clouded the proſpect, being the abſence of Mr. E. Spencer; Mr. Ruſſel; Mr. Barker, and the young Earl; and this, they had hope, a few weeks would remove.

"I find Mr. Clifford, you are perfectly "acquainted with all the families at Be-"verly," obſerved Miſs Spencer.

"I am madam; and that acquaintance "has long conſtituted the greateſt part of "my happineſs."

"Pray Frederic what was the reaſon "that we never were informed of your hav-"ing ſuch valuable connexions?" aſked Mrs. Herbert.

"My dear Roſella I expected your "queſtion and am prepared for it. Thus "I anſwer it. When I was firſt intro-"duced into the admirable family of the

"Spencers,

" Spencers, by the means of my intimacy
" with my friend Seymour, my finances
" were in too confined a ſtate to allow me
" to inform you or my brother of my at-
" tachment in it; as I was aſſured that
" you would both generouſly inſiſt upon
" incommoding yourſelves to facilitate my
" wiſhes; and after the death of our un-
" cle, your return was ſo continually ex-
" pected, that I reſolved to delay the com-
" munication till I could make it per-
" ſonally."

" Very well brother: this pleaſes me, as
" it evinces that you have a particular, as
" well as a general attachment to that
" neighbourhood," ſaid Mrs. Herbert.

" I *have* ſiſter," replied Clifford with a glow upon his face; " and I muſt requeſt
" you to endeavour to prevail with your
" lovely friend to give me her Lucy."

" My Lucy, Mr. Clifford! And is that
" really the caſe?"

" It is indeed: and if you refuſe your
" intereſt to my *ſiſter's* entreaty, I will ap-
" ply

" ply to Seymour," returned he with a ſmile.

" You need not, you need not," ſaid Letitia bluſhing, " ſeek any other advo-
" cate than Mrs. Herbert. But I will
" ſpare even her the trouble of entreaty,
" for I am ſo delighted with the idea, that
" I think the preſent moment gives me al-
" moſt as much ſatisfaction as any of the
" paſt."

" Moſt ardently do I thank you," ſaid he taking her hand; " for you have made
" me the moſt gratifying, as well as the
" higheſt compliment, I can poſſibly re-
" ceive."

" From my heart I congratulate you," ſaid Mr. Herbert, " on your approaching
" alliance with ſuch a family. But let me
" aſk why you never mentioned this mat-
" ter ſince our return, as you ſay you in-
" tended to do?"

" For this reaſon. Very ſoon after I ſaw
" you, I heard of *Miſs Mansfield*, and heard
" of her in ſuch terms as convinced me [I

" can

" can now ſpeak freely] that you Roſella " wiſhed to unite in her the epithets of " friend and ſiſter; and when I *ſaw* her I " apprehended that under *ſuch* a prepoſ- " ſeſſion you would not ſee my Lucy to " advantage. As the family therefore of " the Spencers intended to be in town the " latter end of this month, my deſign was " to have you introduced to her as to a ca- " ſual acquaintance, that her excellent " qualities and amiable manners might " produce their uſual effect, by appearing " through an unprejudiced medium"— was Clifford's reply to Mr. Herbert's enquiry.

In this kind of converſation was the evening paſſed, and early in the morning the party left Windſor; Mr. Clifford for Spencer Aviary; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert with Miſs Spencer and the little ones for London.

CHAP.

CHAP. CV.

The Meeting of the Friends.

MR. HERBERT, waited upon his father as ſoon as he arrived in town, to acquaint him with their happineſs in the diſcovery of Letitia. The prelate partook of his joy, and proceeded with him to the Chancellor's, who requeſted that Mr. Herbert would aſſiſt in having every circumſtance which had occurred within his knowledge put into proper form and duly atteſted, leſt Miſs Spencer, who he underſtood had been for ſome months of age, ſhould die before ſhe was put into actual poſſeſſion of her eſtates; which ſhe could not be in the abſence of her father; ſo very particular had the bequeſt of old Mr. Charlton been worded.

Mr. G. Abington, to whom a meſſenger had been diſpatched, was the firſt of the family

family that recogniſed his lovely niece, who preſented to her uncle the brother and ſiſter of Mr. Clifford, and very ſincere were the circulating congratulations.

At the Aviary, the knowledge of Letitia's exiſtence and ſafety occaſioned a tumult of joy, though a ſigh heaved the boſom of Mrs. Spencer for the abſence of her huſband: but her grandfather, always preſent to rectitude upon the moſt arduous occaſions, ſoon reconciled her to this circumſtance, by leading her view to his return.

It was now ſettled that the family ſhould ſet off for London in the morning, and that during their abſence, Mr. and Mrs. Abington, with Emily and Patty, ſhould reſide at the Shrubbery, leſt the Percivals, catching ſome intimations of what had occurred, ſhould enter upon any extraordinary meaſures.

When Mr. E. Spencer, Mr. Ruſſel, Mr. Barker, and Lord Andover left Beverly, an idea prevailed that they were going upon a viſit

viſit to his Lordſhip's eſtate in Ireland, and this idea was not contradicted; and now the goſſips in the neighbourhood raiſed a report that buſineſs relative to the marriage of Lucy and Mr. Clifford occaſioned this journey of the family. Even Patty Abington was ſuffered to remain in this error, as it was not deemed ſafe to truſt her with the true cauſe of the expedition, it being juſtly apprehended that ſhe would divulge it to Mrs. R. Percival.

As Mr. Spencer could not travel very expeditiouſly, it was agreed to make two days of the journey to London; but the good man whoſe ſtudy it was to promote the felicity of others, obſerving the impatience of Lucy; propoſed that ſhe, with Mr. Clifford, ſhould complete it in one, becauſe as he kindly obſerved, too many affecting interviews at one period might be too much for the ſpirits of the dear girl whom they were all ſo eager to embrace.

Lucy ſaw her grandfather's deſign and bluſhed as ſhe thanked him for the propoſal;

posal; which her mother permitting her to accept, she set off in a chaise and four at an early hour, and in the evening pressed with unspeakable rapture, her Letitia—her *sister*—her FRIEND to her heart.

There are in this world many of both sexes, who talk a great deal about friendship, without having one requisite in their composition to experience it. Two ladies who are in the habit of visiting each other—who love plays and assemblies—are fond of fashion and scandal, and often play a pool or a rubber at the same table, deem themselves bosom friends, and tell each other their little secrets of *amusive gallantry*. But will this commerce stand the trial of calamity? Will either vindicate the other when her reputation is unjustly attacked? Will she enjoy the praises given to her absent companion with greater satisfaction than if they were bestowed upon herself? Is she more pleased to spend an hour with her,

alone, than to paſs the time in a crowd of diſſipation? If ſhe can give a hearty affirmation to theſe queſtions, ſhe may congratulate herſelf upon meriting the higheſt of all human diſtinctions—that of a real friend.

To gentlemen, we have on this occaſion, but little to ſay, as their friendſhips are uſually founded on an equal love of a bottle or a bowl; a fondneſs for a race, a chace or a gun. But let an election for a member of parliament be in view—or only let one be a more celebrated markſman than the other, and the friendſhip not ſimply diſappears, but gives place to virulent and irreconcileable enmity.

FRIENDSHIP is a vital ſpark—an emanation from Divinity; and can preſide in its genuine purity only in thoſe breaſts that are free from guile. We do not by that aſſertion confine it to ſinleſs perſons, for then no mortal could be ſuppoſed to taſte of its ſweets. The guile we here mean is that

cool,

cool, deliberate, principle of which few, if any, of our readers are conſcious; as thoſe people who are truly ſaid to be guileful, are generally too intent upon ſome plan to injure a neighbour or a relation, to loſe any time in the peruſal of books ſo foreign as ſome muſt be to their purpoſe. There *are* hearts in the world that know what friendſhip is: there *are* hearts in the world that do not. To the firſt, a deſcription of what Letitia and Lucy Spencer felt at the moment of their meeting, would be unneceſſary; to the laſt, it would altogether be uſeleſs.

We therefore cloſe the ſcene.

The introduction of the Herberts to Miſs Lucy Spencer was a pleaſant incident to all concerned; and Frederic had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing his ſiſter as well pleaſed with his choice, as if her wiſhes of a ſiſter had been gratified in *Miſs Montague.*

Lucy continued with her ſiſter in Pall Mall till the next day, when Mr. and Mrs. Herbert and Mr. Clifford accompanied them to Groſvenor-ſquare, to the houſe of Mr. Spencer; or rather, of Letitia; for it was a part of the eſtate entailed by Mr. Charlton. Till the laſt fifteen years it had been under leaſe, but when the term was expired, Mr. Spencer furniſhed it for the uſe of his family. Mr. G. Abington had, of courſe, made it his reſidence ſince his arrival in London, and he now received the company from Pall Mall with an elegance ſuited to the happy occaſion.

About ſix in the evening, the arrival of the reſt of the family from Spencer Aviary created freſh emotions. Mr. Spencer when he ſaw his lovely deſcendant, of whom, as has been ſaid, he had always been particularly fond, was melted to the ſoftneſs of infancy. He wept over her as ſhe kneeled before him, with a tenderneſs which for ſome time he in vain endeavoured to ſuppreſs.

preſs. But at length collecting himſelf, he gave her his bleſſing in ſuch pious and exalted terms as affected all the company. Letitia, who had always loved him with a kind of adoration, had flown to him, upon his firſt approach, with open arms; ſhe then dropped upon her knees at his feet, and begged his benediction.

On the tenderneſs of the mother with her long loſt daughter folded to her boſom, we purpoſely omit to enlarge. It was oppreſſive joy which ſhowed itſelf in the likeneſs of grief.

"My LETITIA!"

"My MOTHER!"—was all that paſſed of language upon the occaſion.

Matilda and Caroline were very differently affected at this firſt interview with their ſiſter. One cried and laughed by turns; the other cried only, and that in perfect ſilence. Mrs. George Abington embraced her lovely niece with almoſt the affection of a mother.

The acknowledgments of the family to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, were unbounded. Lucy had a double attachment to the ſiſter of her Clifford; and indeed the whole party ſeemed united by the cloſeſt ties of amity.

Mr. George Abington ſent Letitia's duty to her grandfather, grandmother, and aunt Emily, it not being deemed ſafe for her to make her own offering, on account of Miſs Martha, who might have taken umbrage, and imbibed ſuſpicion from the paſſing of many letters to the contents of which ſhe was not made privy.

Mr. Herbert, Mr. Clifford, and the Biſhop of Chicheſter all wrote by different conveyances to Mr. Frank Herbert in Jamaica, that the voyagers might have the earlieſt intelligence poſſible of the ſubject of their anxiety. Mrs. Spencer, therefore, and Letitia encouraged themſelves with hope—the one expreſſed, the other ſilent—that a ſhort time would unite them to the

dearest objects of their affection; for surrounded by kindred and kindness as she was, the lovely maid, with a conscious blush, found in the absence of Seymour an occasion of continual regret; but she tried to deceive herself into a belief that the greatest part of her anxiety was caused by a wish to see her father; nor were Mr. Russel and Mr. Barker forgotten in the account, when she summed up the causes of her solicitude.

The Bishop of Chichester and the Chancellor visited Mr. Spencer on the day after his arrival in Grosvenor-square; and the necessity of Letitia's immediately making a will for the disposal of the estate being discussed and clearly explained, she was desired to give her instructions for the drawing up of the deeds in the proper form. To this request she replied that she gave every thing to the disposal of her great-grandfather, whose right she regarded as far superior to her own. The venerable man

was deeply affected by this inſtance of love and duty: but he earneſtly endeav ed to perſuade her to make a more an uſe of her powers. To his inſtances this ſubject her only anſwer was, that wh ever papers he ſhould direct to be laid fore her, ſhe would ſign with perfect ſubm ſion, but that nothing could juſtly be cal *her will*, which did not inveſt him with entire command of the property. Ev one admired this declaration, and the la yers proceeded ſo expeditiouſly to buſin that in two days all the deeds were re for the ſignatures, and Mr. Spencer ecuted a new will in conſequence of power veſted in him by his great-grai daughter.

After all matters of form were finiſh his lordſhip the Chancellor propoſed t Taylor and his wife ſhould be ſummo into the preſence of Miſs Spencer. T was accordingly done, and the moment woman ſaw her ſhe burſt into a paſſion

te

tears and ſaid, "*That, that is my dear "young lady! O! I ſhould know her amongſt "ten thouſand!*"

Millemont's letter addreſſed to the Percivals, with the information of our heroine's exiſtence and unſullied purity, and retracting his former fabricated account, was now put into the poſt-office, and its arrival at the Lodge cauſed the greateſt perturbation in the family. Old Mrs. Percival, accompanied by her ſon, ſet off poſt for Chelſea, to re-ſecure Taylor and his wife to their intereſt by ſome new invented offers of proviſion for themſelves and their family. When the mother and the ſon alighted at the door of the cottage and found it empty, they were exceedingly alarmed, and their alarm increaſed upon obſerving the ſtate of the little garden near it, which evinced that the place had for ſome time been vacant, as ſeveral depredations had been committed upon a ſpot which uſed to be kept in remarkable order. The gentleman and

lady now enquired at another cottag
ſome little diſtance, but could not rec
the leaſt information of the people wh
they wanted, and after two or three un
ceſsful viſits, were obliged to ſubmi
their diſappointment. In the mean t
their houſe at Beverly was a ſcene of
commotion, for the Mr. Montague wh
we once before introduced to the acqua
ance of our readers as the brother of
gentleman who married Mr. Perci
ſiſter, now made a very unwelcome
to the Lodge, in company with a wo
who had been nurſe to the little Ha
at the time that the Captain and his
left their infant an orphan. This wo
who had been diſcharged by Mrs. Per
upon the death of her daughter, going
the houſe ſoon after, for ſome trifle w
ſhe had neglected to take with her, ſay
infant juſt then dead, but having no fu
buſineſs in the family, knew nothin
any circumſtance relative to its fur

Some time after this, ſhe ſaw the Mr. Montague whom we now a ſecond time uſher upon our theatre, and told him all the occurrences relative to the family of her late maſter. On this information he viſited old Mrs. Percival, as was ſhown in its due place, to demand the property of his deceaſed brother: but the old lady ſo effectually ſilenced him at that time, by convincing him that when the ſervant ſaw the child ſhe was only in a fit, and that ſhe was then living and well at Hampſtead, that being of a careleſs diſpoſition as to pecuniary matters, and not knowing where to find the young woman, whom he had only met by accident, he made himſelf quite contented, and returned to his ſhip, in which he ſoon after ſailed to the Eaſt Indies; and to this diſtant place he afterwards made ſeveral voyages during the ſpace between the period laſt mentioned and that at which our hiſtory is now arrived. On his return to England, about a week before he viſited Be-

verly, he went to a public houſe in Wa
ping, where he was aſked by the landlad
if his name were not Montague, and a
ſwering in the affirmative, ſhe told him th
ſhe was the perſon who lived in his br
ther's family at the time of his and his l
dy's deceaſe. This brought on an eclai
ciſſement reſpecting the child, which upo
her poſitive aſſertion that ſhe ſaw it abſ
lutely dead, produced their journey to th
Lodge.

When Mrs. R. Percival heard Mr. Mon
tague's errand, ſhe was ſo agitated by fe
and anger that ſhe could not help diſcove
ing to the cunning Mrs. Mitchel mo
than the family wiſhed to communicate
but on the appearance of Mr. Stephen ſh
affected ſome indifference and gave th
gentleman a direction to her huſband an
mother in town, who, ſhe told him, woul
give him entire ſatisfaction reſpecting th
buſineſs which had occaſioned his journe
into the country. She ſaid that ſhe y
und

under a neceſſity of going a ſhort diſtance from home; but that her ſon would accommodate him with whatever might be agreeable to him during his ſtay at Beverly. He ſaid that he ſhould only beg a birth for himſelf and his companion that night, as he meant to ſteer his courſe back again as ſoon as it was light. His requeſt was civilly complied with, and Mrs. R. Percival, ordering her carriage, ſet off poſt for the metropolis, that her huſband and his mother might have information of Mr. Montague's claim previous to his appearance in Hatton Garden, that being the town-reſidence of the Percivals.

When ſhe reached London, her embaſſy cauſed freſh diſturbance to the parties concerned, who, however, ſoon agreed that at this important criſis, the beſt method would be to affect a contempt for the paltry ſum, and, to prove their diſintereſtedneſs, offer to give up the whole of the late Captain Montague's effects; for they feared that a public trial, which the claimant ſeemed determined to hazard,

hazard, might produce diſagreeable conſequences. Accordingly, when the honeſt tar arrived, Mr. Percival aſſumed the utmoſt *ſang froid*, and ſhowing him the account offered to refund the whole, ſaying that his niece, if ſhe was ſtill living, ſhould find a friend in her mother's family, though diſowned and oppreſſed by that of her father.

Mr. Montague was highly offended by this inuendo, and ſaid, that either his niece was, or was *not*, in being: that if ſhe *was* in the land of the living, ſhe ſhould not only have her own, but his fortune into the bargain: and that if ſhe were dead, he ſhould expect the intereſt, as well as the principal of what his brother left.

Mr. Percival replied, that he was ſo determined that his niece, of whom he was as fond as of his own children, ſhould not owe obligation to any one but himſelf, that he would go ſo far as to add two hundred pounds to the original eight, by way of intereſt, and that if Mr. Montague did not

not like thoſe terms he might ſeek his remedy.

The unconcern which Mr. Percival aſſumed as he uttered theſe words, had the deſired effect. The artleſs tar believing Mr. Percival's indifference to be real, and thinking that a worſe offer might be made, cloſed with the propoſal; received bills for the thouſand pounds, and gave a general releaſe for all his brother's property.

With the concluſion of this buſineſs, the Percivals were very well ſatisfied; and on a pecuniary account they had good reaſon to be ſo; for the little fortune of which Captain Montague died poſſeſſed, was doubtleſs the juſt property of his brother, and they certainly ought to have been accountable for full eighteen years intereſt. But the buſineſs produced conſequences, of which they were not aware: for ſome inadvertent expreſſions which dropped from Mrs. R. Percival, added to her apparent fright

fright and expedition to town, infuſed ſtrange ſuſpicions into the mind of Mrs. Mitchel; and this cunning woman ſoon obtained by her artifices from Mr. Stephen, who was induced to ſuppoſe her in the ſecret of the tranſaction, all the information which ſhe wiſhed to obtain. A diſagreable report alſo prevailed throughout the neighbourhood; for the inquiries which Mr. Montague made at the inn, before he went to the Lodge, had raiſed in the minds of the people ſuch a jumble of ideas, as gave birth to a ſuſpicion of crimes little ſhort of murder.

When old Mrs. and Mr. Percival undertook their journey to London, Mr. Abington communicated the circumſtances to his ſon, that Letitia might keep at home; and no accident produce an unſeaſonable and unpleaſant rencounter. He gave an account likewiſe of Mr. Montague's appearance at Beverly, which had excited ſo many conjectures in the vicinity, that Mr. Abington

ton thought it incumbent upon him to get all the intelligence which he could procure upon the ſubject; and the fruits of his inquiry were ſufficient to inform him of Mr. Montague's errand into the country, and of the place of his reſidence in town.

The receipt of Mr. Abington's firſt letter occaſioned the removal of the Spencer party to the Biſhop's palace in Suſſex, at which place they had been ſolicited by the Prelate and Lady Herbert to ſpend a few days. Miſs Bridget was at this time gone with a party to Stratford in Buckinghamſhire, or it is probable that ſhe would have added to the company and leſſened their enjoyment.

The ſecond letter to Mr. George Abington from his father, was laid before the Chancellor, who adviſed an immediate application to Mr. Montague and the Wapping Landlady, as likely to furniſh farther proofs, both preſumptive and poſitive, *in fa-*

vor

vor of the cauſe, ſhould the Percivals determine to hazard a trial.

After ſeveral days ſpent with the Biſhop and his lady, in the moſt pleaſant manner, our ſocial company returned to London, having received intelligence that the party from the Lodge had left it. Mr. Abington added, that the whole family appeared extremely elated; that great preparations were declaredly going forward for the entrance into Spencer Aviary, and that Miſs Bullion, in particular, had employed half the workwomen in the neigbourhood in making new clothes to add to the abundant ſtock which ſhe had ordered from London.

Upon their return from Chicheſter palace the Herberts ſtaid all night in Groſvenor Square, but Clifford retired to his lodgings, where he was much ſurpriſed to find ſeveral letters, as he had ordered them to be ſent to Mr. Spencer's, and forwarded with thoſe conveyed from thence to the Biſhop's. Sitting down to peruſe their contents,

tents, he was not only ſurpriſed, but on account of the delay, greatly concerned to find the following from Lord Andover.

" Milford Haven.

" Clifford, my dear Clifford! I am to " my inexpreſſible regret, again landed " upon the Britiſh ſhore, but my whole ſoul " is in the Weſt Indies, and the impatience " with which I am torn, ſets at defiance " every ſuggeſtion of philoſophy. I hope " indeed that the accident which occaſions " my writing at this period upon Engliſh " ground, will not be the cauſe of a much " longer delay, as the carpenters aſſure us " that our veſſel which has been greatly " damaged, will be perfectly refitted by the " end of this week. At one period we " were in ſuch imminent danger of going " to the bottom that I am convinced it is " the higheſt criminality in me to regret " the ſafety of our preſent ſituation. This

" I am

"I am told fifty times in a day by Mr. "Ruſſel; Mr. Spencer, and Mr. Barker, "and conſcious as I am of its truth, it "makes me feel angry with ſome of the "deareſt friends I have in the world. But "they are not in love: you, Frederic, are; "and therefore can be convinced that there "is a wide difference between even the "tendereſt anxiety of a father, or the kind-"eſt ſolicitude of friends, AND the ardent "ſenſibility of what only merits the appel-"lation of affection; *that* being a com-"pound of every noble paſſion and princi-"ple in the breaſt of man. It is impoſſible "that he who truly loves can be a villain. "I think what our great bard ſaid of him "who has not muſic in his ſoul, is equally "applicable to the being who has no "affection.

"My Harriet! My LETITIA!!—for that "name is ſtill dearer than the firſt; har-"monious to my ſenſes as that ever was! "Perhaps the pain which has of late ac-

"companied

" companied that ſound, gives the other,
" which brings her to my heart in all her
" native lovelineſs of perfect innocence, the
" pre-eminence.

" Oh! my Letitia!—my Letitia Spen-
" cer!—what would I not give to know the
" region thou doſt now inhabit! For that
" thou *doſt* exiſt, I muſt believe, or not ex-
" iſt myſelf!

" But Clifford, you will ſay I rave, and
" will ſuppoſe my intellectuals are impaired.
" Yet let me recal the ſentence, and aſk
" your excuſe for its injuſtice: *you* will
" only ſay *I love:* but to love in *my preſent*
" *ſituation,* is nearly the ſame as to be
" mad.

" It was my intention to have ſent this
" letter with the poſt now paſſing the win-
" dow at which I write; but to-morrow
" will do as well as to-day, for it is not poſ-
" ſible for you to reach this place before the
" promiſed time of our re-ſailing, were you
" diſpoſed to do ſo; *ſcarcely* poſſible is it
" for

" for a letter to arrive. Write however " half a dozen lines and direct to me on " board the Eagle West Indiaman. If it " do not come in time, I will leave orders " for its re-conveyance to you.

" The accident—I had almost forgotten " to explain it—which occasioned our re- " turn, was the vessel's springing a leak " after we had left the land about two days. " At first, the carpenter thought he could " easily heal the breach, but it proved be- " yond his cure: and it was deemed abso- " lutely necessary to steer back, when a " sudden storm arose and drove us hi- " ther.

" I think it may be best not to mention " this circumstance at the Aviary, lest it " should give undue concern to the anxi- " ous friends of my Letitla—my Letitia " Spencer!

" By my life Clifford I know no joy " equal to that of having occasion to men- " tion her name either in conversation or

in

" in writing; in which latter ſpecies of
" pleaſure I continually indulge, as my pen
" is conſtantly employed in ſomething re-
" lative to her whenever I take it in my
" hand; and this, as from my original bias,
" you will ſuppoſe, is not ſeldom. Rhyme,
" proſe, and blank verſe rule me by turns.
" Once [it was a wretched hour!] I wrote
" her epitaph! But let me fly from the re-
" membered horror, and ſay that it was
" ſucceeded by an epithalamium; ſuch a
" one as I fancied that you would produce
" upon the joyful—thrice joyful occaſion.
" Do Clifford, exert your poetical talents,
" and *begin* to compoſe ſomething on the
" ſubject. I will return you the compli-
" ment with *more* than brotherly cordiality.
" When I am not writing of my Letitia, I am
" talking of her with theſe our friends, who
" indulge me—or rather themſelves—in
" making her a continual theme. Some
" excellence or ſome beauty, or ſome grace
" is conſtantly recollected by firſt one

" then

" then another of us, till her next-to-Di-
" vine image is placed in ſuch vivid—*liv-*
" *ing* colors that I ſnatch myſelf from com-
" pany to enjoy, in retirement, my con[illegible]
" plations; anticipate our meeting and in
" idea, ſee riſing joy break over her lovely
" countenance; then take up my pen and
" write as the muſe, if any one attends
" on me, gives direction.

" Oh Clifford! Clifford!—*But if I ne-*
" *ver again ſhould behold her!!!*

" Oh Clifford! Clifford!—is all I can
" write at this time.

" ANDOVER."

The peruſal of this letter threw Frederic into almoſt a frenzy. *Had* he not left London!—*Had* the letters been forwarded according to his direction!—In ſhort, had that happened which did *not* happen, he would have ſeen his friend before he was again

again launched upon that wide domain "which bears no traces of a traveller's foot." He determined however to haſten to the Weſtern ſhore, though he could hardly flatter himſelf with the poſſibility of reaching it in due time, and unmindful of his friend's intimation reſpecting ſecrecy, wrote a note incloſing Lord Andover's letter to Mr. G. Abington, and mentioning his determination inſtantly to ſet off for Milford Haven. This packet he left with a ſervant to convey to Groſvenor Square early in the morning, and then mounting his horſe, for the conveyance of a carriage was too tardy, flew acroſs the iſland; ſending before him, that he might not wait one moment, to order a relay of horſes. When he arrived at the place of his deſtination, he inquired, almoſt breathleſs, if the Eagle Weſt Indiaman was in port, and was nearly petrified by the information that ſhe had ſailed the evening before. He ſpoke not; ſtirred not from the ſpot, till another ſailor contradict-

ed the account by one ſtill more vexatious —that ſhe was deſtined to ſail the laſt evening, but had waited for the morning's tide, and had left the offing only a few hours before. Conſcious as he was that he had not waſted a ſecond of time, yet was his reaſon, at that criſis, too powerful to repreſs additional concern at his not having been able to reach the place *a few hours ſooner!!* and for the firſt time in his life, Clifford repined *at things as they are.*

" Why were not horſes ſwifter !" Why " could there not be for man a more ex- " peditious mode of conveyance, from one " place to another !" " Every beaſt of the " foreſt—every bird of the air—how much " ſuperior were they in this reſpect to *man!*" " This was the ſubſtance of Clifford's mental converſation. But with how much more juſtice might he have ſaid—" Vile in- " grate man! Thou, for whoſe happineſs " even angels watch, and Providence pro- " vides ! Thou, for whoſe uſe, myriads of creatures

" creatures ſwarm, on earth; in ſeas; in
" air!—for whoſe reception, Heaven opens
" wide, and whoſe ſalvation is the Will of
" GOD—ſhalt *thou* repine; thou to rebel,
" thou to refuſe the offered bleſſings of a
" Father's Love, which due ſubmiſſion,
" and humble hope will ſurely bring to
" thee in time!"

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

T. Gillet, Printer, Salisbury Square.

THE

MICROCOSM.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

VICISSITUDES IN GENTEEL LIFE.

"As human happineſs conſiſts in hope, thoſe who have arrived at "the ſummit of their wiſhes here, muſt point, to render their "happineſs complete, their hope to Heaven."

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

London:

PRINTED FOR J. MAWMAN, IN THE POULTRY.

1801.

By T. Gillet, Salisbury-ſquare.

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wind; a freſh gale having juſt ſprung up as if to aid his deſign; for the ſailors all aſſured him that it was a gale from the ſhore, and would benefit them more than the veſſels farther off at ſea.

For ſeveral hours the hope of Clifford was kept in an equal balance with his apprehenſion. When the evening advanced and there was no appearance of the object of their purſuit, his ſpirits gave way; his fear was predominant, and he paſſed a night of anxiety, in thinking of his ſolitary return to London. But when the morning awoke and the ſun aroſe, an object before them, as diſtant as eye could ken, attracted every one's attention. The large teleſcope, with which they had furniſhed themſelves, was inſtantly produced, and a veſſel in full ſail, on which the ſun darted his horizontal rays, was clearly diſtinguiſhed. A general huzza hailed the appearance, for no one ſuffered himſelf to doubt of its being the Eagle. The optical inſtrument was continually employed: it was ſoon obſerved

obſerved that they gained upon the ſail before them, and it was not long ere her enſigns were known, and her identity declared.

The repining which Clifford had permitted to ſteal over the uſual tenor of his mind, now ſtruck him with its criminality. Conſcious of his fault, he left the deck and retired to correct himſelf.

Thus it is with the generality of mortals: they hope, when they have no reaſon to fear: but if a cloud ſteals over their ſunſhine, hope, which ſhould then be their ſupport, ſeems enveloped in darkneſs, and they doubt whether ever "their night "ſhall again be turned into day,"—they doubt—though they have paſt experience for their encouragement and the Divine promiſe for their ſecurity!

The Fly was now almoſt under the Eagle's wing, and the teleſcope diſcovered to Clifford, who had re-aſcended the deck, the figures of his four friends. The Weſt Indiaman ſoon backened her ſails, as it

was perceived that ſhe was hailed by the cutter, and the gentlemen voyagers on board the firſt, were ſtricken with amazement at the appearance of Frederic, who with the utmoſt celerity boarded their veſſel.

"My dear Clifford! what brings you here?"—interrogated Lord Andover, while Mr. Barker, Mr. Spencer and Mr. Ruſſel ſtood in anxiety waiting his reply.

"Your letter," returned the other, "brought me to Milford, and hearing that "you had been only a few hours gone, I "was determined to have, if poſſible, ano-"ther interview before we ſhould be more "widely ſeparated."

"I am truly glad to ſee you; and yet I "will own a diſappointment, for I had "hope of your having obtained ſome in-"telligence of my Letitia," replied his lordſhip.

"Why I *have* had ſome *little* account "of her," returned Clifford, "and that

"was

" was an additional inducement for me
" to——"

" What account?" " What is it?"
" What account?"—they all at once interrogated.

" Miſs Mansfield who came over with
" my brother and ſiſter, knew her in the
" Weſt Indies"—was the anſwer.

" *Miſs Mansfield.* Heavens! *But where*
" *is ſhe now?*" aſked the earl, with impatience; upon which Mr. Clifford fixed his eyes upon his friend and ſaid with an emphaſis—IN LONDON.

" IN LONDON!! *Is it poſſible!?*"—was a general exclamation.

Clifford replied, " She is indeed; and
" ſafe and well."

" What," ſaid Lord Andover, " do we
" then do here? Let us be going."

" The ſooner the better," ſaid they all; and taking a handſome leave of the commander and crew, embarked on board of the returning cutter.

" Now," ſaid the earl, " we have leiſure " for farther information reſpecting this " bleſſed event. Not one queſtion would " I allow myſelf to aſk *till we were on our* " *way* to the dear ſpot which contains all " my ideas of happineſs. My Letitia is in " London: ſafe and well. You have ſeen " her Frederic!"

" I have," he replied.

" And you are convinced—"

" —She is all that woman can be," ſaid Clifford, interrupting; explaining, and anſwering his friend with a ſmile.

" And is the dear child well and " *happy?*" aſked the father, whoſe fondneſs and anxiety were ſcarcely exceeded by the tenderneſs and ſolicitude of even Seymour himſelf.

Mr. Clifford gave ample ſatisfaction on thoſe particulars.

" Miſs Mansfield knows her—the Miſs " Mansfield of whom I have heard you " ſpeak as being the niece of Mr. Cum- " berland, I preſume," ſaid Mr. Ruſſel.

" His

"His *adopted* niece: yes, the ſame," laconically anſwered the gentleman.

"You are convinced, Mr. Clifford," ſaid Mr. Barker jocoſely, "that Miſs LETI-"TIA *Spencer* is the handſomeſt woman in "England; which is what you are un-"willing to allow Seymour to think of "Miſs Harriet Montague."

"That ſhe is unſurpaſſed," returned he, "I will readily admit; but I think my "ſiſter's friend equals her in every re-"ſpect."

"Miſs Mansfield do you mean? Can it "be poſſible that two ſuch women exiſt?" aſked his lordſhip.

"Mind and perſon united—I really "think not," he anſwered.

"Why Frederic! you juſt now ſaid—"

"My dear Andover, you are very dull, "at this time, in comprehenſion, and will "not underſtand me till I, in plain lan-"guage, tell you that Miſs Mansfield; "Miſs Montague, and Letitia Spencer "are one and the ſame perſon"—was the reply

reply of Mr. Clifford. This opened a new ſource of amazement, and gave riſe to a converſation in which every one expreſſed his ſenſe of the ſuperintendence of Providence; his gratitude, and his bright hope of future felicity for the family of the Spencers.

Clifford now more particularly ſatisfied his friend reſpecting the health; happineſs, and continued affection of his Letitia; giving the moſt pleaſing inſtances of her tenderneſs, and ſolicitude for his return; and it was mutually agreed by all preſent that the nuptials of her and Lucy ſhould be ſolemnized with all the celerity of which circumſtances would admit, Mr. E. Spencer with fervent expreſſions of joy, acknowledging the two gentlemen as his ſons-in-law.

We are now to ſuppoſe the travellers returned to Milford, and thence arrived at Pembroke, where Lord Andover, as ſoon as he had reached the inn, enquired what carriages could be immediately provided for

for the next ſtage. Mr. Ruſſel, upon hearing what paſſed, ſaid, that it would be madneſs for them to think of proceeding further that night; it being then ten o'clock, and not moon-light. But the younger gentleman was in ſo much haſte to purſue his journey that he urged many reaſons for their proceeding: not ſo much on his own account as in conſideration of the anxiety which the family muſt neceſſarily be under, and which could not, as the poſt had gone through the town before they reached it, be ſo ſpeedily removed by any other means.

Mr. Barker and Mr. Spencer ſeconded Mr. Ruſſel's propoſal of ſpending that night at Pembroke, and alledged, what they thought would be of moſt avail, Clifford's fatigue, who had not ſlept ſince he left Chicheſter palace. But this, that gentleman inſiſted upon not being admitted as a reaſon for delay; as he could ſleep as well in a carriage as on a bed. He preſſed indeed ſtrongly for the continuance of their

journey, when Lord Andover aſking par- — -. don of his friends for what might be deem— -. ed an undue haſte, ordered a ſupper and -d beds to be inſtantly made ready. This be— -. ing done, after a pleaſant hour, the gentle -. men ſeparated, and all, except Seymour -r, retired to reſt: but he, previous prepara-. tion having been made by his ſervant-s, threw himſelf into a chaiſe, and was drive -n off with velocity. In the morning, when the gentlemen met at breakfaſt and inquired for Lord Andover, Mr. Spencer's ſervant, with whom the ſecret was entruſted, produced a note which ſtated, that unable to reſt upon Engliſh ground till his arrival in London, and unwilling, therefore, to make his friends ſuffer by his impatience, his Lordſhip had left Pembroke alone, and hoped to reach the metropolis at leaſt twenty hours ſooner than his companions.

This information was received with a general ſmile of approbation, as his friends had juſt before expreſſed their ſurpriſe at the lateneſs of his appearance, and at his

ready

eady acquieſcence with the delay of the evening before. But we will leave theſe gentlemen to purſue their journey at leiſure, while we attend upon the lover.

The impatient Seymour ſtopped only to change chaiſes, till he reached the end of his journey, at about ſeven o'clock on the ſecond morning after his departure from Pembroke. He immediately diſpatched a note to Mr. George Abington, informing him of the ſafety of his fellow-travellers and of his own arrival in London, with a requeſt for permiſſion to attend the family to breakfaſt.

The receipt of this billet in Groſvenor Square, cauſed the greateſt joy. There was now ſcarcely a wiſh ungratified and every one looked forward with delight.

Mr. G. Abington returned an anſwer expreſſive of the general happineſs.

When Letitia was firſt informed of Seymour's arrival, and of his promiſed attendance at the breakfaſt table, ſhe was totally unable to ſupport herſelf. Her heart flut-

tered,

tered, and her tremor was ſo great that it was with difficulty that ſhe was prevented from fainting. But her grandfather congratulated her upon the event in ſuch lively terms as reconciled her to her own emotions, and ſhe began to prepare herſelf to receive her long regretted lover. Lucy, who aſſiſted in dreſſing her, ſaid that ſhe was determined to make her appear as handſome as poſſible, that Lord Andover might think *her ſiſter* ſtill more charming than Harriet Montague: and indeed nothing terreſtial could be imagined more truly beautiful than her appearance at this period. The morning was fine and warm, it being now the firſt week in May, and the room decorated with baſons of flowers; amongſt which ſhe ſat with a countenance more lovely than the lovely Flora herſelf; for there was a ſoft confuſion—an enchanting timidity which ſhe vainly endeavored to ſuppreſs, that rendered it irreſiſtibly charming. Her dreſs was a genteel morning robe of fine muſlin, and ſhe ſat on a ſofa

between

between her mother and Lucy, who exerted their power to inſpire her with ſome degree of fortitude. At length a carriage ſtopped at the door; the bell rang; and ſoon after the ſtep of a ſervant coming up ſtairs, ſo much increaſed the perturbation of Letitia, that the throbbing of her heart almoſt deprived her of the power of breathing, and ſhe reſted her head on Mrs. Spencer's ſhoulder, as the ſervant entered.

"Lord Andover, madam."

"Show him up."

No more was ſaid till they heard him coming, and, in an inſtant ſaw him enter the apartment. As he advanced, the ladies aroſe from their ſeats, when Letitia, leaning upon Lucy's arm, by an involuntary motion, half reached out her hand, but inſtantly dropped it, and was covered with bluſhes as he approached her, and caught the hand which ſhe was withdrawing.

The moment was tender: it was more; it was awful; rendered ſo by the perfect ſilence which reigned in the room, for not one

one of the four had the power of ſpeaking for ſome moments. At length Mrs. Spencer ſaid "Letitia, my love, be ſeated, and "let me——"

"Pardon me madam," interrupted the happy Andover, "for being the cauſe of "ſo much diſcompoſure to your lovely "daughter. Yet that I AM the cauſe, is "my glory and felicity:"—ſeating her upon the ſofa as he ſpoke, and ſupporting her with his arm while he preſſed her hand with his lips.

"My Letitia!—my Harriet!" continued he—"by which dear name ſhall I addreſs "you?—from this bleſt moment I hope to "date my happineſs. From this hour of "tranſport, to hold you to my heart as "mine for ever."

"My Lord—Lord Andover"—ſaid ſhe in a trembling voice—"I am—I will not "heſitate to ſay I am indeed——"

She could not add another ſyllable. He ſtopped as if to catch her words; but finding that ſhe continued ſilent, he ſaid,

"Suppreſs

"Suppreſs not an acknowledgment which "will, I truſt, confirm my felicity. The "ſound of your voice is harmony to my "heart: yet let me requeſt you not to "uſe ſuch *diſtant* language. Am I not "your Seymour—your Henry, as in days "of former happineſs! *My* name is the "ſame, though your's is changed."

"Yes," ſaid Lucy, with vivacity, ſeeing her ſiſter greatly affected, "but your "name, you know, muſt be altered like-"wiſe; or you cannot poſſeſs Spencer "Aviary."

"The name of Spencer," he returned, "will ever be my glory; but on my own "account, the poſſeſſion of the Aviary is "a more trifling conſideration than you "ſeem to imagine; and to puniſh you for "the idea, I here decree, that when I am "dignified with the name of your family, "you ſhall be deprived of that diſtinction."

Lucy bluſhed deeply at this unexpected reply, and was attempting an anſwer, when Mrs. G. Abington entered the room with Matilda

Matilda and Caroline to ſay that the gentlemen wanted their breakfaſt. The party then adjourned to another apartment, where they paſſed the morning in that ſtate of felicity of which congenial ſouls will eaſily form an adequate idea—"where hearts "meet hearts reciprocally ſoft."

Mr. Spencer, who, as has been frequently intimated, was a conſtant promoter of the amuſement, as well as happineſs of others, propoſed an early dinner for the purpoſe of making an excurſion to Richmond. This was agreeable to every one. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert were ſummoned to increaſe the number, and in the moſt delightful rambles around that beautiful ſpot, the evening was ſpent in more than common felicity. About nine o'clock the company returned to Groſvenor-ſquare, where much to their ſurpriſe they were received by the gentlemen from Pembroke, whoſe arrival was not expected till the next morning.

Mrs. Spencer, who was the firſt that alighted, ſprang, the moment ſhe ſaw him, into

nto the arms of her huſband; and then immediately haſtening to Letitia, who had not quitted the carriage, cried, "Come, 'come my child—come ſhare a father's 'embrace and receive his bleſſing."

"And is he come!" ſaid the lovely girl, as ſhe aſcended the ſteps. "What 'now have I to wiſh for?"

The ſcene was again affecting, and every eye was moiſt. As Letitia aroſe from her knees, Mr. E. Spencer took the hand of Lord Andover, who had preſſed near him, and claſping it with one of his daughter's between both his own, bleſſed their intended union. Clifford then led his half reluctant Lucy to ſhare with himſelf a ſimilar benediction, which was given with equal fervency.

Mr. Ruſſel, whoſe jocoſe manner enlivened every ſcene, proteſted that he thought Letitia Spencer was much handſomer than Harriet Montague, and ſaid, that as a voyage to the Weſt Indies was ſo improving, he thought it very unfortunate that

that he had been prevented from participating of the benefit.

Miſs Spencer received her friend and tutor Mr. Barker, to whom ſhe chiefly was indebted for her education, with affectionate reſpect, and the Herberts were almoſt overwhelmed with acknowledgments of obligation.

CHAP.

CHAP. CVII.

ters: and an Excurſion to Roſe-Valley.

THE day after the arrival of the gentle-
men was ſo very ſhowery, that, by
verſal conſent, it was entirely ſpent at
ie; and as paſt events made a ſubject
onverſation, the letters, ſuppoſed to be
tten by Letitia, during her confinement
ier apartment at Beverly Lodge, to Sey-
ur and Lucy, were mentioned; and
duced. It was now evident (as ſhe had
en copies which ſhe had preſerved and
:n read over, of what ſhe had written)
t great pains, as well as great art, had
:n uſed by all the Percivals to ſever her
m the love of all her friends, and to
ſtroy her happineſs and her reputation.
r. Ruſſel was fired with reſentment at
s recapitulation of the atrocity of the
nily, and declared his determination of
endeavoring

endeavoring to bring them to exemplary puniſhment. Letitia was now deſired to write, as the Lord Chancellor had directed, to Mr. Percival for a ſum of money, in ſuch a ſtyle as would draw an anſwer, acknowledging his belief of her exiſtence, without permitting it to appear in what part of the globe ſhe was ſituated: the following, was the form preſcribed.

" Sir,

" Having been driven to a ſituation in " which I could neither find friends nor " money, you will not be ſurpriſed at my " requeſting from you a ſupply of the " latter. Fifty guineas is all I require at " your hands. If you refuſe me, Mr. " Ruſſel will I hope befriend me.

" Perhaps not recognizing my hand- " writing, you may demand an interview " to convince you of my exiſtence.

" It certainly is not my wiſh to ſee " Beverly at preſent, but I am now under " another's controul, and muſt obey when

" I am

'I am commanded; therefore when a 'visit to Beverly becomes neceſſary I muſt 'undertake the journey.

"Pleaſe to direct to me by my former 'name, to the care of Mr. Thomas Ingram, 'Captain of the Swallow Weſt Indiaman, 'Thames, London.

"I am ſir, your's with due reſpect,

"H. M."

The effect of this letter evinced the Chancellor's knowledge of mankind. The Percivals were alarmed at the idea of Letitia's application to Mr. Ruſſel, and the intimation of her viſiting Beverly was an equal ſubject of apprehenſion. The gentleman, therefore, with the advice of the Privy Council immediately wrote as follows, addreſſed to Miſs Harriet Montague.

"MADAM,

"You need not be under any appre-"henſion of my not recognizing your "hand-writing. I know it well, and am

"too

'too certainly convinced of your exiſt-
" ence; ſo that whether you are ſtill in th-
" Weſt Indies, or whether you are return
" ed to England, you need not give you
" ſelf the trouble of a viſit to Beverl
" where your preſence cannot poſſibl
" afford any pleaſure. You muſt know
" how very expenſive Mr. Ruſſel's officious
" interference rendered your education, by
" which means nearly the whole of the
" pittance left for your future ſupport by
" your father, Captain Montague, who
" was a very inadequate match for my
" ſiſter, has been expended in that and for
" your board; nevertheleſs, if upon receip
" of the money, you will ſign proper re
" leaſes, &c. as you are now of age, I w
" order you the ſum of one hundr
" guineas, and will meet in London a
" perſon who ſhall by you be duly aut
" riſed to execute the buſineſs.

" Your poor grandmother bids me
" that ſhe is aſhamed of her paſt affec
" for you; and your aunt—that is t

" my wife, for ſhe boaſts of not being
" allied to you by blood—of her kindneſs.
" I however cannot help ſaying that I am
" ſorry for you; that your couſin Stephen
" has ſome reſpect for you, and that I wiſh
" I had cauſe to ſtyle myſelf your ſtill
" more affectionate uncle.

" RICHARD PERCIVAL.

" Your cloaths, &c. ſhall be packed, and
" directed to any place you think proper
" to appoint."

The receipt of this letter, delivered into the hands of Mr. Ruſſel by his old acquaintance Captain Ingram, added fuel to his anger, and the Chancellor, without whoſe approbation nothing was determined upon, inſiſted on their being diſappointed and mortified in the moſt public manner poſſible, as the only method likely to prevent their ſtanding a trial. Mrs. G. Abington dropped a tear on her ſiſter's account, and ſaid, that convinced as ſhe was of her deſerving every ſeverity, ſhe could not help

feeling for her relation's enſuing puniſhment. Upon this Mr. Spencer obſerved that the triumphant carriage of the Percivals was, if poſſible, more heinous than their delinquency itſelf, as it evinced the continuance of an impenetrable hardneſs of diſpoſition that gloried in ſucceſsful villainy, and delighted to add inſult to injury. Could it be done with equal ſafety, and was there as much probability of its ſtriking conviction, and effecting a ſubſequent contrition, he ſhould certainly declare in favor of lenient meaſures: but the truth of the circumſtances demanded his acknowledgment that the Chancellor's intention ought, in his opinion, to be executed, both for ſecurity to the oppreſſed, and for future benefit even to the oppreſſor. It was then agreed that Letitia ſhould not appear in the vicinity of Beverly, till the arrival of the period appointed for Stephen Percival to take poſſeſſion of Spencer Aviary, now at the diſtance of about five weeks; and that in the interim the marriage ſettlements of

both

both Clifford and Lord Andover ſhould be completed, with other deeds neceſſary to be ſigned on Letitia's taking poſſeſſion of Beverly, and previous to her marriage. The change of Lord Andover's name, or rather the addition of Spencer to that of his family, was likewiſe to be forwarded, that nothing but the nuptial ceremony might remain to be performed when the criſis arrived which ſhould proclaim our heroine Queen of the Village.

The Chancellor of the time—the great Lord . . . . . had imbibed ſo ſtrong an affection for Letitia, that he was determined to exert the utmoſt of his power and abilities to ſee juſtice done to her in every particular; and ſhe therefore requeſted that the management of the affair might be left entirely to him: a requeſt to which every individual concerned acceded with pleaſure.

In arranging the marriage writings of Miſs Spencer, it was requiſite that Mr. Clifford ſhould be introduced as a party.

Mr. Herbert was likewiſe requeſted to be a witneſs, on which occaſion he preſented to Mr. Spencer, by the hand of Mr. Ruſſel, the ſecurities for ten thouſand pounds which had been given to him in truſt for Harriet Montague, being the legacy of Mr. Cumberland.

The integrity and generoſity of Mr. Herbert received high encomiums from all the family, and Letitia, with the approbation of her friends, ſigned over the ſecurities to his little Harriet-Roſella—Mr. Spencer, Mr. E. Spencer and Lord Andover joining in magnificent preſents to the two eldeſt children, as an acknowledgment of the unreturnable obligations under which they conſidered themſelves to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, for the protection and friendſhip which they had ſo nobly given to our heroine.

Preliminaries being completely adjuſted, excurſions into the country were propoſed till the period of Letitia's going to Beverly, as the warmth of the ſeaſon rendered London

don rather diſagreeable. The Lord Chancellor claimed a viſit to his ſeat in Surry; where our friends ſpent ſeveral happy days. Mr. Spencer afterwards, attended by Mr. and Mrs. G. Abington, returned to the Aviary, leaving Mr. and Mrs. E. Spencer; their three daughters; Mr. Ruſſel; Mr. Clifford; Mr. Barker; Lord Andover, and the Herberts to purſue their intended perambulations.

Miſs Abington was very impatient to embrace her neice, as were likewiſe Mr. and Mrs. Abington to ſee their granddaughter; but they forbore to indulge their wiſhes on account of Miſs Patty.

Mr. Clifford now requeſted Mr. E. Spencer to viſit his eſtate in Warwickſhire; which that gentleman readily agreeing to do, the company ſet out for that place on the following day. Here they found themſelves ſo pleaſantly ſituated, that they determined not to remove till the 13th of June, when they were to proceed to Spencer

cer Aviary, according to the plan projected by the Chancellor.

The old family ſeat in the midſt of Mr. Clifford's eſtate, was one of the moſt rural habitations in the kingdom, and had once been called magnificent. The ſurrounding grounds were laid out in a ſtyle ſimilar to the building, and afforded many ſituations that, to minds the leaſt tinctured with romance, were abſolutely enchanting. It was called Roſe-Valley, and well did it deſerve that name, for it appeared as if it had been cultivated ſolely for the purpoſe of producing that lovely ſhrub, ſo numerous were its bloſſoms in every hedge near the manſion. Arbors and avenues were likewiſe ſhaded by roſes of various deſcriptions; mingled with ſweet-briars, woodbines and honey-ſuckles.

It was in this place that Letitia firſt knew what mortals call real happineſs. The time paſſed ſince the diſcovery in which ſhe was ſo materially concerned, had been almoſt a tumult of pleaſure; affecting interviews

interviews having ſo quickly ſucceeded each other, that ſhe had ſcarcely recovered from a firſt, ere a ſecond again diſordered her ſerenity. But at Roſe-Valley every thing was tranquil; while love and friendſhip impreſſed the paſſing hours with incidents of ſweet and deep remembrance.

In the neighbourhood of Mr. Clifford's eſtate, ſeveral gentlemen of reſpectable characters had country ſeats, and an agreeable intercourſe ſubſiſted between the families around. Clifford had commenced an acquaintance with moſt of them at his firſt viſit to Roſe-valley, and therefore without waiting for ceremonious inquiries, ſent an invitation to the gentlemen and ladies in the vicinity, requeſting the favor of their preſence to a rural breakfaſt. The invitation was accepted by a number of genteel people of all ages: muſic was procured from the town of Warwick, and the whole was conducted by Mr. Herbert in a pleaſing and romantic taſte. Amongſt the company aſſembled upon this occaſion, was

a gentleman of the name of Fonnereau, who had taken poſſeſſion of his eſtate about a twelvemonth before, upon his coming of age. During a long minority, the entire management of his fortune had been entruſted with his mother; and ſhe had ſo faithfully diſcharged her duty, that though his father had left his affairs much perplexed, the young man now received his property (about three thouſand pounds per annum) in a perfectly unencumbered ſtate, and with a large ſum of money in advance, excluſive of the fortunes of his two ſiſters, Charlotte and Maria. Mrs. Fonnereau had a handſome jointure from a former huſband who had died without children; and with that ſhe had educated her young family in a finiſhed manner. She was indeed a woman of rare accompliſhments; and ſo ſweet in her temper, that to ſee her and love her was the ſame thing. Her ſon, whoſe name was Charles, was a young man of high ſpirits. He had a good underſtanding, was extremely genteel, and well diſpoſed.

diſpoſed. But ſhe could not prevail upon him to think of matrimony; as he had unfortunately imbibed the too faſhionable ſentiment of "Love unconfined." Maria was of her mother's temper; gentle and tender; Charlotte of her brother's—exuberant in vivacity; yet of an excellent diſpoſition. This agreeable family lived about a mile from Roſe-Valley; Mrs. Fonnereau, at the earneſt requeſt of her ſon, by whom ſhe was almoſt adored, continuing the ſuperintendence of affairs.

Our readers of ſagacity will readily conjecture that the introduction of this family, at this criſis, portends ſome event conſequential to that of the Spencers. The conjecture is juſt. In proceſs of time they were connected both by congenial ties, and by legal obligations.

CHAP. CVIII.

A Fête Champêtre.

AT the breakfaſting mentioned in the preceding chapter, a dance was propoſed in a ſhaded avenue near the houſe, at which a Captain Williamſon aſked and obtained the hand of Matilda Spencer, juſt as Charles Fonnereau approached to ſolicit the ſame favor. He therefore turned to Caroline with evident chagrin and ſaid "Am I "too late *here* madam? Or will *you* oblige "me?"

"I might have been aſked firſt," ſhe replied with ſome degree of archneſs; "but "I will accept you to puniſh you."

He bowed low; muttered ſomething about being happy, and turned to obſerve Matilda.

Matilda perceived his attention and bluſhed,

bluſhed, but did not then know that ſhe thought him very agreeable.

Clifford danced with Lucy, and Lord Andover led his Letitia, who drew a delightful contraſt between this *fête champêtre* and the ball at Mr. Wharton's.

At the end of the firſt dance, this accompliſhed couple ſeated themſelves upon a bench beneath the branches of a large lime tree, and entered into a converſation which elevated their minds almoſt to the felicity of angelic beings: and ſo abſorbed were they by what paſt within their own breaſts, that the ſecond dance was concluded before they recollected that they belonged to the party.

Clifford and Lucy now approached their retirement; and ſoon after Caroline drew her partner to the ſame ſpot. She was followed by Matilda, who ſuppoſed that her *ſiſters* were the objects of attraction, when in fact Mr. Fonnereau was the magnet that ſolicited her ſteps towards the ſequeſtered

groupe. That gentleman in the mean while viewed her approach with marked attention, and the imaginary horrors of matrimony vaniſhed as ſhe advanced.

After ſome time ſpent in lively converſation the dance was renewed, and at length the entertainment concluded with general ſatisfaction. When the company retired to their ſeveral habitations, the exquiſite beauty of Miſs Spencer was an univerſal theme; every individual obſerving that it was impoſſible for human imagination to conceive any thing more truly lovely, yet all allowing that her mind and manners exceeded even the elegance of her figure. Mrs. Fonnereau aſked her ſon what he ſhould think of ſuch a wife. His reply was—"Every one muſt think well of ſuch "a woman in every capacity, but I ſhould "like her better for a ſiſter. She is too "handſome for a wife."

"For a ſiſter! What, you are in love "with your partner!" ſaid Charlotte with an

an arch deſign; ſhe having perceived his attention to Matilda.

"You are miſtaken madam," he replied. "My partner was too much like yourſelf. "I am not fond of ſuch mad-caps."

"Come hither child," ſaid he to Maria, "and receive, as proxy for the object of "your brother's adoration, his vows of con- "ſtancy—of *everlaſting love*. Meekneſs "is his preſent taſte. But Charles—be "cautious; do not ſwear too poſitively, leſt "ſome new face tempt you to perjury."

All this was ſpoke in the height of good-humoured facetiouſneſs; for Charlotte ſincerely loved her brother, and wiſhed to ſee him married. Mrs. Fonnereau ſmiled at her ſon's embarraſſment, as with peculiar pleaſure ſhe had obſerved his apparent partiality for Matilda Spencer, and wiſhed for ſuch an amiable acquiſition to her family.

During the reſidence of the company at Roſe-Valley, ſeveral agreeable parties were formed amongſt the families in the vicinity; and theſe with a rich fund of domeſtic amuſements,

amuſements, occaſioned the hours of our friends to paſs in high felicity. All malignant paſſions were expelled the place, and the trueſt harmony reigned around. In this enviable ſituation we will leave our excellent party, and return to the village of Beverly.

CHAP.

CHAP. CIX.

Anticipating Converſations.

THE ſixteenth of June was now haſtily advancing, and preparations for the entrance of the Percivals into the dominions *of Spencer Aviary*, went on with rapidity. Nothing could exceed the premeditated grandeur of the deſign, for the particulars of which our readers will be pleaſed to revert to the eighty-eighth chapter in our third volume. The dreſs of Miſs Bullion, now ſent home completely finiſhed by the female undertaker of the whole, was more magnificent than the bridal attire of a Sultana. It was a perfect blaze of finery; jewels of various hues dazzling the eyes from every part of it. The attire of Mrs. R. Percival was next in brilliancy, and that of the bridegroom, elect, was ſuperb: indeed

deed the families from both the Lodge and Bullion Bower ſeemed determined to diſplay the moſt princely appearance.

Curious were the converſations which occaſionally paſſed between theſe conſequential perſonages on the approaching criſis, which abſorbed all their waking and their ſleeping hours; for their very dreams repreſented ſhadows of their meditated triumph over people whom they hated for their native ſuperiority.

"Don't you think madam," aſked Miſs Bullion of Mrs. R. Percival, "that Lucy "Spencer will be obliged to confeſs the "ornaments for my head exceed every "thing ſhe could form an idea of?"

"If ſhe does not *confeſs it*, my dear," anſwered Mrs. R. Percival, "ſhe muſt be "conſcious of it; for certainly nothing "that ever was in Beverly was ſo noble and "ſo beautiful."

"Oh they are divine!" exclaimed the young lady. "Theſe diamonds! Theſe "rubies!

" rubies! Theſe pearls! And theſe *ame-*
" *thyſts!!*—I ſhall expire with pleaſure
" when I put them on my head!"

" In which dreſs do you intend to make
" your *entrée?*" aſked Mrs. Mitchel.

" In my gold tiſſue, to be ſure," replied Miſs Bullion; " for can I too much honor
" the day which is ſo much to honour *us!*
" and I hope my dear Lord Beverly (I muſt
" familiarize myſelf to the noble ſound)
" will adorn himſelf as ſumptuouſly as
" poſſible."

" Not on the day on which I ſhall take
" poſſeſſion of the Aviary," ſaid the gallant Mr. Stephen, " but on the day following,
" which will give me in my lovely Coun-
" teſs a prize far ſuperior to the dirty
" acres."

" Stephen judges properly," obſerved Mrs. R. Percival. " It will be ſufficient
" for the firſt occaſion if *I* am in full dreſs,
" as *I* muſt be firſt admitted into the
" manſion."

It was in the midſt of one of theſe anti-

cipating

cipating converſations that the letter from Letitia to Mr. Percival was delivered at the Lodge. The hand-writing was immediately recogniſed by as many as looked at it; and the information which it gave of her exiſtence, was a ſource of vexation, to all who were in the ſecret of her birth. But Miſs Bullion proteſted that ſhe *pitied the young woman*, and declared that ſhe had no objection to take her home; and even to put her into her ſecond woman's place, the firſt woman's place being already too well filled by Burchell to admit of an offer being made of it.

"I think," ſaid Mrs. Mitchel, with a knowing ſimper, "it would be as well to "keep the girl at a diſtance. Are not "you madam of my opinion?"

Mrs. R. Percival, to whom the queſtion was addreſſed, replied with ſtudied indifference, "I do not know madam that it is "of much conſequence where ſhe is, as I "ſuppoſe that ſhe muſt be provided for in "ſome manner, ſomewhere."

"Then dear, dear ſir! do let her come," cried

cried Miſs Bullion. " It would give me " exquiſite pleaſure were ſhe to behold our " proceſſion. And indeed without ſhe " is a witneſs of it, my triumph will not be " complete. Oh ! I ſhould die with de- " delight to ſee her packed into ſome of " the laſt carriages amongſt our domeſtics, " and to ſend her with ſome inſolent meſ- " ſage to the people at the Aviary ! Her " beauty would not then, I fancy, be much " noticed, for ſhe would look as mean and " as poor as ſhe is in reality. He! he! " he !"

Thus ran on the tongue of the intended bride; delighted with an endeavor to render our lovely heroine a ſubject of ridicule. Her envy and conſequent hatred of a girl who dared to be handſome in poverty, was always obvious, and ſhe had often made her future mortification a ſubject of pleaſant contemplation.

Mrs. R. Percival joined with Miſs Bullion in exulting at the ſpectacle of Harriet Montague in a ſtate of humble dependence, and

and vowed that ſhe ſhould be perfectly
lighted to have her in their train.
when alone with her huſband and
mother-in-law, Mrs. R. Percival decla
that ſhe had rather ſee a dozen hobgob
in their ghoſtly habiliments than beh
the figure of Letitia Spencer. The hon
able trio agreeing in the ſame ſentime
the letter of which we have before give
copy, was immediately written by
Percival.

Miſs Percival and Miſs Deborah lou
inveighed againſt *the girl's aſſurance* in h
ing the leaſt idea of appearing in the nei
bourhood; the firſt ſuppoſing that
meant to excite the pity of Lord Ando
for her frailties; the ſecond, averring t
no pity was due to a wretch, who co
enſnare to his deſtruction ſuch a man
Captain Millemont, who, *ſhe well kn*
would not have thought of *her*, had ſhe
laid traps to decoy him.

Stephen ſaid that they were too h
upon his couſin Harriet, who, it ought

e conſidered was poor and deſtitute, and herefore had a right to indulgence. This emark reſpecting her poverty was an inended gratification to his dear Rebecca, who held no merit equal to that of being ich; no reproach ſo great as that of poverty. She therefore gave an approving ſmile and ſaid, "You diſtinguiſh well Percival. "Such wretches *have* ſome claim to be "pitied by *us*."

Robert, whoſe malevolence never ſuffered him to gratify any one, remarked, that ſo handſome a woman never need be poor, and that he ſhould not wonder to ſee her one day ride in her own carriage. This brought them all upon him at once, when George, who had ſtood at a window as if not hearing their converſation, turned round, and taking him by the hand, ſaid, "Well obſerved Bob. You never uttered "a ſentence that pleaſed me better."

"Will you always be an enemy to your "own family George?" aſked his mother in a reproaching accent.

"No

" No madam," he replied, " I wiſh well " to every individual of it, and amongſt " the reſt to my couſin Harriet, whom, " upon my word, you do not ſeem to re- " gard as belonging to us. Is ſhe not the " child of my father's ſiſter? And ought " ſhe not therefore to be——"

" Well George, no more of this now. " Your couſin Harriet will be taken care " of, depend upon it, though it is not " neceſſary that ſhe ſhould return to the " Lodge," was the reply of old Mrs. Per- " cival.

" Perhaps," ſaid Robert, with the grin of an incendiary, " brother George would " wiſh her to be ſtill more nearly related " to our family."

" I ſhould be proud of ſuch a wife Ro- " bert, but I love her ſo well that I would " rather ſee her Counteſs of Andover," returned the generous youth.

" You are getting into an impertinent converſation young men," ſaid the father with

with ſternneſs; "therefore I deſire you to "chuſe ſome other ſubject of diſcourſe."

Robert looked ſullen; and George walked out of the room.

Mrs. Mitchel, with much expreſſion in her manner, ſaid to Mrs. R. Percival, "Mr. Robert has ſuggeſted an idea that "might be attended with no diſagreeable "conſequences. If George were to marry "Miſs Montague, *her claims would be ab-* "*forbed* by the family."

"Claims! Claims to what?" ſaid the indignant Miſs Bullion, whoſe conſequence felt a ſevere ſhock at the idea of calling Letitia ſiſter. "Claims to a ſum that "would ſcarcely find me with pins for a "twelvemonth! A pretty conſiſtency, for "one brother to ally himſelf to a woman "with fifty times the fortune of a foreign "princeſs, and another to marry a *beg-* "*gar!*"

Mrs. Mitchel who was extremely offended with the manner of the nabob's daughter, made a very cool but ſarcaſtic reply about the

the danger *of being too ſecure*, and ſhe thus confirmed Mrs. R. Percival's idea of her knowing more than ſhe wiſhed her to know. Alarmed therefore at the gathering warmth between the ladies, ſhe employed all her cunning to turn the matter to a jeſt. But her ſucceſs in the attempt was very imperfect, for the pique on both ſides was ſtrong and evident. After the company ſeparated, Mrs. R. Percival expreſſed her conviction to her mother and ſon of Mrs. Mitchel's being acquainted with the ſecret of the family: and it ſoon appeared by Stephen's account of what had paſſed between him and that lady upon the viſit of Mr. Montague, by what means and to what extent ſhe had obtained her information. Mrs. R. Percival was now half wild with vexation. To be under fear of Mrs. Mitchel, was *intolerable:* a woman whom ſhe had hitherto maintained in a ſubordinate ſituation! it was not to be borne with patience! And now ſhe fancied that ſhe recollected ſome late inſtances of her aſſumption

on which had never before occurred to
r. What could ſhe do? Nothing; for
was impoſſible to make the artful woman
ibelieve: and ſhe could only continue
r civilities. For the firſt time in her life
d Mrs. R. Percival attend to the ſuggeſ-
on of one of her ſons marrying the legal
ireſs of Spencer Aviary. It would cer-
inly be a ſecure method of proceeding.
et ſhe ſoon rejected it with ſcorn. Should
e girl, for whom ſhe had imbibed the moſt
veterate hatred, be ſo well provided for;
nd call her mother? No. Should either
obert or George ſacrifice their proſpect
f allying themſelves to riches, by marry-
g a creature who was, and who deſerved
be, entirely deſtitute! No indeed! For
pon conſideration, where was the danger!
Irs. Mitchel muſt be ſecret upon her own
count; for where could ſhe live ſo gen-
elly! She might, it was true, hope to be
warded for making a diſcovery. But
here was the *proof* of the fact? Not with
Irs. Mitchel. Mrs. R. Percival therefore

The Percivals, who were greatly chagrined by the event, which, it was known, would fix Mr. Barker in the envied benefice, endeavored to comfort Mrs. Quaintly by aſſuring her that her ſon ſhould have the next vacant living in the patronage. But with tears ſtreaming from her eyes, ſhe declared that nothing could conſole her for the loſs of *dear Beverly rectory*; the poſſeſſion of which would have ſet her above all the pariſh, except the poſſeſſors of the Aviary. Leaving her to the mortification which ſhe merited, let us obſerve that Mr. Spencer ſent an expreſs to Mr. Barker upon the information of the death of Mr. Forreſter, and that our eſtimable friend was inducted into the benefice in a very ſhort time, to the complete ſatisfaction of every individual in the pariſh, except the Percivals and their parafites.

By this event Mr. Barker became poſſeſſed of eight hundred a year, and immediately reſigned two ſmall livings which he had before received from Mr. Spencer.

Theſe

Theſe were beſtowed by this benevolent man upon the youngeſt ſon of a numerous family in the neighbourhood. The benefices in queſtion were of ſuch a deſcription as to be tenable with that of Beverly, but the new rector diſdained the monopoly. He was one of the too few of his ſpecies whoſe piety was genuine, and who was conſequently noble and diſintereſted.

Mr. Barker had long ſince conceived a tender attachment to Miſs Abington, who was not inſenſible either to his affection or to his merit. But ſhe had no wiſh to leave the ſingle life, and he was actuated by too high a ſenſe of honor to be ſedulous in increaſing her partiality, while his finances were inſufficient to render her ſituation equal to that in which ſhe had been educated. He now, however, gave way to his wiſhes, and ſecured the approbation of all the lady's friends for his intention of endeavoring to prevail upon her to favor his addreſſes.

The delicacy of Miſs Abington's ſentiments aroſe from purity of mind. For many years after the death of the gentleman to whom ſhe was to have been united, ſhe was firm in her rejection of every offer. But the high eſtimation in which Mr. Barker was held by thoſe moſt dear to her, and the real friendſhip which for a length of time ſhe herſelf had entertained for him, rendered her unable, when he avowed a ſtill dearer attachment, to give an immediate refuſal to his pleadings. She promiſed to *conſider*; and this conſideration, aided by the perſuaſions of her friends, ſo powerfully ſpoke in favor of the gentleman, that in the ſpace of a few days Mrs. George Abington was impowered to give him a favorable deciſion. And now leaving all affairs in a proper train, we will bid a ſhort adieu to Spencer Aviary and return to the Lodge.

The ninth of June is now arrived, and in ſeven days the family hope to be in poſſeſſion of all their wiſhes. Every article of

finery

finery is in the moſt perfect readineſs, and they have nothing left to do but to ſit and talk of the approaching period. Miſs Bullion was continually at the Lodge, where ſhe was treated as a petty queen. Even Mrs. Mitchel, who ſtill remembered her inſolent manner, deemed it politic to behave to her with politeneſs, till ſhe ſhould have more proof of the circumſtances which ſhe had drawn from Mr. Stephen; for it was her continual buſineſs to conſider how ſhe might beſt turn the ſecret to her own advantage. At length ſhe determined to keep the affair in her own breaſt till the Percivals were in poſſeſſion of Beverly; believing that ſhe ſhould then be better rewarded for her ſilence by them, than by the Spencers for her information; though in either way ſhe conſidered the knowledge which ſhe had gained as her certain fortune.

Mrs. Quaintly adviſed that Mr. Stephen ſhould take poſſeſſion, on the anniverſary of his birth, and receive the fair hand of

Miſs Bullion on the day following; but Mr. Percival obſerved, that to prevent any premature proceeding, and that the claim might be complete, they had determined that the birth-day ſhould be celebrated at the Lodge; that they would make their *entrée* on the ſecond, and on the third, ſolemnize the nuptials. To this, however, the young lady ſuggeſted an objection; alledging, that it would be very improper for her to make one in the proceſſion except as the bride of the lord of the place, and proteſted that ſhe would not go to Spencer Aviary till her nuptial day. In this reſolution ſhe was ſupported by the artful Mrs. Mitchel, who commended Miſs Bullion for her delicacy; and the young lady was ſo pleaſed by the ſupport, that ſhe declared Mrs. Mitchel ought to ſettle the whole plan, and vowed ſhe ſhould have the tuition of all her children.

This was Mrs. Mitchel's ultimatum, and it ſealed her ſecrecy. In a very few words, the arrangements were now finally ſettled,

and

and the Biſhop of the Dioceſe, who, in conſideration of ſome ſervices rendered to one of his ſons in the Eaſt Indies, by Mr. Bullion, had promiſed to perform his daughter's wedding ceremony, returned an anſwer to the letter of invitation that he would not fail to be at Beverly on the 16th of June.

Miſs Martha Abington had been earneſtly requeſted by her dear friend Mrs. R. Perceival to make one in their triumphal proceſſion, but ſhe begged to be excuſed, as ſhe ſaid that it would be an open inſult to ſuch of her own family as were intereſted in the event, whoſe hearts ſhe well knew were heavy at the idea of leaving the Aviary, however much they might affect indifference. But as ſhe would not appear with the *other* party, ſhe had determined to make a viſit to a family in Colcheſter, where ſhe had been long expected, and in conſequence, left Beverly a few days before Letitia's return, to the entire ſatisfaction of all her relations, who were perplexed how to act with reſpect to her, in the important affair before them.

CHAP. CX.

A Viſion of the Night.

WE will now convey from Roſe-Valley the party of friends who had paſſed ſo many days of felicity in that rural ſituation, taking with us in our way through London, the Biſhop of Chicheſter; his lady, and the Lord Chancellor, all of whom arrived at Spencer Aviary about ten o'clock in the evening, on the Friday preceding the birth-day of Mr. Stephen Percival, which was on the Monday, and were joyfully received by Mr. Spencer; Mr. and Mrs. Abington; Mr. and Mrs. George Abington; Miſs Abington, and Mr. Barker: and there ſeemed to be but one heart in the company.

Mr. Spencer once expreſſed his wiſh, in which Mrs. G. Abington and Letitia particularly joined, that a previous and private explanation

explanation could take place with the Percivals. But the Chancellor evinced the ſtrong expediency of a public confronting, and remarked, that a tedious and expenſive law-ſuit, which would probably be the reſult of any other mode of proceeding, would deepen the obloquy from which they were deſirous to reſcue the offenders. He reminded them of the venality of the people in whoſe breaſts the proofs of Miſs Spencer's identity were lodged, and obſerved, that though there could not remain a doubt reſpecting the iſſue of ſuch a trial, it would involve the family in a very unpleaſant perplexity for an uncertain length of time; whereas the manner in which he purpoſed to proceed, would drive the oppoſite party to an evident, though tacit confeſſion of their guilt.

The cogency of his lordſhip's reaſoning could not be oppoſed, and Mrs. G. Abington only aſked if he thought that it would be poſſible for the Percivals to determine upon a conteſt after being made acquainted

with the evidence which had been ſecur
To this the truly great lawyer replie
" Would you, my good lady, have i
" gined or believed that they could h
" acted ſo atrociouſly, or, in ſome poi
" ſo abſurdly as they have done, had
" the facts been eſtabliſhed beyond c
" troverſy? If by private remonſtra
" they ſhould be urged to acknowle
" their paſt criminal proceedings,
" make a conſequent relinquiſhment
" their claims, could the circumſt
" be hidden from the world! Certa
" not. By a law-ſuit they cannot
" more; and *may* gain *ſomething:* they
" gain partizans; which to them w
" doubtleſs be conſolatory. By the
" thod for which I contend, every v
" muſt acknowledge our title, as their
" fuſion muſt avow its reality, and
" probable effect of a ſudden and
" attack will be their flight from a
" nity in which they could no longe
" main with honor. And who could

"

" their continuance in this country? Cer-
" tainly no one who wiſhes well to this
" family, or to them; for here, their foot-
" ſteps muſt leave the mark of infamy. I
" admire, madam, your delicacy and your
" tenderneſs, but your good ſenſe muſt
" admit that no lenient meaſures can with
" ſafety be uſed."

Mrs. George Abington ſubmitted, and the reſt of the company, who likewiſe wiſhed for gentle methods, acquieſced with the Chancellor's determination. His Lordſhip then informed them that he had engaged Mr. Montague's attendance at Beverly, with the landlady from Wapping, on Monday evening; at which time alſo he expected the family of Samuel Taylor, and the clerk who had gone with Webſter to carry the letter to Mr. Percival.

The next morning all the inhabitants of Spencer Aviary, except Letitia, ſhewed themſelves in the village: but Letitia was not to be ſeen by any one till the Percivals ſhould appear at the gates; and that no idea

idea of her ſhould be raiſed at the Lodge, the ſtricteſt ſecrecy relative to every thing in which ſhe was concerned, was enjoined to the attendants.

When the report of the Chancellor's arrival reached the ears of the Percivals, they were conſiderably alarmed, though they knew not upon what account.

"His coming at this criſis was extremely "ſtrange!"

"What buſineſs could *he* have at the "Aviary!"

"It was not known that he had any "particular acquaintance with the family!"

"Yet what could he do, were he even "to go there upon buſineſs!"

"He could not overturn a legal right— "as ſuch he muſt believe theirs to be!"

"Why then vex themſelves!"

"Pſhaw! it was ridiculous to be diſ- "turbed about a matter of no conſe- "quence! Old Spencer was a particular "old fellow, and it was doubtleſs his whim "to have the Chancellor preſent at his

"relinquiſhing

" relinquiſhing the property. That was " all."

Thus did people, with diſeaſed conſciences, both torture, and endeavor to quiet their minds with " trifles light as " air; which to the jealous, confirmations " are, as ſtrong as Holy Writ."

The Biſhop of Chicheſter, it was well known, was formerly an intimate acquaintance of the venerable poſſeſſor of the Aviary, yet even *his* viſit, at ſuch a period cauſed a wonder. Indeed every thing that occurred was of moment. A cloud paſſing over the ſun, or that luminary ſhining in noon-tide brightneſs, were incidents of notice, and boded good or evil.

When Mrs. R. Percival went to bed on the night ſucceding the appearance of the company at the Aviary, ſhe could not, for ſeveral hours, cloſe her eye-lids. Hope and apprehenſion ſo divided her heart that ſhe was tortured by the conteſt. At length, for a ſhort time, the realities which ſurrounded her gave way to the fancies of viſion,

viſion, and after many imaginary difficulties, ſhe was approaching the Aviary—that ſum of all her wiſhes—in a triumphal car, which was carried through the air by flying ſerpents. For a moment, every thing appeared in gay and glowing colors, when a dark ſubſtance aroſe before her and impeded her approach to the manſion. It ſoon ſwelled to the height of an enormous mountain, on the top of which, arrayed in ſnowy robes, ſat ſeveral ſmiling cherubs, but when they looked on her, they frowned, and pointed to a form below. Inſtantly ſhe ſaw a man, whom by his robes ſhe knew to be the Chancellor, who holding in one hand a whip of ſcorpions, ſtruck her across the eyes and the proſpect vaniſhed from her ſight, at which ſhe gave a ſcream, and awoke.

The terrors of the viſion were ſo great, that Mrs. Percival was obliged to ſummon ſome aſſiſtance; and it was a conſiderable time before ſhe regained any degree of compoſure.

On

On the Sunday, both the families met at the Pariſh Church, when the Biſhop, at Mr. Barker's requeſt, inſtructed the congregation. The text from which he gave an admirable diſcourſe, was, "For He "knoweth the ſecrets of your hearts," and without any particular deſign, ſaid ſo much which the Percivals applied to themſelves, that an univerſal gloom was ſpread over their countenances, and they peeviſhly decried both the preacher and his doctrine.

The day at the Aviary was ſpent in a manner very different. Every face wore the ſun-ſhine of internal ſatisfaction, and every one enjoyed the happineſs viſible in the others.

On the Monday morning all the forms requiſite to eſtabliſh the lovely Letitia Spencer in her juſt poſſeſſion of the Aviary and its domains, were gone through with the utmoſt accuracy: and with the higheſt gladneſs ſhe was ſaluted queen of the place by every individual preſent. When theſe forms were diſpatched, ſhe reverentially approached

approached her great grandfather, and with inimitable grace re-delivered to him the deed of relinquiſhment which he had juſt ſigned, and entreated him to make her ſituation a happy one by conſidering himſelf, till his lateſt hour, the ſole poſſeſſor of the whole eſtate. The equanimity which Mr. Spencer endeavored to preſerve, was not proof againſt this conduct. Taking the hand of his lovely deſcendant in a kind of tranſport, he led her to Lord Andover, ſaying, "Thus my child, and thus only, "can I reward your abundant merit"—giving to the Earl, whoſe eyes gliſtened with delight, the hand which he held.

The happy Seymour bent his knee while he preſſed to his lips the meſtimable boon, and ſaid, "I did not think any circum-"ſtance could poſſibly have enhanced the "value I ever ſet upon this prize; but "precious as is the gift, it appears to me "to receive additional worth from the "giver."

Every

Every one was charmed by this addreſs of the young nobleman to the good veteran, who was ſo greatly loved and reverenced by every heart.

The remainder of the morning was ſpent in rambles through the enchanting encloſures, and more open pleaſure-grounds which were diſperſed in the extenſive park ſurrounding the manſion of Spencer Aviary, by a ſet of individuals as happy as the moſt raiſed imagination can conceive. Letitia and Lucy walked arm in arm; and earneſt in converſation, ſoon found themſelves at ſome little diſtance from the reſt of the company: when indulging their mutual wiſhes for retirement, they inſenſibly wandered into the grove appropriated to the accommodation of the tuneful race, which communicated its name to the manſion and the eſtate. Here they ſeated themſelves in a leafy alcove, while little birds of various deſcriptions, rendered perfectly tame by familiar treatment, hopped upon the graſs before them, and appeared to render homage to

"allow his being unequalled. How has "he whom I now ſee through yonder "glade deſerved ſuch a declaration?"

Lucy's eye, following that of her ſiſter, diſcovered Clifford at a diſtance. Her bluſh was deepened, and reclining her head on Letitia's ſhoulder, ſhe ſaid in a gentle accent—"I will not diſown my being "happy in his affection, nor my thinking "that he merits my higheſt eſteem. But "he turns this way. I am almoſt ſorry he "is coming, for my heart is ſo ſoftened by "the happineſs of the day, that he will "ſee more of the tenderneſs of my temper "than I wiſh ſhould be viſible."

"But why my Lucy veil yourſelf to ſuch "a man as that?"—was her ſiſter's queſtion as the ſubject of their converſation approached their retirement.

"Lovely ſiſters! Amiable pair of friends! "Say Miſs Spencer—had you rather re"main uninterrupted? Inviting as is the "ſituation, I will return if my intruſion is "unwiſhed,"

" unwiſhed,"—was Clifford's addreſs as he advanced.

" Make room ſiſter," ſaid Letitia, " or " I will give Mr. Clifford my ſeat."

" If I am permitted to ſtay," ſaid he, as Lucy moved, " I will ſit here"—throwing himſelf upon the verdant turf at their feet. " The picture is too beautiful to be diſ- " turbed."

A converſation now enſued in which every one expreſſed a ſenſe of the higheſt felicity, and Lucy did indeed diſcover a more than uſual degree of tenderneſs. The hand of Clifford, in which he held one of her's, was moiſtened by a tear that dropped from her eye when ſhe acknowledged the greatneſs of her happineſs. Juſt then Lord Andover, who had been ſeeking for his friend and was told by his ſervant he had walked towards the Aviary, entered the rotunda from a ſide avenue. Upon ſeeing the happy groupe, he ſtopped, not knowing, as he afterwards told them, whether to contemplate or to add to the party.

For

For ſome moments he ſtood unperceived, but Lucy lifting up her head ſaw him and exclaimed—"Now, now we want"—nothing more—ſhe would have ſaid, but conſcious of the conſtruction which her exclamation muſt admit, ſhe dropped her eyes and met thoſe of Frederic, who with ſincere delight was obſerving her emotion, but fearful of embarraſſing her, inſtantly averted his looks. Seymour now advanced and ſeated himſelf by the ſide of Clifford, when the converſation was renewed with increaſed felicity, and till the dinner bell ſummoned them to join the reſt of their friends, they thought not of departing from the grove, where every thing deſirable, on this ſide of Heaven, ſeemed to centre.

Can any of our peruſers form an idea of more ſupreme earthly bliſs than that which filled the hearts of the four amiable beings above mentioned! The moſt exalted opinion and the higheſt glow of fervency conſpired to create the pureſt love.—Love, which Angels might acknowledge and man

delight

delight in.—Love, in its genuine ſenſe; ſuch as the beneficent Creator of the Univerſe implanted in the ſoul of mortals, to ſoften the cares of life and ſweeten its bitters: to give in this foretaſte of Heaven, a deſire for its fuller delights. What but love can harmonize the rough mind of man! What but love, dignify that of woman! To this it gives conſequence; to that, conciliation: and to both a deſire of doing acts worthy of the approbation of the object of affection.

But think not, ye ſimple boys and girls, that the fever of your ſpirits, to which the name of love has unthinkingly been given, deſerves the glorious appellation: nor believe ye ſordid and ambitious, that the intemperate purſuit of the riches and honors annexed to the object ye are deſirous to ſecure, has a whit better title to the noble epithet of affection. A love of perſon, creates the firſt; a love of ſelf, the ſecond; but genuine affection can only be produced in a breaſt capable of admiring every thing

truly amiable, and of loving, with ſincerity, every thing really virtuous.

Love—pure love, as we juſt now intimated, teaches men virtue; and we likewiſe affirm that virtue teaches men to love; for how can the heart where virtue preſides, be inſenſible to the charms of an agreeable form which virtue actuates! To ſuffer imaginary wiſdom or fancied conſequence to ſuppreſs this nobleſt of the human paſſions, is to endeavor to riſe ſuperior to the deſigns of the Great Creator—to be wiſer than even GOD himſelf. Men and women are doubtleſs fit companions for each other. If not—WHO IS CHARGEABLE WITH THE INEQUALITY?

Let pedants anſwer fairly to this queſtion.

Education, it may be alledged, debaſes the female ſex, and renders it too trifling for the ſerious converſation of men of underſtanding. Where then does the fault of *education* reſt? If man is really a ſuperior being, why does he not govern his family according to his wiſdom, and command

mand that his daughters receive ſuch inſtructions as will qualify them to act the important part for which they are deſigned by nature? But if that part of education which teaches our girls the airs and graces of a fine lady be contemptible in the eye of the ſages of the other ſex, how much more deſerving of ridicule is a young gentleman of ſeventeen at the dancing ſchool, with his feet in the ſtocks!—inſtructed in nothing but in the art of making himſelf *agreeable to the ladies!* Is this one of the ſex that looks down from a fancied elevated ſtand in nature, upon the world of females in general! Can a little ſubſequent inſtruction in Latin and Greek, added to two or three years reſidence within the walls of a college, render the mighty man of ſo much conſequence as to hold in diſdain thoſe ſpecies of beings which *his Creator* called into exiſtence and pronounced to be *his meet companions!!* Nothing but conceit or arrogance, or invulnerable ſtupidity can dare to aſſert that women were

created as unworthy objects of man's affection. We do not contend for that equality of capacity which some celebrated heroines have written to assert. No; men have advantages which women are denied, and women abilities which men can never attain: so differently and so wisely has the Great Creator of both, endowed the sexes, that they might be useful as well as agreeable companions, or—in other words, *meet helps*—to each other.

Strength of body, and perhaps of mind, appertains in general, to the masculine race of beings; but then beauty of person and fineness of understanding is as generally monopolized by the females. Probably the pre-eminence contended for by the first, arose originally from their superiority in muscular strength. Be that as it may, it would puzzle even a Woolstonecraft to find the smallest pretext for the *superiority* of *women*; equality being all that ever was contended for by the strongest female partizan.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXI.

The Sixteenth of June.

THE dinner bell ſummoned from more than arcadian happineſs, Lord Andover; Mr. Clifford, and the two lovely ſiſters, who at the ſkirts of the grove encountered Miſs Abington and Mr. Barker, whoſe milder felicity would have been as conſpicuous to an obſerver, as that which glowed with higher radiance in the countenances of the more juvenile couples. A ſmile of complacency from all around, expreſſed the pleaſure which the unexpected meeting occaſioned, and the happineſs of each individual was heightened by a conſideration of that which the others experienced.

Soon after dinner was ended, Lord Andover was ſummoned to a ſervant who had arrived expreſs from London. His buſi-

neſs was to deliver ſome writings which his lordſhip, at Miſs Spencer's deſire, had ordered to be expedited. The Chancellor was then requeſted to aſſiſt, and Letitia in his preſence executed the deed, which Lord Andover witneſſed, the purport of which was, to empower her father to charge the Aviary eſtate with thirty thouſand pounds for his younger children. When this was delivered to Mr. E. Spencer, he folded his daughter to his heart and kiſſed her in the fondeſt manner, but ſpoke not, for he was too much affected to uſe language. The family in general received the communication in the ſame manner, and Letitia was ſo oppreſſed with their acknowledgments, that ſhe was obliged to retire to her own apartment, and make perfect ſilence, reſpecting what ſhe called the indiſpenſable circumſtance, a condition of her return to company: that condition agreed to, ſhe appeared at the tea-table.

Nothing could be more perfect than the harmony which reigned amongſt this ſelect company.

company. Convivial and congenial, they enjoyed the trueſt happineſs experienced by the ſons and daughters of mortality. Mr. Spencer the Good—for that was the epithet which he truly deſerved—ſeemed to be carried back to the period of youth, and he ſpoke on the bleſſings which were ſhowered upon them with a livelineſs and energy that gave additional warmth to the hearts of his hearers. The chancellor, who was more celebrated for *ſtrength*, than *gentleneſs*, of mind, ſaid—" My dear Sir, you " ſoften me beyond my nature, at the ſame " time that you make me ſenſible of more " than common dignity of ſoul."

The biſhop ſaid—" Mr. Spencer never " ſpeaks, but he elevates my ideas. The " next world has always ſuch an imme- " diate connection in his eye, with this, " that whenever he talks, I ſeem advancing " in my way to Heaven, without the leaſt " ſenſe of either diſtance or difficulty " between."

" Thank GOD," ſaid Mr. Edward

" Spencer, " that he has been ſpared to " us till this period; for unſpeakable as is " the joy which we experience in finding " our beloved child, it would have receiv- " ed great abatement had his preſence and " participation been wanting."

" To have been made a mean of happi- " neſs to any of my friends muſt ever " have afforded me the higheſt delight " I could receive on this ſide Heaven," replied Letitia, with a crimſoned cheek; " but that my grandfather Spencer lives " to partake of the ſatisfaction which the " recent change of circumſtances has given " to his family, every one preſent will al- " low me to ſay is the conſideration which " moſt particularly heightens my pleaſure " and my gratitude."

" Forbear my children" ſaid the vener- able parent, " thus to affect me. You " make me ſenſible of weakneſſes I wiſh to " guard againſt. The proſpect around me " is ſuch, that, did not the infirmities of " my body remind me of my age, it might " allure

" allure my view through many future
" years of terreſtrial enjoyment. But
" thanks to that beneficent Being who
" has ſo kindly ordained an increaſing
" imbecillity to weaken our love of this
" world's pleaſures and to draw our wiſhes
" to that in which we are promiſed a re-
" newal of youth and ſtrength which ſhall
" never know decay. I only look forward
" to a removal from theſe happy ſcenes;
" for I think that I have nothing now to
" do but to die. What more can I be
" bleſſed with in this ſublunary ſtate?
" What indeed is there left me even to
" wiſh for? To expect a pure and cloud-
" leſs ſky within this troubled vortex, is
" inconſiſtent with the nature of our ſitu-
" ation. Light and ſhade form the beauty
" of our proſpects. It is only in a higher
" region that eternal ſunſhine gilds the day.
" At preſent, indeed, all around us appears
" ſerene. The only cloud that intervenes,
" is the darkened mind of my grand-
" daughter Eleanor, and even that will I

" hope in time be purified. Her mor-
" tification muſt unavoidably be great,
" and I truſt her contrition will ſucceed.
" Let us therefore look forward, no-
" thing doubting, with joy and gratitude;
" prepared to receive the unpleaſant as
" well as the pleaſant incidents of life;
" the firſt being proofs, equally with the
" laſt, of Heavenly care and kindneſs.
" The leſs we are attached to this life, the
" leſs occaſion is there for us to be viſited
" by misfortune, as the more we are wed-
" ded to its pleaſures, the greater is the
" neceſſity for Him, who watches for our
" welfare, to ſtrew afflictions in our paths,
" that we may withdraw our hearts from
" tranſitory happineſs. In my former life
" I have often been ſenſible of the efficacy
" of ſorrow. At this period, joy appears
" to uſurp its office, for every additional
" felicity which I experience, ſeems more
" and more to expand my heart towards
" a ſtill better inheritance, and to add fer-
" vor to my wiſhes for that ſtate where no
" ideas

"ideas of ſeparation ſhall ſhade our happineſs."

While the good man continued ſpeaking the moſt perfect ſilence marked the attention of every auditor, and when he ceaſed, they for ſome moments forbore to reply, leſt they ſhould interrupt what he might farther intend to ſay. But, when they perceived that he had ended, they broke into the warmeſt expreſſions of love and reverence; every one ſaying ſomething which evinced peculiar ſatisfaction that the diſcovery had been permitted to take place before his tranſlation to brighter Regions—to Regions of more pure felicity.

In the cool of the evening, the company amuſed themſelves in the gardens, till upon the arrival of ſome carriages they returned into the houſe, where they found thoſe people whom the chancellor had ſummoned to Beverly to aid his deſign upon the Percivals. Soon after their arrival, the ſervants were all ordered to appear in the great hall, where they were properly informed of

the circumſtances of the time, and received orders how to conduct themſelves on the enſuing morning.

A general joy animated every breaſt, upon being preſented to their young lady and old maſter, and they congratulated each other with tears of gladneſs upon the proſpect of their ſtill living together: ſo united were all the branches of this truly arcadian family, from the higheſt to the loweſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXII.

We will now attend the buſy Family at the Lodge; reverting to the Period of Mrs. R. Percival's being ſo much affected by a Viſion of the Night.

WHEN ſhe aroſe in the morning, ſhe found herſelf ſo very unwell, that, Mr. Percival judging it expedient to ſend for a phyſician, Doctor Wilfred was ſummoned, who pronounced a hurry of ſpirits to be the occaſion of the lady's indiſpoſition, and recommended repoſe: but repoſe at the preſent criſis, could not poſſibly be experienced. Her ſoul was in commotion, and all that the Doctor could prevail upon her to do, was to loſe a ſmall quantity of blood; for notwithſtanding that it was Sunday, ſhe had much important buſineſs to tranſact relative to the enſuing days.

Late as it was, the debate reſpecting the

the propriety of inviting *the people of the Aviary and Shrubbery* [that was their irreverent expreſſion], to either of the feſtivals, had not yet been concluded. They had previouſly announced with all due form, " *that Mr. Stephen Percival, the true incon-* " *teſtible, juſt and lawful heir, in right of* " *his mother, of all the eſtates belonging to* " *the late Humphrey Charlton, Eſq. would,* " *on Tueſday the ſeventeenth of June, being* " *the day after that which would complete his* " *title to the eſtates above mentioned, make his* " *entry into the manſion of Spencer Aviary,* " *there to abide for the remainder of his* " *natural life, &c. &c.*;" but no intimation had been given that the birth-day would be celebrated with ſplendor. Stephen judged it proper to invite their relations; as the omiſſion muſt be termed a breach of that apparent cordiality which had for ſome time paſt ſubſiſted between the families.

The cordiality Mr. Percival ſaid, had been ſo much interrupted by their impertinent

tinent interference in Seymour's affairs, that he could not think it requiſite to take any notice of them on the enſuing occaſion; and as an invitation had not before been given, he thought it would be abſurd to invite them at that period.

That no notice ſhould be taken of the people—was therefore determined upon.

Mr. Murray and Mr. Tomkins, two profeſſors of the law were now announced; after which, ſeveral hours were ſpent by the gentlemen in peruſing and executing deeds and ſettlements; by the ladies, in trying their various new dreſſes for the two grand days. Mr. Bullion, who with his wife, had arrived at the Lodge on the evening before, was all buſtle and importance. "*His Becca was one of the richeſt "heireſſes, and would ſoon be one of the "firſt women in the three kingdoms.*" *Ben "Bullion was no pauper!*" "*Let* HIM "*alone for producing the chink!*" *He "would count guineas with any Duke in "the Nation.*" "*Had toiled h—ll—ſtly "hard.*

" *hard for what he had got!*" " *The poor* " *black d—v—ls uſed to ſtare and howl* " *moſt curſedly when they ſaw him approach-* " *ing!*"

With ſuch infamous boaſting of rapine, and probably of murder, did this monied monſter endeavour to impreſs a ſenſe of his conſequence, while Stephen Percival paid the moſt adulating attention to every ſentence. Mrs. Bullion was not of equal importance amongſt the ladies, for Miſs treated her mama with ſo much indignity that it degraded her in the opinion of other people.

The morning of the ſixteenth of June, now dawning upon the Percivals, is uſhered in, by the ringing of all the bells in the vicinity. The Lodge is crouded with company, and the family receives the moſt flattering compliments of congratulation on the joyful occaſion. Throughout the day, nothing is heard but ſounds of feſtivity, and a moſt ſumptuous entertainment is partaken of by all who accepted the invitation.

invitation. The anxiety of Mrs. R. Percival is almoſt ſubſided. She begins to feel herſelf ſecure; though ſhe cannot forbear frequently to breathe her fervent wiſh for the cloſe of the enſuing day.

Miſs Bullion was perfectly elated with her proſpect; yet even *ſhe* wiſhed for the arrival of the period which was to ſecure beyond a poſſibility of diſappointment, her terreſtrial felicity.

Old Mrs. Percival ſmiled a ſmile of venom. She gloried in the ſucceſs of her ſchemes, and laughed at Providence, while ſhe expreſſed her concurrence with Mrs. Quaintly's aſſertion, that it was Heaven's deſign that the deſcendants of Mrs. R. Percival ſhould enjoy *the goodly heritage.*

The brow of Mr. Percival ſeemed darkened by care. He tried to expreſs a ſenſe of joy, but the appearance would not ſit upon his features, though his mother, like Lady Macbeth, reproached him with cowardice. To her he replied that he had as much confidence in their proſpects as ſhe had

had; and as much happineſs; but that he thought a *manly* expreſſion of his ſatisfaction more becoming his time of life, than the gaiety ſuitable only to youthfulneſs. Notwithſtanding this aſſertion, the heart of Mr. Percival was ſad: not from the leaſt degree of compunction, but from a cauſe by him unfathomable.

Muſic; dancing, and various other ſpecies of entertainment, employed the family and the company. Wine was diſtributed in ſuch ample quantities, that very few in the houſe retired to their beds in perfect ſobriety. Even the ladies, exceeding their uſual allowance, were ſenſible of increaſed hilarity from its effects. But as ſcenes like theſe are uncongenial with our purity, and diſguſting to our favorite peruſers, we will convey them to the riſing of the ſun on the day enſuing; the tranſactions of which, claim a chapter to themſelves.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXIII.

Virtue and Vice in Relievo.

NOT an intervening cloud was ſeen in the ſky on the morning of the impatiently-expected ſeventeenth of June. Even the winds ſeemed to conſpire to render the day delightful; the weſtern breeze alone playing in the air, which otherwiſe the beams of the midſummer ſun would have warmed to an unpleaſant degree.

The feſtivity of the preceding day was no way comparable to that of this great epoch in our hiſtory which the preſent chapter is intended to commemorate; for now the whole country for ſeveral miles round, ſeemed to be in agitation. All the tenants from the great to the ſmall, were ſummoned to ſwell the proceſſion of the Percivals to Spencer Aviary, and every family in the country preſſed to increaſe the

the train of the triumphing party. Many that were invited were too dependent upon the Lords of Beverly to refuſe the invitation: their attachment to their revered patron, who then inhabited the manſion, would otherwiſe have prevented their compliance; and ſcarcely any who appeared in the cavalcade went merely as a friend.

Our readers will again revert to the 88th chapter of our labors, if they wiſh to refreſh their ideas of the projected entrance, which underwent very little alteration from the original deſign.

The prelate who was to perform the nuptial ceremony, arrived at Beverly on the evening before, and all the reſt of the company appeared there in time to partake of a breakfaſt, which would have done honor to the gardens of an Engliſh Ambaſſador in a foreign country.

After the repaſt, the carriages and bands of muſic were ordered to be in readineſs: the *horſe and foot*, were likewiſe ſummoned

to

to their ſtations, that all might move at the ſame moment.

In the firſt coach, drawn by ſix very beautiful cream coloured horſes with black manes and tails, harneſſed in the moſt ſuperb manner, ſat Mrs. R. Percival; Miſs Bullion; Mr. Stephen and the reverend biſhop; the ladies now dreſſed with the utmoſt magnificence imagination can portray, and the bridegroom-elect no leſs ſumptuouſly apparelled.

In the ſecond coach was Mr. Percival and his mother, with Mrs. Bullion.

The third conveyed the two young ladies, with Robert and George; the latter grieving at being obliged to attend upon an occaſion which he feared would give pain to many friends whom he moſt ſincerely valued.

Mrs. Mitchel and Mrs. Quaintly, who was conſidered as one of the family, occupied the fourth, accompanied by the ſon of the lady laſt mentioned (he being appointed domeſtic chaplain to the intended new

:w houſehold) and one of the lawyers: ıe other being diſpatched as a herald to nnounce the approach of the imaginar_ · ıeir and his retinue.

The following carriages were filled wit_ the invited gentlemen and ladies, attende_ by a long train of ſervants in the gaye_ liveries; the people on foot and muſician s, as had been pre-determined, keeping pace with the horſes, which moved ſlowly forward. Beſides theſe, a great many ſmart young gentlemen (amongſt whom were ſeveral officers mounted upon prancing horſes) rode at random, and created an agreeable confuſion. The herald was preceded by two ſervants blowing french horns, and before the firſt carriage, were ſeveral muſicians with various inſtruments.

The ribband for favors, cockades and ſtreamers, was of a bright orange-color.

The order of their alighting was ſettle with much ſolemnity, and it was decree that immediately after the form of takii poſſeſſion had been legally gone throug

he fair and yielding hand of Miſs Re-ecca Bullion was, by his Reverend Lord-hip, to be ſecured to Mr. Stephen Percival or ever.

We will now leave the proceſſion to move it leiſure and attend to what paſſed at Spen-cer Aviary.

Very different from the tumultuous ex-pectations which agitated the Percivals, were the ſenſations which filled the breaſts of the inhabitants of this peaceful dwelling on their awaking from their quiet and healthful ſleep. Not deſtitute perhaps of anxiety reſpecting the events of the enſuing day; they were perfectly free from that boiſterous joy or pain which tears the bo-ſom of deliberate guilt when it is ſucceſs-ful, or when it fails.

The family at the Aviary aroſe in the morning at an early hour, to receive ſome company which the Chancellor deſired might be invited to witneſs the conduct of the Percivals, on the appearance of Miſs Spencer. Amongſt ſeveral others, was Mr. Lewis,

Lewis, the fellow-captive of Mr. G. Abington; with whom (though we have not lately had occaſion to mention him) that gentleman held a conſtant and moſt friendly intercourſe. Mr. Lewis was accompanied by his lady and a beautiful daughter about the age of thirteen. A Mr. Kelby, likewiſe, an eminent gentleman of the law, with his two ſons, arrived at the ſame time, and upon the ſame account; and very unexpectedly, though not unwelcomely, Mr. Fonnereau, the admirer of Matilda Spencer, from Bankfield in Warwickſhire, drove his phaeton up to the portico. The company was ſeated at breakfaſt when a ſervant delivered Mr. Fonnereau's compliments, upon which the cheek of Matilda was ſuffuſed with crimſon, but as nobody appeared to notice her confuſion, ſhe recovered herſelf ſo far as to be able to receive his addreſs with a tolerable grace, though not without his gathering hope from her embarraſſment.

Sir Horace and lady Forteſcue; the earl and counteſs of Belmont, with their

ſon

on Lord Blandford, an accompliſhed young nobleman, and ſeveral others of reſpectable character, added to the company.

The ringing of bells had long been heard from every quarter, and the ſound of martial muſic, at a diſtance, was now very diſtinguiſhable; upon which the Chancellor expreſſed his wiſh to have breakfaſt finiſhed as ſoon as convenient, that every thing might be properly arranged before the arrival of the expected party. His wiſh was inſtantly complied with. Every one was ſoon ready to be diſpoſed of according to his direction.

The buildings at Spencer Aviary were ſurrounded, at ſome diſtance from the houſe, by a ſunk-fence, of an irregular figure, over which were thrown, in divers directions, ſeveral bridges; ſome conſpicuous, others hardly to be ſeen at ten yards diſtance. Juſt without the gates of the principal one which fronted the grand entrance, had been ſpread the evening before, a very large tent of green ſilk, the curtains

of which could in an inſtant, be drawn up into feſtoons. Within this tent all the company, Mr. Spencer and Mrs. G. Abington (who had retired to their apartments) excepted, were ſeated by order of the Chancellor; and were requeſted to pay attention to what ſhould paſs on the arrival of the approaching invaders.

Letitia, who had endeavored to exert all her fortitude, and who had, till this period, appeared compoſed and collected, was now overpowered by the arduous circumſtances of the moment, and fell lifeleſs into the arms of Lord Blandford and Mr. Clifford, between whom ſhe was ſitting. Lord Andover, apprehenſive of this effect of the morning's buſineſs, had for ſome time watched her countenance, and ſeeing her fall, ſprang to her and aſſiſted in leading her into the more open air, where ſhe ſoon recovered. Then making apologies for the buſtle which ſhe had occaſioned (for everybody was alarmed,) ſhe hoped ſhe ſaid that ſhe ſhould now go through the taſk allotted to her, though

though ſhe wiſhed that her preſence had not been deemed requiſite; but as ſhe was told it could not be diſpenſed with, ſhe had ſubmitted to the painful neceſſity, and was ſorry the ſtrength of her mind was inſufficient for the occaſion.

The lovely Letitia never appeared more beautiful than at this moment. She was deeply affected at being obliged to diſtreſs the moſt inveterate of her enemies; who had not only endeavored to deprive her of her birth-right, but to plunge her amongſt the moſt infamous and wretched of her ſex; and would willingly, had it been permitted, have compromiſed the buſineſs, and pardoned all their crimes againſt her:—an inclination to forgive which thoſe who "love "juſtice more than mercy," will deem an unpardonable weakneſs. It was a weakneſs however which we ſo truly venerate, that we conſider it as one of the brighteſt traits in the diſpoſition of our heroine, compoſed as that was, of the pureſt—of the moſt angelic qualities. Yet ſhe did not

make an oſtentatious diſplay of her clemency. She did not officiouſly talk of her feelings: on the contrary—knowing the neceſſity of the proceeding, ſhe endeavored to ſuppreſs her ſenſe of its ſeverity till the tenderneſs of her nature ſubdued her fortitude.

The herald, preceded by his two muſicians, now appeared at the porter's lodge, and was, in a few minutes at the upper gates. The Chancellor, profeſſionally habited, advanced to receive him, when with ſtudied ſolemnity he ſaid in an audible voice—"My Lord! for I underſtand I am "ſpeaking to the Chancellor of England, "I come in the name of Stephen Percival "Eſq. the only true and lawful heir of "theſe domains, to demand free and un-"controuled entrance into the manſion of "Spencer Aviary, for himſelf; his friends, "and his ſervants, that he may there live "and dwell for evermore, according to "the laſt will and teſtament of his great,

"great

" great grandfather, Humphry Charlton " Eſq. late lord of all Beverly."

" Let him come to me," ſaid his lordſhip abruptly, in anſwer to this pompous ſpeech: " and do you ſir take notice of the " reception which he will meet."

The lawyer was conſiderably ſurpriſed at both the words and manner of the Chancellor, and well knowing his great abilities, and that he would not act without due conſideration and authority, he began to ſuſpect ſomething might be amiſs on the part of his clients, he therefore determined to be attentive to what was paſſing, and a little cautious in the buſineſs, that he might not take the wrong ſide of the queſtion.

At this inſtant the cavalcade entered the park, when his lordſhip advancing to the tent deſired the company to be in readineſs, ſaying to Miſs Spencer—" You muſt now, " my dear child, recollect you are doing " your duty to GOD; to your friends; " your country; yourſelf, and poſterity. " Nothing leſs than the conduct which

" you are requeſted to obſerve can avert " calamities to your family; ſave your ene- " mies from utter ruin and diſgrace, and " prevent the laſt hours of your great " grandfather from being ſcenes of trouble " and diſtreſs."

" O! ſir," replied Letitia, " what in- " citing motives do you lay before me! I " truſt I ſhall have ſtrength to do what " you and my other friends require."

As the firſt coach approached the gates, ſurrounded by muſic and ſervants, the Chancellor left the tent and walked towards the proceſſion. The doors of the carriages, now all drawn up, were inſtantly opened, and Mrs. R. Percival; Miſs Bullion; Mr. Stephen, and the Biſhop alighted and were advancing to the gates, when the great law-lord, aſſuming an air of true importance, walked up to the young gentleman and ſaid in a firm tone,

" Mr. Stephen Percival, I preſume."

" The ſame ſir," replied Mr. Stephen, bowing low.

" And

" And I am his mother my lord," ſaid the impatient lady; " come hither, as you " have doubtleſs been informed, to take " poſſeſſion of our lawful right and inhe- " ritance."

" By what authority madam?" aſked the Chancellor.

" By what authority ſir! By the autho- " rity of my great grandfather Charlton's " will. My ſon Stephen, in right of his " mother is the owner of the Beverly " eſtate," replied Mrs. Percival with a fluttering heart.

" Are you madam ſure of that?" aſked his lordſhip: then without waiting for an anſwer, called to the ſervants, who had been previouſly directed, to pull the cords; upon which the curtains of the tent were inſtantly drawn up and the whole company diſcovered.

Mrs. R. Percival, who by this time was ſurrounded by her friends, ſtood in amazement; when the Chancellor ſtepping back, took the hand of Letitia, while his lordſhip

of Chicheſter ſupported her on the other ſide, the reſt of the company (Taylor and his wife in the front) following her in due order, and ſaid,

" MISS LETITIA SPENCER, THE ELDEST " GREAT GRAND CHILD OF THE LATE MR. " CHARLTON, GIVES ME AUTHORITY TO " BID WELCOME TO THE MANSION OF " SPENCER AVIARY, ALL THE FRIENDS OF " HER FAMILY. IF YOU, MADAM, ARE OF " THAT NUMBER—" He was proceeding with much ſolemnity in his voice and manner, when a ſhocking ſcream, ſomething like a groan, from the lady he addreſſed, interrupted him.

When ſhe firſt ſaw the lovely object of her treachery, ſhe ſtood transfixed. When the nurſe; her huſband; Captain Montague; and Mrs. Carter advanced, and the Chancellor preſented MISS LETITIA SPENCER—ſhe heard no more: horror ſeized her ſoul. The whole deſign ſtood confeſſed and overwhelmed her ſenſes, till the violence of her inward commotions prevailing,

ng, ſhe gave the ſcream above-mentioned, and fell, in ſtrong convulſions, into the arms of her ſon, whoſe countenance was paler, if poſſible, than that of death itſelf.

The ſcene which ſucceeded was too horrid to be regularly portrayed, were our powers of deſcription equal to the attempt. The whole park was in confuſion, as the delegates of the Chancellor performed their miſſion, by giving the company from the Lodge a proper explanation of the cauſe of the diſorder. Mr. Percival with a menacing air approaching his lordſhip, in violent invectives, accuſed him with the murder of his wife; and indeed it was almoſt apprehended that ſhe had left the ſcene forever. Our great lawyer ſtood perfectly tranquil and in an elevated tone, ſaid—

" *Did I ſpeak daggers,*" ſir? Words " were my only weapons. Your own " friends can witneſs what *they* were."

This enraged him to almoſt madneſs, while his mother darted through the crowd like a perfect fury. Letitia was terrified,

and earneſtly entreated permiſſion and aſſiſtance to withdraw. But ſhe was deſired not to go farther than the tent, and to this ſhe was conducted by her mother and Lord Andover, who uſed every method to calm and ſoothe her mind, which was exquiſitely pained by the ſpectacle of the diſtreſs occaſioned by her preſence. Had her own happineſs indeed been alone in the queſtion, ſhe would readily and gladly have relieved this diſtreſs by almoſt any means in her power: and ſhe now ſeriouſly regretted the conſent which ſhe had given to appear before Mrs. R. Percival in this ſudden and public manner. But as it was now too late to ſuſpend any of the proceedings, ſhe could only compaſſionate the preſent ſufferings of her former perſecutors; and feel for thoſe, who had never felt for her.

In the mean time the confuſion in the park became general. While Mrs. R. Percival was ſupported on a chair that had been carried from the tent, and methods uſed to recover her from a ſtrong convul-

five

ſive fit, which rendered it impoſſible to ſeat her in the coach, Miſs Bullion ſeemed petrified with aſtoniſhment. She could not, for ſome time, comprehend the meaning of the buſtle, but when ſhe was made acquainted with the truth of the circumſtances, her ſurpriſe was converted into rage, and ſhe uttered the moſt violent and indecent language. In vain did her father and mother, who were themſelves ſufficiently chagrined, endeavor to pacify her by urging that "they were on the right ſide of the "hedge;" that the engagement was now null and void, and ſhe at liberty to make another choice, &c. Nothing could calm the torrent of her paſſion: her pride, not her love (for Mr. Stephen Percival, abſtracted from circumſtances, was to her an object of abſolute indifference) was humbled to the duſt. Inſtead of being the very firſt perſonage in the vicinity, ſhe was, and might long remain, only Miſs Bullion, "daughter to people *of no conſequence.*" This was her diſreſpectful language of thoſe

to whom ſhe owed her origin. At length wearied with abuſing the authors of her diſgrace, ſhe hurried to her father's coach and ordering him and her mother to get in, *immediately* commanded the poſtillions to drive *as faſt as poſſible* to Bullion Bower; where we will leave her to a diſappointment rendered abſolutely intolerable by the conſideration of the happineſs of that girl—that deſpiſed *Harriet Montague*—that girl, who of all girls in the world ſhe deteſted for her beauty and preſumption, and who was now in a ſituation ſo greatly ſuperior to her own. At firſt, ſo great was her rage againſt the Percivals *for daring to deceive* HER, that this ſource of mortification was almoſt unheeded: but when it was attended to, it was more than ſhe could endure. The conſequences were a fit; a fever, and for ſome time, a delirium.

Miſs Percival; Miſs Deborah; Robert, and George, experienced various emotions upon being informed of the outlines of the ſtory. The two young ladies hated Letitia with

with inveteracy, both for her beauty and her conqueſts over hearts which they themſelves wiſhed to ſecure: and her advancement would in itſelf have been a ſubject of lamentation; and particularly, in the preſent caſe, to Miſs Percival, as the preſence of Lord Andover (whom ſhe ſtill retained ſome hope to conquer when ſhe ſhould have had the increaſed conſequence of reſiding at Spencer Aviary) left no doubt of their enſuing union. Theſe conſiderations added to the diſgrace of their family, overwhelmed them with ſhame and ſorrow.

Robert ſpoke not one ſyllable. Something like a ſullen ſatisfaction aroſe in his breaſt at the diſappointment of his brother, who, on account of his ſeniority, had for ſome time paſt been an object of his envy: yet aſhamed of the diſgraceful buſineſs, he took a horſe from one of the ſervants and rode back to the Lodge. George, in whoſe younger breaſt every generous and every noble paſſion dwelt, fled the ſcene from different motives. He likewiſe took one

of

of his father's horſes, but inſtead of returning home, rode poſt to Cambridge; being determined never more to reſide with his family.

When Mrs. Mitchel ſaw the aſſemblage in the tent, and diſtinguiſhed Letitia, ſhe inſtantly conceived the cauſe of the ſucceeding confuſion, and ſaid, in a manner which evinced her having had ſome previous knowledge of the circumſtances—"Curſed fate! What a fiend is here con-"jured up at this criſis!"

Mr. William Kelby, who was one of the gentlemen deputed by the Chancellor to diſſeminate the particulars of the ſtory in a proper manner, was juſt behind her when ſhe ſpoke, and being aware of the advantage her confeſſion would afford to the cauſe of truth, ſaid "I find, madam, I need "not inform *you* of the cauſe of this con-"fuſion: you are already acquainted with "the affair."

"O! yes, I have known—Sir! who are "you pray! What reaſon have you to "ſuppoſe

" ſuppoſe I was privy—I do not under-
" ſtand you Sir"—was the unguarded reply which an involuntary deſire of being thought knowing, and a recollection of conſequences, drew from Mrs. Mitchel.

" Dear madam! of what efficacy is
" your caution now! Situated as you have
" been, it is not *much* to be wondered
" at that you thought yourſelf obliged to
" keep the ſecret," ſaid the gentleman who was afterwards an honor to the Bar.

" No, Sir, I have not been *obliged* to
" keep the ſecret," returned the governeſs, whoſe affronted pride diſtanced her prudence, " for I diſcovered it myſelf by
" mere accident. I was not entruſted."

" You however *are* acquainted with the
" circumſtances, madam; and you did not
" think it proper to reveal them," replied Mr. Kelby.

" It was nor till very lately, ſir, that I
" knew the affair perfectly; and I have
" balanced in my mind what, protected as
" I have been by the family at the Lodge,

" rectitude

" rectitude required me to do in the buſi-
" neſs. I will aſſure you I have been
" prompted to make the diſcovery," again returned Mrs. Mitchel, midway between pride and prudence.

Mr. Edmund Kelby had been ſome time near his brother, who had given him a ſign to liſten to the lady, and when ſhe finiſhed her laſt ſpeech he ſaid, " Brother, you will
" remember this lady's words." Then turning to her—" We are greatly indebted
" to you madam. You will not refuſe to
" repeat what you have now ſaid when call-
" ed upon in a proper place and manner." In ſaying which he bowed and left her in the higheſt aſtoniſhment and perplexity. Mrs. Quaintly who was near, begged her to explain what was going forward; bleſſing herſelf and declaring that ſhe knew not what to think; but proteſting that if Heaven took the part of the ungodly there would be no living in the world with ſafety.

The Biſhops of Chicheſter and of the Dioceſe

Dioceſe now met, when the firſt ſaid to the other, "Brother, I am ſorry to ſee you "under any engagements to the party "with which you came hither. Are you "ſo circumſtanced as to be obliged to re-"turn to the Lodge?"

"Certainly not," replied the other. "If, as there ſeems reaſon to apprehend, "the family has acted with duplicity, I "ſhall not think it right to countenance "their conduct by my company."

A few words of explanation ſettled the buſineſs between theſe clerical lords. The Prelate of Chicheſter propoſed to the other to go to the Aviary, and ſaid that he thought his influence, properly exerted, might induce the Percivals to ſubmit to the neceſſity of yielding to the cauſe of rectitude, without making themſelves ſtill more notorious by determining upon litigation. This was immediately agreed to, and the two reverend gentlemen went and mixed with Mr. Spencer's company.

The efforts to recover Mrs. Percival from

from her fit, were long unſucceſsful. At length however ſhe opened her eyes, and not ſeeing Letitia, ſhe exclaimed—" And " is ſhe gone? Or have I been in a cauſe- " leſs terror? Was ſhe never here. Tell " me, tell what has been—" at that moment her eyes caught ſight of nurſe Taylor, and ſhe ſaid with her teeth ſhut—" O " thou execrable wretch! Thou infernal " monſter! All this is owing to thee, " thou diabolical"——

" Indeed, madam," ſaid the woman interrupting her, " it was not any longer in " my power to hide"——

" Peace thou wretch! thou perjured " wretch!" exclaimed the almoſt frantic Mrs. R. Percival, in a raiſed tone of voice. " How often haſt thou ſworn—what dread- " ful imprecations uſed—that death itſelf " ſhould not lead thee to reveal"——

" Mother! mother! what do you " mean" interrupted Mr. Stephen. " To " whom do you ſpeak? And what are you " talking about?"

" What

" What do you mean Eleanor?" aſked Mr. Percival, following his ſon's hint. " You have been taken ill, and had better " return to the Lodge, if you are not able " to proceed."

" *Return!*" ſaid old Mrs. Percival in a fury nothing ſhort of madneſs. RETURN! " But yes, we *will* return, and come back " again, to the confuſion of all oppoſers"— " darting a look of dire malignity at the Chancellor, who, with Mr. Kelby, ſtood making proper obſervations on what was paſſing.

" Who madam oppoſes your now pro- " ceeding?" aſked his lordſhip. " The " path is free;" ſtanding back and waving his hand toward the gates. " The friends " of virtue will always be welcome at Spen- " cer Aviary. You cannot ſay that you " are prohibited an entrance. On the " contrary, I repeat an invitation in Miſs " Spencer's name to as many of the com- " pany here aſſembled as will favor her " with their preſence."

The

The Chancellor ſpoke in ſo audible a voice, that he was clearly heard by the whole circle, every one having crouded up towards the gates, to learn the full particulars of the diſaſtrous event. This invitation increaſed the ire of the Percivals; and rage was ſo predominant that they could not, for ſome moments, make any reply: till at length Mr. Stephen, whoſe ſmooth policy had not, even on this trying occaſion, entirely deſerted him, ſaid that as he perceived his mother was too ill to go into company; he thought it would be proper to convey her home, after which he would return to the Aviary to inveſtigate the cauſe of the unaccountable buſtle which had taken place.

"Fool! Poltroon! Coward!" exclaimed his grandmother with added fury, from a deſpair which the idea of a return created; "What, quit the premiſes!" "Give "way to the inſolent threatenings of "wretches whom you ought to cruſh un- "der your feet! You merit ejection; and "are no longer of my blood."

"What

"What madam would you have me "do?" mildly aſked Mr. Stephen. "Ought "not my mother to be my firſt care? Let "me ſee her in ſafety, and I will return to "execute any commands you may think "it right to lay upon me."

The cold policy of this young man ſtruck the Chancellor with amazement, while the artfulneſs of his language and the power which he had of diſguiſing his ſentiments rendered him an object of deteſtation. Without noticing his ſpeech, he addreſſed Mrs. Percival by ſaying—"What threatenings madam have been "made uſe of to you, or any of your "family? And what is the ejection that "you mention?"

"D—mn—tion!—" returned the enraged female veteran through her cloſed teeth, clinching her hand, which trembled as ſhe held it in a menacing poſition, while her ſmall red eyes ſeemed to dart malignant fire: "*D—mn—tion!!*"—ſhe could

could ſay no more, for her ſon, whoſe countenance was of a deadly white and whoſe quivering lips ſhewed his inward agitation, had commanded the coachman to draw near, and ſummoning his mother and Mr. Stephen to attend his wife, who was then ſupported by her daughters and Mrs. Mitchel, they lifted her into the coach and haſtening after her, as if glad to be ſecure from human ken, were driven off with velocity. After their departure, Mrs. Mitchel deemed it proper to order another carriage to attend upon her; and with the two young ladies and Mrs. Quaintly, followed the firſt to the Lodge.

The Chancellor now moved that the friends of Spencer Aviary ſhould adjourn to the houſe, and that thoſe who had attended the Percivals to the Park, ſhould be left to diſpoſe of themſelves as they pleaſed. This was a very awkward circumſtance to all who had gone thither in expectation of a jubilee; but there was no alternative; they were

were obliged to return without notice, as it would have been an inſult of which the Spencers were incapable, to have given a general entertainment at that period. This was intimated amongſt the crowd by the ſervants, and no one could blame the proceeding.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXIV.

We may pity while we condemn.

THE remainder of the day was ſpent by the inhabitants of Beverly Lodge in furious contention and mutual reproaches. Every one accuſed another of having acted improperly, and nothing could be agreed upon relative to future proceedings. We will therefore leave them to their own counſels, with permiſſion to any of our readers who may wiſh to continue in ſuch company, to exerciſe the full extent of a gloomy, rageful, or malicious imagination, in portraying all the diſagreeable circumſtances upon which they may delight to dwell. We ſhall only intimate

to

to this claſs of our readers that their fancies will hardly be ſufficiently inventive to form ideas adequate of the darkneſs and horror which reigned in the minds of the principals of that now diſtracted family; from which we are heartily glad to make our eſcape.

CHAP. CXV.

A String of Compariſons.

AS a damp and bleak November atmoſphere is to a lovely morning in the ſmiling month of May:—as a loſt path in a drizzling rain on an extenſive common, in a winter's evening is to a comfortable ſeat by the ſide of a good fire, in a well-lighted room, and amidſt a number of ſocial friends:—as the horrors of a howling tempeſt, in the dead hour of a dark night, on board of a leaky ſhip, in the centre of the Atlantic, is to the gentle ruſtling of leaves in a ſequeſtered grove, during the ſcorching hours of a ſummer's ſun—ſo was the ſcene at Beverly Lodge compared to that which gladdened the heart at Spencer Aviary. The diſmalneſs of the firſt, we left to the gloomy imagination of our gloomy peruſers; the brightneſs of the laſt can only

only be depicted by minds which bear a reſemblance to thoſe of beings who, freed from the ſhackles of mortality, employ their powers to the glory of their Creator, by a ſedulous endeavor to promote the good of their terreſtrial brethren. Pure, calm, unanxious happineſs pervaded every breaſt, from the venerable maſter and the lovely miſtreſs to the loweſt of their ſervants. Noiſy expreſſions of gladneſs were forbidden on account of the fallen ſituation of one branch of the family. They would not appear to triumph over their enemies, for it would haved added to their joy could they have hailed them as friends. Inſtead of the muſic which it was intended ſhould reſound through the apartments, the moſt intereſting converſations were enjoyed by different parties, and in the place of dancing—agreeable walks through grounds that could juſtly vie with all that Arcadia ever boaſted.

CHAP. CXVI.

Juſtice and Mercy are ever moſt lovely when they walk Hand in Hand.

ON the Wedneſday morning, the Lord Chancellor wrote and ſent to Mr. Percival the following letter.

" SIR,

" After the meaſures which, at my earneſt ſolicitation, the family at Spencer " Aviary allowed me to purſue yeſterday, " you may perhaps apprehend ſome ſtill " more diſagreeable conſequences to ſucceed: and I will acknowledge that were " my ideas to be followed, ſuch apprehenſions might be realized, as to protect " innocence and to puniſh guilt, ought to " be equally the endeavor of every man in

". my

" my ſituation. But Miſs Letitia Spencer
" ſo ardently joins with the reſt of her
" family in entreating me to be lenient,
" that contrary to my intentions I write to
" relieve you by telling you that we do
" not meditate vengeance for the paſt and
" may even pardon it, on an aſſurance of
" your proper contrition. Some farther
" account muſt be ſettled with Mr. Mon-
" tague, who is doubtleſs entitled to the
" fortune, both principal and intereſt,
" which was left by his brother the cap-
" tain. A part of this, you very prudently
" paid him, to prevent his farther inter-
" ference and enquiries; and you obtained
" from him, in conſequence, a full releaſe.
" But as Mr. Ruſſel was a truſtee for
" *Harriet Montague*, whoſe death Mrs.
" Carter, your late ſiſter's ſervant, can
" bring witneſſes to affirm in a Court of
" Juſtice, he cannot reconcile it to his
" ideas of rectitude that any of the effects,
" or their produce, ſhould be kept from
" the right heir. If you chuſe to make

the Lodge vaniſhed into air, and no opening appeared in the dark cloud by which they were enveloped.

" *Curſe upon their forgiveneſs !*" ſaid the enraged Mrs. R. Percival, in a ſhower of impenitent tears. " Of what avail is that, " when all my proſpects are forever " blaſted ! ! !"

" Everlaſting curſes ſeize their hearts !" exclaimed the ſhocking veteran-mother, in the tone of Tiſiphone herſelf. " May a " ſudden deſtruction fall upon the whole " family ! !"

Mr. Percival ſeemed to be inwardly gnawed by his own dire ſenſations. He ſpoke but little, but what he did ſay was expreſſive of a mind replete with horror. He ſeemed almoſt like a perſon in a ſtate of melancholy madneſs.

The young ladies were conſtantly drowned in tears. All their fairy ſchemes were vaniſhed, and their place ſupplied by uncertain and uncomfortable proſpects.

Robert had ſcarce uttered one ſyllable ſince

ſince his return to the Lodge; and the moſt ſullen deportment marked all his actions.

Stephen was the only one who affected endurance. With a mind as deeply chagrined as that of any individual in the family, he determined to put on an air of tranquillity; intending to clear his own fame, at the expenſe of that of his father, mother and grandmother; and believing that if he could effect their removal from the country, he ſhould be left maſter of the Lodge. In this ſituation he doubted not to prevail with Miſs Bullion to give him her hand and fortune, notwithſtanding his loſs of the eſtate; his vanity leading him to form the erroneous ſuppoſition of her having imbibed an affection for his perſon, independent of any external circumſtances. But when, by its being diſcovered that he was privy to the atrocious tranſaction, he found that he muſt neceſſarily ſhare the diſgrace in which his family was involved; and became ſenſible that no perſons of any

diſtinction, or indeed of any reputation, would chuſe to form an alliance with him, his ſelfiſh hopes gave way; his ruling paſſion, avarice, had experienced a mortal wound; and a gloomy deſpondence ſuperſeded his affected tranquillity. He here upbraided the miſmanagement of his parental friends in terms of the bittereſt acrimony; accuſed them of having ruined both his proſpects of proſperity and his principles; cenſured their conduct in the whole affair, from its riſe to its termination, alledged, that if they had purſued the dictates of rectitude, they would have been ſatisfied with what GOD had beſtowed upon them; and that with this they might all have lived in honor and happineſs.

This from a young man whoſe atrocity had always been obvious to thoſe who ſaw him undiſguiſed, was an inſult not to be endured. The family was now in an uproar, and it was ſome time before the ſtorm was ſufficiently ſubſided to permit a conſultation reſpecting the anſwer which muſt neceſſarily

neceſſarily be given to the letter of the Chancellor.

Mr. Murray, the lawyer who had appeared as herald on the day of the intended entrance, lived at the diſtance of about two miles from Beverly, and uſually tranſacted the buſineſs of Mr. Percival in the country: he was therefore ſummoned to attend at the Lodge upon this occaſion, with all poſſible expedition. When he arrived, Mr. Percival, though he was well acquainted with the flexibility of Murray's principles, felt great reluctance upon opening a buſineſs, the inveſtigation of which muſt neceſſarily give a blow to his importance. However, the urgency of the caſe leaving no alternative, he aſſumed a reſolute air; took from his pocket the Chancellor's letter, and put it into the hands of Mr. Murray, ſaying, "Read *that* ſir, and then let us conſider "what ſtep muſt be taken in conſe-"quence."

Mr. Murray bowed and obeyed, with a ſolemn viſage, while Mr. Percival ſat ob-

ſerving his countenance with attention. But he read nothing there: the features of the lawyer never betrayed the ſentiments of his heart. When Murray had finiſhed reading, he returned the letter to his employer, ſaying, "Have you, ſir, anſwered "this extraordinary addreſs?"

"No ſir," was the laconic reply.

"It is, my good ſir, a difficult caſe to "adviſe in," obſerved the man of the law; "but if you are determined upon *com-* "*mencing hoſtilities*, we muſt be well pro- "vided with ammunition, for we ſhall "have in this Chancellor, *an intrepid ad-* "*verſary*."

Murray ſpoke this with energy: He had no inclination to attend a Court of Juſtice in a cauſe which he was convinced muſt be a bad one, when the great lawyer would appear at the head of the other party. Having had a narrow eſcape from a toſs over the bar, he was willing to ſave the ſhattered remains of his reputation for leſs hazardous pieces of roguery, and where he might

might fleece his client with impunity. After a great many *pros* and *cons*, it was at length agreed that Mr. Murray ſhould wait upon the family at the Aviary and hear their propoſals. But as it would tire our readers to dwell upon the ſteps by which the Percivals deſcended, we will briefly ſay that finding every thing clearly againſt them, and their caſe abſolutely deſperate, they at length determined to leave the country, if Mr. Edward Spencer would purchaſe the Lodge-eſtates at a certain offered price. To this he readily acceded, and unwilling to raiſe difficulties, or to heighten even merited diſtreſs, he undertook alſo to ſatisfy all the proper demands of Mr. Montague, as Letitia had been the cauſe, though the injured one, of his having been ſo long detained from his legal property, which had in part been expended for her board and education.

After this, Mr. Percival, through the medium of Mr. Murray, propoſed the ſale of his Lincolnſhire eſtate to Lord Andover.

This

This was likewiſe immediately accepted, ſo deſirous was the family at the Aviary to facilitate the plans of removal which Mr. Percival had formed; it being impoſſible for him to continue in his ſituation with honor.

During the arrangement of theſe preliminaries, Mr. Stephen Percival made private overtures to Miſs Bullion; ſetting forth the ſincerity and ardency of his affection, and the happineſs which they ſhould experience when united; varniſhing over the recent circumſtances, till nothing important remained viſible. But the young lady was not, as ſhe ſaid, to be *cajoled* out of a fortune worthy the acceptance of a Prince. Inſtead of ſhewing any ſymptoms of partiality, ſhe did not even attempt to ſoften her refuſal, but informed him that ſhe thought his pretenſion was an indignity, and that her father had juſt received offers which ſhe intended to accept, from the ſon of a nobleman; for which reaſon

ſhe

ſhe conſidered the diſſolution of their treaty as a fortunate circumſtance.

Stephen, who always diſliked her perſon and had a contempt for her underſtanding, experienced no concern for what he termed her inſolence, farther than as it was a diſappointment to his pride and avarice. Giving up, therefore, all ideas of her fortune, he agreed with his father in the plan of going over to America, there to eſtabliſh his family under an aſſumed name. This project was at length univerſally adopted, and preparations were accordingly made for a ſpeedy removal.

Mr. Percival now ſent an order for George to leave Cambridge immediately, and to repair to Beverly. The youth, lamenting the ſituation of his family, obeyed; and fortunately for him, met Mr. Barker at a ſmall town about ſeven miles from the Lodge. When he ſaw his tutor, George was greatly abaſhed, but the worthy Divine ſoon conſoled him by proper arguments, and informing him of his father's intention

to

to quit the kingdom, which had been communicated by Murray, aſked him if he ſhould think of accompanying his family. This intelligence was entirely new to the young man, who had neither written to, nor heard any thing from Beverly, ſince he left it: but he inſtantly determined on not going with thoſe, who, though connected with him by blood, were ſo ſeparated from him by ſentiment, as to render any perfect union with them impoſſible.

Mr. Barker aſked George if his reſolution was unalterable.

George ſaid it was.

"Then," replied the firſt, "ſuppreſs "all anxiety for your future circumſtances, "if you dare to depend upon me."

The youth burſt into tears: upon which Mr. Barker continued—"I do not wonder, "my good young man at ſeeing you thus "affected. The ſituation of your family "is diſtreſſing. At this time I will be "conciſe. When you leave the Lodge, "return to Cambridge. I will write to

"your

" your tutor at College to ſupply all your " neceſſities, till it ſhall be proper for other " ſteps to be taken."

George went to his father, who propoſed his going to America. The youth reſpectfully, but ſteadily declined it; upon which he was very ſternly treated, and aſked how he would ſupport himſelf.

" You have given me, ſir," he replied, " an education for which I thank you, and " of which I ſhould be utterly unworthy " if I could not, by exerting my reſolution, " turn it to an account ſufficient for my " maintenance."

A great deal of altercation paſſed between the father and the ſon on the ſubject in queſtion, and though the latter preſerved the greateſt reſpect both in his words and manner, he received a diſmiſſal from the family with a bank note of fifty pounds, as the laſt ſum which he muſt ever expect from that quarter.

George, whoſe heart was widely different from that of any of the name of Perci-

val,

val, was greatly affected upon this occaſion. But the little ſympathy which he found amongſt his kindred, fixed his now almoſt wavering reſolution, and returned him to Cambridge, though with a mind heavily oppreſſed.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXVII.

Mr. Spencer's Letter to Mrs. R. Percival.

DEEDS for the conveyance of Mr. Percival's eſtates and effects (for Mr. Edward Spencer agreed to take the moveables upon appraiſement) were all drawn, ſigned and executed as ſpeedily as poſſible, and the family were preparing, as privately as circumſtances would allow, for their laſt journey upon Engliſh territory, when Mrs. R. Percival received a requeſt from her grandfather and ſiſter to permit their having one farewel interview with her before her departure from Beverly. To this requeſt however ſhe returned a peremptory negative: nor could all their ſubſequent entreaty prevail with her to allow them one perſonal adieu, either with herſelf

ſelf or her children. On this diſappointment of their kind wiſhes, they determined to write to her to convey their hope of endeavoring to ſecure the future happineſs which would await on her future right conduct. That from Mr. Spencer was as follows.

" The ſolicitude, my child, which from " your earlieſt years I have experienced " upon your account, ſtill poſſeſſes my " heart. Inſtead of leſſening, it increaſes " with time and circumſtances, and very " dear to me is your future well-doing. " It was from this cauſe that I was ſo ur- " gent for an interview before your leav- " ing, probably for ever, your native " country: not, as might perhaps be ſug- " geſted to you, for any purpoſe of recri- " minating, but to endeavor to impreſs " upon your mind the great importance of " the *preſent* and the *future*.

" You are now, Eleanor, going into a " new world, where you will form new " connexions,

" connexions and, I hope, acquire new
" habits. Your perſon; your underſtand-
" ing; your fortune, will render you con-
" ſpicuous in any country, and give you an
" opportunity of ſelecting for your inti-
" mate acquaintance the moſt eligible peo-
" ple in your vicinity. On your proper
" choice, in this reſpect, much will de-
" pend. Hitherto, you have been unfor-
" tunately connected, or I truſt your edu-
" cation would have produced happier
" effects. Mrs. Mitchel and Mrs. Quaintly
" hold tenets that, upon a curſory view,
" appear to be totally oppoſite to thoſe of
" each other; but they have the ſame de-
" ſtructive tendency—that of weakening
" the comforting reliance on a ſuperin-
" tending and immediate Providence; a
" doctrine which every ſentence in the
" Goſpel inculcates; which every precept
" in the Old Teſtament enforces; which
" reaſon and experience muſt confirm,
" and which never was queſtioned but by
" modern ſectaries.

" If

" If GOD is inattentive to our wants " and diſtreſſes, or has bound Himſelf— " for He cannot be bound—by immutable " laws, of what avail is that duty of prayer " ſo ſtrongly enjoined in every page of the " Sacred Writings! Why are we com- " manded to aſk for that which, whether " we aſk or not, will or will not happen, " *as has* " to uſe Mrs. Quaintly's language, " *been pre-ordained by fate*"—or to adopt " Mrs. Mitchel's words, *is eſtabliſhed by* " *the neceſſity of ſecond cauſes.* The firſt " of theſe women is looked upon with " contempt by the laſt, who profeſſes her- " ſelf to be a Materialiſt only becauſe " Materialiſm is more genteel than the " doctrine of Calvin, for they alike ex- " clude the Almighty Father of the uni- " verſe from the power of giving relief to " the diſtreſſes of His children, however " much they may humble themſelves " before him and entreat forgiveneſs and " bleſſing, becauſe it will interfere with

" the

" the *decrees of fate*, or will ſubvert the " *neceſſary order of ſecond cauſes.*

" Avoid, my dear Eleanor, as you would " know real happineſs, theſe abſurd and " conceited opinions; one of which leads " to preſumption, on a ſuppoſition of ſelf- " election; and the other to a ſcepticiſm, " ſtill if poſſible more dangerous.

" A Materialiſt imagines himſelf to be " a mere machine—wound up and ſet in " motion like a clock, and that he muſt " neceſſarily perform his points to the " hours, minutes, and moments in his ap- " pointed round, without even allowing to " his Maker the powers which a common " mechanic claims over his workmanſhip, " of impeding or accelerating its motions " at pleaſure, or as occaſion may require.

" A Materialiſt, whoſe narrow mind " cannot conceive the poſſibility of Omni- " preſence, may aſk " Whether you be- " lieve that GOD can concern Himſelf " about the death of every chicken"— " meaning to enquire in contemptuous

" language

" language whether it be your opinion that " the Almighty superintends the trifling " occurrences of our existence. Without " retorting that these occurrences are not " trifling to us—let him be answered in " the words of the Teacher of the Gospel " Faith; who in several parts of His testa- " ment assures us that we are the imme- " diate care of our Heavenly Father; that " even ravens and sparrows fall not to the " ground without His cognizance, and " that consequently we, "*the very hairs* " *of whose heads are all numbered*, who are " of more value than *many birds*," are ob- " jects of His particular attention—an in- " controvertible argument, to every one " who admits the authority of Christian " doctrines, against the tenets of those sec- " taries from which I feel it particularly " incumbent upon me to warn you, as I " am well assured that your mind has been " injured by their opinions—opinions de- " structive to the present comfort as well " as to the future happiness of mortals.

" What

" What man can be at reſt in a ſhip, upon " a ſtormy ocean, amidſt dangerous rocks, " without a pilot? But under the direction " of a guide *who cannot err*, what man, " not negligent on his own part, but muſt " repoſe in conſcious ſafety? amid the ap- " pearances of the moſt alarming danger.

" You will not wonder at my inſiſting ſo " much upon this ſubject, when you re- " collect the converſation that about three " weeks back, paſſed between you and Mr. " Browne at Sir James Leeſon's: this " was particularly reported to me by Mrs. " Maynard, who was greatly ſhocked at " the opinions which you then expreſſed.

" To touch upon more general ſubjects, " yet to avoid, as much as poſſible, a retro- " ſpection which could not be more pain- " ful to you than to myſelf, I wiſh you to " conſider, with the deepeſt attention, the " nature; the degrees; the tendency, of " vice and of criminal proceedings. *De-* " *termine to reflect*, and I need not point at

"particulars; yet ſo anxious am I for your "enſuing conduct and conſequent feli- "city, that I cannot forbear to write what "may be, and I hope, is unneceſſary.

"Sudden ſtarts of error—of even crime, "occaſioned by an impetus of paſſion or "believed neceſſity, will, upon a duly ex- "preſſed contrition and every poſſible re- "paration, be not only forgiven but for- "gotten by all the truly good and great of "the human ſpecies. Nay more; it is poſ- "ſible for the offender to riſe even higher "in the opinion of men of ſenſe; candor, "and true rectitude, than he ſtood before "his fall, becauſe from his fall he may "have acquired the additional virtue of hu- "mility, and a conſequent increaſe of the "truly Divine attribute of charity. His "error may likewiſe have ſo ſtrongly en- "forced the neceſſity of guarding more "ſeduloufly againſt the incitement of vice, "that virtue may become firmly rooted in "his ſoul.

"A

" A deliberate, and continued depar-
" ture from the great path of RIGHT, is
" doubtleſs more apt to leave a ſtain upon
" the deviator, ſhould he even at length
" recover the track of rectitude, than a
" ſudden ſtart into ſteps ſtill more flagrantly
" erroneous. Yet even this *perſevering* of-
" fender may be pardoned; and in time may
" recover his reputation, if he can evince
" the ſincerity of his penitence and prove
" the reality of the alteration in his mind
" by the alteration of his conduct: condi-
" tions upon which the Almighty Father of
" Mercies will forgive crimes of the higheſt
" atrocity, and will cleanſe and receive to
" His paternal love, the returning ſinner.

" If the prayers of one mortal can pre-
" vail for the good of another, you Eleanor
" will in that reſpect have great and pecu-
" liar advantages, for thoſe from whom
" you would leaſt expect kindneſs, will
" pray for you with the greateſt fervency.

" Your ſon George makes it his election

" to remain in England. He therefore " ſhall be my care, and ſhall from me " receive fortune ſufficient to make him " happy. To him you will write; and from " him we will be contented to hear ac- " counts of your welfare, without requiring " the name which you may chuſe to aſ- " ſume, or the place of your reſidence. " Upon this you may depend, as I give " you my ſolemn promiſe for it in the " name of all my family.

" You cannot but ſee that my ſole aim " is to aſſiſt your future tranquillity. I " therefore entreat you freely to inform me " if there is any thing I can do that will " more effectually promote it.

" I much wiſh, my dear, to know the " ſtate of your mind, and entreat you to " write to me or your ſiſter before you " leave this kingdom.

" Give my bleſſing to the children. You " might ſafely have truſted their coming to " receive a perſonal benediction. I ſhould

" not

" not have attempted to injure their parents
" in their eſtimation. Is it poſſible, Elea-
" nor, knowing me as you do; that you
" could apprehend any thing of ſuch a
" tendency?

" Tell your huſband I ſhall be glad to
" hear that he has laid a foundation for
" enſuing happineſs. Mrs. Percival, will, I
" hope, begin to conſider there is a ſtate of
" exiſtence ſubſequent to this.

" Your ſiſter writes for herſelf. I do not,
" therefore, ſay any thing particularly re-
" ſpecting her ſentiments; but for the reſt
" of your relations, I am an amanuenſis.
" As it is now improbable that you will
" ever meet again, till you ſtand in the
" preſence of the Merciful Creator of men
" and angels, they ſend you an aſſurance
" of their prayers for the future felicity of
" yourſelf and family—for felicity conſe-
" quent upon an endeavor to do that which
" only *can* inſure it upon a permanent
" foundation. In this *muſt* be included

" the moſt perfect CHRISTIAN forgiveneſs " of all injuries and injurious intention; " and that this is yours with ſincerity, I " from them, re-affirm, that when your " laſt hours arrive, your heart may not be " oppreſſed by the want of that pardon " which it is probable will then be deemed " of ineſtimable value; ſo changed will be " our opinion, in *that* GREAT MOMENT, of " many circumſtances which may now ap- " pear contemptible.

" I feel myſelf utterly incapable to ex- " preſs the degree of anxiety under which " I labor on your account. Mere exhor- " tation, would, I think, be uſeleſs, except " your *reaſon* aids my wiſhes; which it will " not do, while you are ſurrounded by " people whoſe intereſt it is to encourage " your continuance in the erroneous opi- " nions you have ſo unhappily imbibed— " opinions I repeat not more deſtructive to " preſent, than to future felicity, however " much they may flatter preſent paſſions.

" Allow

" Allow yourſelf, my dear Eleanor, to " form the idea *of our next meeting.* Con- " ſider in what *place*, and in what *company* " it will be!!! May the Great JUDGE " before whom we ſhall both aſſuredly " ſtand, give it me to ſee my child with " gladneſs—to rejoice in the approving " ſentence which, conſequent upon her " return to rectitude, ſhe will receive from " Him whoſe decrees are irreverſible—to " behold her then angelic countenance " beam with light and gratitude for more " than expected mercy—to witneſs her " entrance into manſions of inconceivable " Bliſs and Glory!

" The alternative—No; it is too ſad! " Too ſhocking to be painted EVEN AS A " POSSIBILITY.

" *May the Great* GOD *of Heaven pre-* " *ſerve you from it!!!*

" I will now take my laſt farewell. Pain- " ful as to me is our ſeparation, I ſtill am " thankful that it is determined on.

" In a new country, your fame will be " unſpotted. You will not have any con- " temptuous opinions to encounter; no " injurious acquaintance to ſhake off; no " appearances, reſpecting an alteration of " ſentiment to attend to; no prejudices to " conquer; no *apparently* new habits to " acquire. Perfectly independent—with " no one to fear, your work will be eaſy; " your life to begin; your path to chuſe. " On theſe accounts, my dear child [it " ſoothes me to hope I may henceforth " have cauſe to uſe that epithet], I rejoice " at the idea of your departure, though the " circumſtance, ſingly conſidered, wounds " my paternal affection. If *you* reſolutely " ſtep forward in the path of rectitude, " your children, your huſband, and his " mother will follow. You may be fol- " lowed by numbers, and be bleſſed as " their leader to a glorious ſalvation. " *Should* your mind take this turn ſo fer- " vently prayed for by *every one here*, it

" may

complained of being tired, while two or three good meaning people ſaid, "It is "well intended, to be ſure, *but I doubt it* "*will not take.*"

We thank theſe candid friends for their kindneſs, and without apologizing to light minds, will proceed with our narrative by ſaying, that when Mrs. R. Percival had peruſed the above letter from her venerable ſire, ſhe was agitated to an extreme, and in her frenzy, curſed the hour that brought her into exiſtence. She then reproached her huſband; his mother; her ſon, and every one who came near, whether concerned, or not, in the tranſaction which occaſioned his writing. Subſiding at length into ſome degree of quiet, though the fervor of her ſpirits ſtill continued high, ſhe returned by the meſſenger the following reply.

"Cruſh me not, ſir—cruſh me not to "the earth! My heart is broken! My

" heart is broken! Oh! forbear your kind-
" neſs! It kills me. I do not merit it.
" May GOD grant—but I cannot pray.
" Pray for me. You will; you ſay you
" will; but do not tell me ſo any more.
" I could bear your *reproaches*. I was pre-
" pared for them; but your bleſſing I can-
" not, cannot—I know not what I would
" ſay.

" We go to-morrow. I cannot write
" to my ſiſter: tell her ſo, and with my
" love to—to whom? I cannot ſay to
" whom, nor add another line.

" Once your's with duty and affection,
" E. P."

When Mr. Spencer read this half diſtracted letter, he was deeply concerned for his unhappy grandchild, yet gathered ſome hope from her evident diſtreſs, that ſhe was not invulnerable, and that in time ſhe would duly conſider, and amend the tenor of her conduct. He ſhed ſome paternal tears,

tears, and he prayed for her return to virtue and to happineſs, then leaned upon the hope of her penitence which her letter had raiſed, and truſted to Him whoſe mercy he implored.

Mrs. George Abington likewiſe wrote a moſt pathetic and affectionate letter to the afflicted lady; but as we ſo lately fatigued our ſubjects with leſſons of dull morality, we will ſpare them the trouble of even ſkipping over any more ſuch "ſtupid pages" at preſent; though ſo great is our reſpect for the writer of the epiſtle, that but for the above conſideration we certainly ſhould preſent it to our readers, as the mixture of ſorrow; pity; diſapprobation; affection; forgiveneſs, and hope of better things and better days for her wretched ſiſter, was ſo judicious, and expreſſed with ſuch tenderneſs, that were we to inſert it, her character would neceſſarily ſhine with redoubled luſtre. To this letter, admirable and kind as it was, ſhe received no other reply than

the

the implication of its being received in the note to Mr. Spencer.

As it was the intention of Mr. Percival to remove from Beverly as privately as poſſible, he determined to go a week ſooner than even thoſe who were neceſſarily entruſted with ſome of his affairs, ſuppoſed that he would; and the day after the receipt of the preceding letters was fixed for the departure of the family; but now, as Mrs. R. Percival had mentioned this circumſtance in her reply to her grandfather, they reſolved to prevent any more attempts for an interview, by ſetting off at twelve o'clock on the enſuing night. At this hour then the gentleman and his lady; his mother; his ſons, Stephen and Robert, with the two young ladies, actually left Beverly forever, and proceeding to London, continued there a few days in private lodgings to ſettle their laſt concerns. They went afterwards to Dartmouth, and taking ſhip at that port, ſailed for the great Weſtern Continent.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXVIII.

Mrs. Mitchel's departure from Beverly.

THE intelligence of the departure of the Percivals was received at the Aviary with unfeigned ſorrow, ariſing from thoſe qualities which ſtamp on man the image of his Maker, and which alone can fit him for the company and friendſhip of Celeſtial Beings. Had their continuance at the Lodge been conſiſtent with their own honor, and had they evinced real contrition for their paſt conduct, the Spencers would have extended the moſt perfect forgiveneſs, and have meliorated to the utmoſt of their power their future ſituation: but their crimes were of ſuch a nature that nothing could reſtore the public opinion.

As

As the reader may perhaps wonder that no mention has lately been made of Mrs. Mitchel, we will ſtop to ſay that this adroit governante, concluding that ſhe could not reap any farther advantage from the family, had ſet off the evening before they left Beverly, for Bath, where ſhe found her honorable friend Mrs. Catharine Lumley. Theſe two worthy gentlewomen immediately entered into a very lucrative mode of living, by ſetting up a faſhionable gaming table and keeping a houſe of genteel reſort for ladies who were diſpoſed to amuſe themſelves with gallants, and for gentlemen whoſe buſineſs it was to admire the ladies, either upon the matrimonial or anti-matrimonial ſyſtem, as beſt ſuited their pecuniary convenience: for the good gentlewoman of honorable extraction had ſo much reduced her patrimonial property, that ſhe condeſcended to purſue ſome very *diſ*-honorable methods to retrieve her circumſtances; and no ſcheme was ſo conducive

ducive to her deſign as that which ſhe adopted; nor any perſon more calculated to promote it, than our ci-devant preceptreſs at Beverly.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXIX.

A few trifling Arrangements.

IT was our intention to have taken up our abode at Spencer Aviary in our laſt chapter, but a recollection of Mrs. Mitchel intervened, and we did not think it decent to connect the account which we gave of her and her aſſociate, with any thing relative to the Spencers.

If the reader will not be offended with a little retrogradation, we will juſt obſerve that during the arrangement of the preceding buſineſs, our friends confined themſelves to their domeſtic party, forbearing, from tenderneſs to the Percivals, to make any entertainments, or to receive congratulations from the neighbouring gentry, during their continuance in Beverly. As ſoon as

the

the preliminary articles were ſigned, Mr. Montague (with whom Mr. Ruſſel ſettled the accounts of his late brother in a generous manner); Mrs. Carter, and the witneſſes, all of them being handſomely rewarded, returned to London, and the Biſhop of the dioceſe, finding that his interference would not be neceſſary, left the Aviary and repaired to Mr. Bullion's, where he was diſguſted with the virulence of their invectives againſt people with whom they were to have been ſo intimately connected. They had indeed ample cauſe for diſpleaſure, but their abuſe exceeded the bounds of decency; on which account the prelate made a ſpeedy departure.

Some of the viſitants ſtaid a conſiderable time longer, and participated in the ſubſequent feſtivity of the ſcene.

As ſoon as Mr. Percival had left the Lodge, George was ſummoned from Cambridge, and received with the greateſt kindneſs by all his friends. Mr. Spencer immediately

mediately ſettled an annuity upon him, and it was determined that his general reſidence, when he choſe to quit Cambridge, ſhould be at the rectory; Mr. Barker having always been fond of this his youngeſt pupil.

Miſs Abington, who was ſoon to enter into the conjugal life, wrote to her ſiſter Patty a ſuccinct account of the occurrences which had taken place at Beverly ſince her viſit into Eſſex; to which ſhe received an anſwer expreſſive of the higheſt degree of aſtoniſhment, but containing no congratulations, upon the event, to any of the family; nor to her ſiſter on her intended nuptials, of which ſhe had given her information. Colcheſter, ſhe ſaid, was ſo delightful a place, that ſhe believed ſhe ſhould continue in it till near Chriſtmas; an intention with which no one was diſpleaſed, as her company was an allay to the general felicity.

CHAP.

CHAPTER CXX.

A ſhort Chapter.

MISS Abington is now Mrs. Barker, and is fixed at the rectory; a very elegant, rural habitation, ſituated in a church-yard, deemed one of the pleaſanteſt in the kingdom; the church having been built near the top of a hill which commanded a proſpect into five counties.

The Chancellor returned to London with the Biſhop and his lady, ſoon after the buſineſs of the family was perfectly ſettled. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert ſtaid a few days longer, and then left Beverly, with an intent to return at the celebration of the weddings of Letitia and Lucy Spencer.

Mr. Fonnereau was the laſt that took his

his leave. He was unwilling to go from Matilda, for whom he made propoſals to Mr. Spencer, who had no other objection to him than the verſatility of his diſpoſition. But as he had a good underſtanding and an agreeable temper, he was not abſolutely refuſed; he therefore looked forward with hope, as Matilda was too artleſs to diſguiſe her prejudice in his favor.

Our heroine is now within view of enjoying as much pure happineſs as can fall to the lot of humanity. Miſtreſs at an early age, of one of the moſt beautiful ſituations, ſurrounded by one of the nobleſt eſtates in the country—endued with the power of obliging all thoſe whom ſhe beſt loved:—bleſſed with the moſt ſincere and ardent affection of a man who for mind and perſon was ſcarcely ever equalled; certainly never excelled—re-united, in a ſiſter, to the firſt friend of her heart—reſtored to parents and other relations greatly beloved, after believing herſelf abandoned by every

human

human being—what can exceed her felicity? What more on this ſide Heaven can ſhe wiſh to attain? Only this—a moral certainty of never being ſeparated from the man whoſe affection ſhe returns, during the remaining term of their exiſtence; and this ſhe hopes will, in a ſhort ſpace of time, be added to the bleſſings of which ſhe is already in poſſeſſion.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXXI.

Shorter than the foregoing.

THE Lodge, which Mr. E. Spencer purchaſed of Mr. Percival, was, as we think we have ſomewhere obſerved, a handſome reſidence; ſituated in a pleaſant part of a romantic park of conſiderable extent. It was generally ſuppoſed that this eſtate was intended to be preſented to George, by his great grandfather: but the good and wiſe man objected to this propoſal, which was made to him by a Mr. Wrighten, a diſtant relation of Mrs. Percival's paternal family, on account of its being probable that ſuch an act would aſſiſt to perpetuate the memory of his father; as the "Percivals at the Lodge" was a phraſe too familiar in the country, and

and now too opprobrious, to be continued to a branch of the family which it was hoped would merit a more reſpectable reputation. The Lodge was, therefore, fixed upon for the reſidence of Mr. Clifford and his Lucy, who it was preſumed would enter the Hymeneal ſtate at the ſame time that Letitia gave Spencer Aviary to Lord Andover—Roſe-Valley being too diſtant from Beverly for the approbation of the ſiſters.

We might here finiſh our hiſtory and take leave of our loving and beloved readers, as nothing of conſequence remains to be related; but we are apprehenſive ſome of our friends would think it an affront, were they to be excluded from an invitation to the weddings, after their toil in attending our heroine through her mortifications, and more real diſtreſſes. We will therefore purſue her deſtiny a few days longer and then conſign her happineſs,

which is only inferior to that of the celeſtial beings, to whom, in mind and perſon, ſhe was bleſt with ſo near a reſemblance.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXXII.

Shorter ſtill.

SOON after the removal of the Percivals, all the tenants of the Aviary eſtate were invited to the manſion, to be preſented to their lovely young landlady; but when ſhe addreſſed them, ſhe told them that as long as their venerable patron was given to the wiſhes of his children, they were to conſider themſelves as his tenants only. She then enquired after their reſpective families, and ſaid that ſhe hoped ſoon to have the ſatisfaction of entertaining their wives and daughters.

Every one was charmed by her beauty and behaviour, and they all endeavoured to

excuſe themſelves for appearing with the Percivals on the day of the intended entrance. Though ſome of them were reprehenſible for their forwardneſs on that occaſion, they all received the moſt ample pardon from the generous family, and returned free from the apprehenſions with which ſome of them had been oppreſſed, of lying under the diſpleaſure of their good old landlord. To remove, indeed, theſe apprehenſions had been the principal cauſe of the ſummons for their appearance.

The country was now rang with the lovelineſs, goodneſs, and other ſhining qualities of Miſs Spencer. Every mortal talked of her excellencies; every lady ſubmitted to her obvious ſuperiority; every gentleman envied the happy Andover, though all confeſſed that he alone was worthy of her favor.

CHAP.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

Which exhibits Arcadia in England.

ON Tueſday next, at Mr. Spencer's appointment, Letitia and Lucy Spencer, without any undue affectation of reluctance, though not devoid of that truly feminine and faſcinating timidity which, whether our preſent race of amazonian heroines hold it, or hold it not, in eſtimation, can never be ſtruck out of the liſt of female attractions, by a proper eſtimator of female excellence, have conſented to perfect their own happineſs by completing that of Lord Andover and Mr. Clifford.

The weddings of people in their ſituation could not poſſibly be kept private; nor was

muſt be known, ſhe therefore pleaded a prior engagement, and went to Tunbridge.

Miſs Patty—or as we ought now to term her—Miſs Abington, ſent her *compliments* to the party at Spencer Aviary; ſhe would have attended their feſtivities had ſhe been at Beverly, but her promiſe was given to her friends at Colcheſter to lengthen her viſit, and ſhe could not diſappoint their expectations.

The coolneſs of theſe excuſes gave pain to her mother, but the reſt of the party, and even her ſiſters, were very well pleaſed at her abſence, ſo diſagreeable to them was her conduct, upon almoſt every occaſion: though to other people ſhe could behave with a tolerable degree of pleaſantry.

At the particular entreaty of both the brides, Mr. Spencer conſented to be the nuptial father; for ſo fond were all the young people of this admirable man, that except he was a party, their joy ſeemed to want an addition.

The

The church of Beverly ſtood within a quarter of a mile from the park pale of the Aviary, and as the ſeaſon was fine, the Chancellor, who deſired to have the ceremonial as public as poſſible, made a propoſal for their walking thither. It was rather againſt the wiſh of the ſiſters to be ſo openly expoſed to view, but as his lordſhip thought it expedient, they acquieſced, and as if for a morning's ramble, without any ceremonious arrangement, walked from the Aviary about eleven o'clock, while the bells in ſeveral neighbouring churches were heard ringing, and the band of muſic belonging to a regiment quartered at a town about ſix miles diſtant, very unexpectedly appeared, and attended the company. This was ſecretly ordered by Mr. Ruſſel, who was ſo fond of harmony that he proteſted a full chorus would mitigate the pains of the torture inflicted by the old Romiſh inquiſition.

The dreſs of the ladies—the conduct of the bridegrooms—the congratulations of

friends—the rejoicings of the country, with the ſucceeding felicity of the parties moſt particularly concerned, we will leave for the exerciſe of our readers' imagination, which however, muſt be feſtive in the higheſt degree, to form a juſt idea of the ſcenes at Spencer Aviary, for ſeveral days ſucceeding the nuptial one. Every ſpecies of rational amuſement was there to be enjoyed; every pleaſure that could raiſe and refine the mind, while it charmed the ſenſes. People of all ages, diſpoſitions, and conditions, met with the moſt cordial reception: the hungry and naked were fed and clothed; while the rich and gay were delighted with ſplendid entertainments: the aged and the young were equally gratified, as there was no undue levity to diſpleaſe the firſt, nor a preciſe obſervance of etiquette to diſguſt the other: true freedom and real delicacy, uniting with genuine politeneſs, formed the manners of the company.

Having conducted our favorites to as much

much felicity as ſublunary beings can experience, we will leave them to enjoy the peculiar bleſſings of their ſituation, and to the exerciſe of thoſe ſocial, moral, and religious virtues, which, though they do not always produce proſperity in this world, never fail to bring peace (which is another word for happineſs) to the boſoms which they inhabit; nor to enſure the higheſt and brighteſt reward in the life enſuing; a life enduced with more delights than our preſent ideas can lead us even to wiſh for, becauſe they are greatly ſuperior to all human conception.

ADDENDA.

THE hiſtory contained in the foregoing pages, was written in the earlier part of this century, but for very ſufficient cauſes was never before publiſhed. Since the anecdotes which compoſed it were collected, we have been favored, by ſome intimates of the principal family, with ſeveral ſubſequent incidents reſpecting the celebrated village of Beverly, and as we believe every one who ever heard the name of the Spencers muſt be intereſted in all that concerns them, it is with a pleaſure reſulting from the principles of urbanity, that we preſent them to the public.

Our hero and heroine, long ſince known by the title of Earl and Counteſs of Andover, a diſtinction from which they have been

been often heard to declare that they never experienced the leaſt gratification, were, when our laſt accounts arrived, living in continued, or, if poſſible, additional happineſs; and what is ſeldom the caſe, they each of them expreſſed a wiſh to ſurvive the other, unleſs it were indulged to them to reſign this earthly exiſtence at the ſame moment. Death never appeared to them in colors the leaſt gloomy, but when they conſidered the pain the one left by the other would experience, which pain each wiſhed to be fated to endure that the other might be exempted from its poignancy.

We were told by a gentleman who lately removed into their neighbourhood, that it was aſtoniſhing to obſerve the admiration in which every branch of the family were held by all ranks of people. That Lord Andover ſaid ſo and ſo, upon ſuch or ſuch a ſubject, was argument ſufficient to ſettle any debate, however conſequential; and in matters under female cognizance—the education

cation of children; the management (which ſhe diſdained not, on proper occaſions, to inſpect) of family concerns—whatever Lady Andover ſaid or did, was right beyond queſtion. With reſpect to the trifling article of dreſs, if ſhe appeared in ſuch a faſhion it muſt be pleaſing, becauſe the figure which ſhe made in it was exquiſitely beautiful: nor could any mode be general which ſhe did not adopt. Indeed, whenever, to avoid ſingularity, ſhe made alteration in her appearance, ſhe was always ſaid to look better than before, as every thing ſhe put on, became her face and figure. For ſeveral years her beauty was thought by every one to encreaſe; the peace in which ſhe lived, and the ſalubrity of country air, giving an additional glow to her cheeks: brightneſs to her eyes, and ſweetneſs, if more ſweetneſs could be added, to her countenance.

We could entertain our readers with volumes reſpecting this affectionate couple —*this* truly exemplary pair, but we will

only

only ſay in a few words, that as they were amongſt the beſt, they were alſo to be numbered with the happieſt of their ſpecies —the joy of numerous ſurrounding friends —the patrons of their tenants and dependents—the univerſal benefactors of all the poor and diſtreſſed within their knowledge: following with great exactneſs the precepts and example given them by the good Mr. Spencer, which are recorded at large in the firſt volume, chapter the eighth, of the preceding hiſtory.

With regard to the exalted man laſt mentioned, he lived to ſee the birth of the third child of his beloved Letitia. To his lateſt hour, he was the delight of all with whom he converſed; nor did he ever experience the leaſt diminution in his faculties. His tranſit from this world to the next was evidently quite eaſy: his appearance like that of a child going to ſleep; and when his almoſt adoring friends (who perceived by his manner of breathing that his ſoul

was

ng to be freed from its earthly fet-
rew near the ſofa upon which he
ei. they thought his countenance
ely angelic: and with his head reſting
the boſom of his grand-daughter, he
t off with a ſmile ſo ſtrongly impreſſed,
t it continued till he was encloſed in his
l receptacle.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Spencer made the
ſhaven their occaſional reſidence; but
they were generally viſiters at their daugh-
ter's: the happineſs of this amiable pair
was not to be expatiated upon. The ſorrow
they experienced upon loſing their little
[illegible] was abundantly over-balanced by
[illegible] at recovering her.
[illegible] Mrs George Abington remov
[illegible] upon the death of
[illegible] regret of Lord
[illegible] earneſt requ
[illegible] who after Mrs.
[illegible] withed f
[illegible] couple, a
d

daughter Patty choſe to live chiefly with a friend, or rather an acquaintance, that ſhe had in Eſſex, who flattered her foibles, with a hope of being benefitted by her death; as to ſecure the adulation of which ſhe was ſo fond, ſhe artfully intimated an intention of making a will in her friend's favor. Miſs Patty was never heard to mention the Percivals from the time of their degradation. Her conduct to Lady Andover was ſullen and haughty. Her determination, therefore, to abſent herſelf, was very agreeable to all the family.

Mr. Ruſſel could ſcarcely be ſaid to have a home, as every one of his friends were ſtriving who ſhould have the moſt of his company, which was always lively and entertaining.

Mr. and Mrs. Barker lived a life of enviable tranquillity; both ſetting an example too rarely given by people in their ſituation in the preſent day: he ſeeming to incline to that obſolete opinion of its being

being the duty of a clergyman to think ſomething of his pariſhioners, even when he was not in the church; and ſhe actually believing herſelf to be of the ſame ſpecies of thoſe, who in polite eſtimation, were reckoned "*beneath her notice*;" and while her huſband was rendering himſelf beloved, as well as reverenced, by the rectitude and affability of his conduct, ſhe was ſecuring the admiration of all around her by a condeſcenſion void of meanneſs; and by relieving as well as inſtructing every one who would accept her aſſiſtance.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford reſided at the Lodge, now by general conſent termed the Lawn. As their lives, minds and manners were in ſtrict conformity with thoſe of their friends at the Aviary, from whom they were ſeldom two days ſeparated, their enjoyments were ſimilar, and their felicity equal; except that the former diſtreſs of Letitia and Seymour occaſioned them to experience the happineſs of their lot in a higher

higher degree than they could have done had they never been in trouble. For amongſt other various evidences of the kindneſs of Providence to the children of men, this is one—that the ſorrows we at one period endure, ſweeten the bleſſings which generally ſucceed, and that none can be ſo happy in proſperity as thoſe whom adverſity has previouſly viſited.

The affection between the ſiſters ſeemed to increaſe with their years, while the ſympathy which united Mr. Clifford and Lord Andover, gathered ſtrength from time; and their children appeared to be the children of one family.

Matilda Spencer, within two years after the marriage of her ſiſters, gave her hand to Mr. Fonnereau, whoſe extreme vivacity being checked by his good ſenſe, he became an excellent huſband, and a valuable addition to the friends at Beverly, whom he and his lady frequently viſited. On account of this union, Mr. Clifford kept his houſe

houſe at Roſe-Valley as an occaſional reſidence for himſelf and his lady, or any of their family. It had been his intention to part with this eſtate, for which he was offered a very conſiderable price; but he changed his deſign on finding that the management of it, which he reſigned entirely into the hands of Mr. Fonnereau, would give that gentleman a conſiderable increaſe of conſequence in his own neighbourhood. The dowager, Mrs. Fonnereau, with her daughters, Charlotte and Maria, removed to a ſmaller habitation, which they called the cottage, at about half a mile's diſtance; from whence they viſited the young couple almoſt every day.

Caroline Spencer, the youngeſt of the ſiſters, from being one of the liveliеſt girls in the world, became the moſt penſive. She was always retiring to ſolitude, and occaſioned conſiderable ſolicitude to all the family. At length Mr. Ruſſel pronounced her caſe to be love, and undertook to diſcover

cover the object of her affection. He ſuſpected, and at length aſcertained this object to be George Percival. This young man, whoſe merit and modeſty were equal, entertained the moſt ardent paſſion for *her*; but his fortune, at that time depending entirely on Mr. Spencer, he diſdained to let his attachment appear, leſt he ſhould be ſuſpected of being ſwayed by motives of intereſt. When Mr. Ruſſel was convinced of the mutuality of the affection, he ſoon effected an union between the lovers, and purchaſed for them the houſe formerly inhabited by Mr. Wharton, and now expoſed to ſale in conſequence of that gentleman's having outrun his income. Mr. Spencer was generous, almoſt to extravagance, on this occaſion; and Mr. Ruſſel, to obviate any obloquy that might attach itſelf to the name of Percival, propoſed to give his own for it to this young ally. For this purpoſe an act of Parliament was ſoon after procured, and Mr. *George Ruſſel junior*

junior was married to Miſs Carolina Spencer, before the tranſlation of the Patriarch, whoſe will ſecured to him a noble inheritance. Of the Percivals ſcarce any account was heard after they removed from Beverly All the intelligence that ever was received of them was conveyed in a note to Mr. Barker, written in a hand which could not be recognized, and containing only the following lines.

" As it is poſſible that ſome one in Be-
" verly may have a wiſh to know whe-
" ther the family which lately left the
" Lodge in that place, are living, this is
" written to acquaint ſuch as have any
" ſolicitude on that head, that they ar-
" rived in ſafety to the place of their deſti-
" nation; and to inform them that no
" farther intelligence will ever be given."

This final farewell occaſioned much concern to their philanthropic relations, and particularly to Mr. Spencer and Mrs. G. Abingdon, who had predetermined to write

frequent

frequent and long letters to Mrs. R. Percival and the children, in hope of drawing their minds to a love of rectitude. But now that hope was blighted, and all that they could do, was to pray for their future happineſs. Mr. Spencer's intention reſpecting his grand-daughter Elinor, being thus rendered abortive, he, in ſimple juſtice, gave George that ſhare of his fortune to which his mother had an equitable title.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert generally reſided in London, where they took a houſe next to that which was a part of the eſtate of Spencer Aviary. Mr. Herbert's ſucceſs in buſineſs was ſo great, that it was ſoon in his power to have lived without its profits, but as, in proceſs of time, he had ſeveral ſons, he thought it right to continue in it till one of them ſhould be old enough to ſucceed him in the lucrative operation.

The families above commemorated, were ſeldom long abſent from each other. Sometimes they had a general meeting in

Warwick-

Warwickſhire: ſometimes in London: ſometimes at Beverly; and nothing could exceed the harmony which reigned amongſt theſe friends whom congeniality of ſentiment, ſtill more than relationſhip, united.

Miſs Bullion, as ſhe informed her quondam lover, received propoſals from the ſon of a nobleman, and very urgent was ſhe with her father to accept of them, till he was introduced to her. She was then ſo diſguſted with the unhappy deformity of his perſon, that not all his good ſenſe, which (notwithſtanding his compliance with his father's wiſhes in offering his addreſſes to this rich heireſs) was more than what is uſually poſſeſſed by young men, could induce her to admit his ſecond viſit. After the concluſion of this treaty, Miſs Bullion lived till ſhe was turned twenty-three, without the appearance of any lover that could be accepted: and this ſo increaſed the native acrimony of her diſpoſition that nobody would live with her who

who could avoid it. To her father ſhe was ſaucy; to her mother inſolent, continually upbraiding her with the want of elegance in her perſon and manner; proteſting that it was owing to her vulgarity that no people of condition ſought an alliance with the family. This undutiful treatment from her daughter ſo fretted the poor old woman that it affiſted a tendency in her conſtitution to a decline: and ſoon fulfilled the wiſhes of her only child, by procuring for her a ſudden diſmiſſion from this ſcene of trouble. After her removal, Miſs endeavoured to diſplay the brilliancy of her charms by appearing in the elegant mourning which ſhe had projected on the ſuppoſed death of Mr. Spencer. But before the expiration of the uſual time for making the firſt change in her ſables, the young lady, upon returning from a morning viſit, ſaw her under-maid, whom on account of a genteel perſon, and rather a pretty face, ſhe treated with peculiar deſpotiſm, alight

from a carriage with Mr. Bullion, who had been with her to church, and had given her a title to his daughter's obedience by making her his wife. The effect this incident had upon the haughty girl, cannot eaſily be imagined. She raved about the houſe and garden like one frantic; venting her uſeleſs wiſhes that the life of the mother whom ſhe had ſo tormented, had been continued. She then ſank into a ſtate of inſenſibility, and in this condition was carried to her chamber. Here ſhe was ſuffered to vent the firſt effects of her fury, and to remain alone till weakneſs had rendered her in ſome degree calm. She was then viſited by the new Mrs. Bullion, who having been educated as a gentlewoman, and poſſeſſing a good underſtanding with a ſweet diſpoſition, repreſented to her ſtep-daughter the neceſſity of ſubmitting to what was now paſt remedy; and aſſured her that the power with which ſhe was inveſted ſhould never be

be unduly exerciſed. This propriety of conduct had an effect directly contrary to the intention of her mother-in-law, for it revived the fury of her reſentment into ſuch force that it was ſome days before ſhe ſpoke like a reaſonable creature. But we do not deſign to follow Miſs Bullion through the violences of her diſappointment and rage. Suffice it, that ſhe was at length compelled to endure what ſhe could not diſannul; and had every year the additional mortification of witneſſing the birth of a brother or a ſiſter, till Mrs. Bullion had preſented her huſband with ſix children. Mrs. Bullion was then left a widow, by the death of her huſband from the effects of an apoplexy.

Upon the birth of his firſt ſon, our Nabob had been ſeized with the mania *of eſtabliſhing a family*, as the phraſe is, amongſt thoſe who to ennoble the eldeſt, leave the reſt of their children beggars. With this view he had purchaſed, at an immoderate

price, every freehold eſtate which was to be ſold in any neighbouring county; and in this manner did he expend almoſt the whole of the immenſe ſum which he had brought with him from India. About ten thouſand pounds alone remained of his accumulated money, and this ſum, as he died inteſtate, was all that his daughters and youngeſt ſons could claim to be divided among them as their patrimony. Mrs. Bullion was nobly provided for by the laws of England, which gave her the third of her huſband's property, and from this ſhe determined to ſave fortunes for the younger children. As ſhe properly reflected upon the diſappointment which Miſs had experienced by her father's marriage, Mrs. Bullion promiſed alſo to provide for her as for her own, if ſhe would only regulate her conduct by the rules of common decency and prudence. For this, the haughty girl was conſtrained to acknowledge obligations, and learning humility from her lowered

lowered fortunes, ſhe owned that the boon was more than ſhe had merited.

Mrs. Mitchel, who, as we have already noticed, had connected herſelf with Mrs. Catherine Lumley, to whom the etiquette of the country gave the title of honorable: and for ſome time theſe ladies were ſucceſsful in their *honorable* occupations. But detected at length in ſome *mal-practices*, and carried before an inexorable Magiſtrate, who laid a heavier fine upon them than they were able to pay: their furniture was ſold and their reputation loſt. After this, they attempted to rally, and were ſupported by ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters in the upper circles; but failing in all their endeavors to ſhine again at Bath, they were obliged to repair to London, and there to traffic in the ſame line with leſs *eclat*.

As Captain Millemont has cut ſome figure in the preceding pages, a part of our readers may be deſirous to know more of his deſtiny. We therefore inform them

that he lingered under his wound for a conſiderable time without any hope of cure, as it turned to an inveterate diſorder, and made the amputation of the limb unſafe when he became willing to undergo the operation. The honeſt ſailor James Webſter, was his conſtant attendant, and on his account, his wife was alſo received into employment. Millemont, whoſe vice was not avarice, well rewarded their attentive ſervices; and from his bounty, and from that of the Spencers, the ſituation of theſe poor people was rendered very comfortable.

As it is with reluctance that we quit the Arcadian ſcenes at Beverley, we will once more look in upon our friends at the Aviary; where, opening the eye of our imagination, we behold Lord and Lady Andover, on one of the anniverſaries of their wedding, and of Mr. and Mrs. Clif-

ford's,

ford's, ſurrounded by all their friends. We ſee the elder part of the company looking with tranquil pleaſure on the juvenile couples, who are delighted with the ſports of their little ones on the lawn before the windows. We ſee rural happineſs amongſt people of the firſt importance, and the greateſt ſimplicity amidſt ſcenes of ſplendor; eaſe and elegance being characteriſtic of the place and company.

All the people in the vicinity join with gratitude to celebrate the return of the nuptial day. The EARL AND COUNTESS OF ANDOVER reſound through the groves and gardens; but with ideas of purer pleaſure we uſe ſimpler language, and hail the happineſs of HENRY SEYMOUR SPENCER AND HIS LETITIA.

Having given a ſummary of the deſtiny of thoſe who have acted the moſt conſpicuous characters upon our theatre, we will now take

take a farewel of all our readers who have attended us through the perils of our journey; who have admitted our merits, and been lenient to our faults; who have ſeen with approbation our endeavors to promote the cauſe of *morality*; of *philanthropy*; of *piety*; who have good-naturedly been pleaſed with whatever entertainment they may have found in their peregrinations, and have allowed that ſome good may be collected even from a novel, decried as that ſpecies of writing is, by the ſuperficial pedant, or the moroſe and faſtidious ſcholar. The firſt does not dare to approve what the other condemns, leſt his learning ſhould be brought into queſtion by thoſe who have a reputation for profundity; a character he is greatly deſirous of acquiring, though it is totally oppoſite to the nature of his abilities.

The man of lore puts up a contemptuous lip at books which convey inſtruction in the garb of pleaſantry, becauſe he has more

more induſtry than genius, and cannot enjoy either wit or humor. But to what, let him aſk himſelf, do his own ſtudies tend? He will reply—To inform the underſtanding, and amend the heart: an anſwer in which there is more aſſertion than proof, ſince for one who turns over the hallowed pages of the ancients to acquire their wiſdom or to imbibe their virtues ten peruſe them with a view to gain the reputation of learning, or to qualify themſelves for ſome lucrative employment. We deſire to have it underſtood, that it is far from our intent to depreciate the ſtudy of ancient hiſtory, for which we have a high veneration; we only wiſh to have it conſidered that that ſtudy does not abſolutely monopolize improvement, and that it is perfectly neceſſary for ſome people to write for thoſe who cannot read Latin and Greek; not by tranſlating the works of ancient authors, becauſe it is univerſally affirmed by linguiſts, that a tranſlation cannot convey

vey their excellencies, but by original compoſition (if that can now be effected by even the brighteſt genius) in our native tongue. Learned men frequently deſpiſe the unlearned, and it is not unfrequent that the unlearned have a contempt for thoſe who, ſkilled in the languages and ſciences of antiquity, are ſomewhat deſtitute, if we may judge by their conduct and converſation, of the ſenſe which is called COMMON; an obſervation which brings to our recollection an admirable aphoriſm of our great Fielding's—"That "it is as poſſible for a man to know ſome-"thing without having been at an uni-"verſity, as it is to have been at an uni-"verſity and know nothing."

It is not every flower from which honey can be gathered. Some afford only wax; but that is of equal utility to the induſtrious bee. The honey without the comb, would ſurfeit the hive: the comb without the honey, famiſh the community.

We

We have an excellent conceit in our ideas of a compariſon between genius and honey; learning and honey-comb, but as it is now too late in our day to purſue it, we give the hint to thoſe who may chuſe to build upon the foundation; only making this friendly requeſt to ſome few ſcholars of the preſent day—that they will be ſedulous to fill the cells which may have been conſtructed under their pericraniums, with honey, or at leaſt with ſomething nouriſhing, leſt in the winter of their age, their empty imaginations ſhould ſtarve upon mere ſyllables.

How far this witticiſm may be allowed to paſs current we cannot determine. Some will laugh at it; ſome ſneer, and others make it a matter of ſerious offence; but as we are invulnerable to the ſhafts of mere ill-nature, we will return to the amiable tribe of our peruſers.

Follow, O ye lovely children of philanthropy, the native bias of your diſpoſitions.

JUDGE

JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES; let no arrogant dictator, by warping your ſentiments, lead you, contrary to your benevolence, to condemn the offerings with which you may have been pleaſed and not injured, of a friend to your ſpecies. The brighteſt property of wiſdom, is complacency; the moſt deformed feature of folly—ill-nature.

Happineſs is the end of life.

The means of happineſs—univerſal kindneſs; for if you give it, it will be returned.

PIETY, is the ſource of BENEVOLENCE. Thoſe who love GOD, cannot hate MAN, nor envy the ſucceſs and proſperity of a fellow creature. To the *pious* therefore, whom we know that we have no where offended, we commit our ſentence; and ſhall pride ourſelves more upon their approbation, than on the favourable deciſion of—

TITLES, WEALTH, AND POWER.

FINIS.